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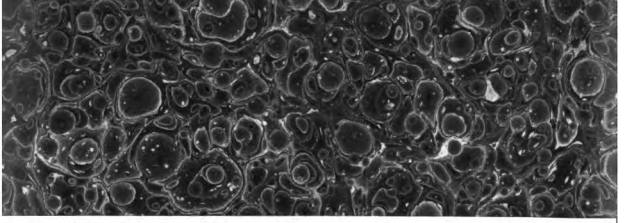

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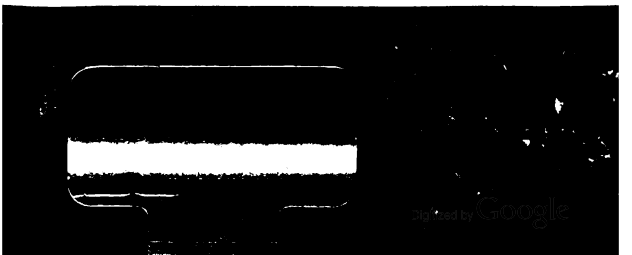
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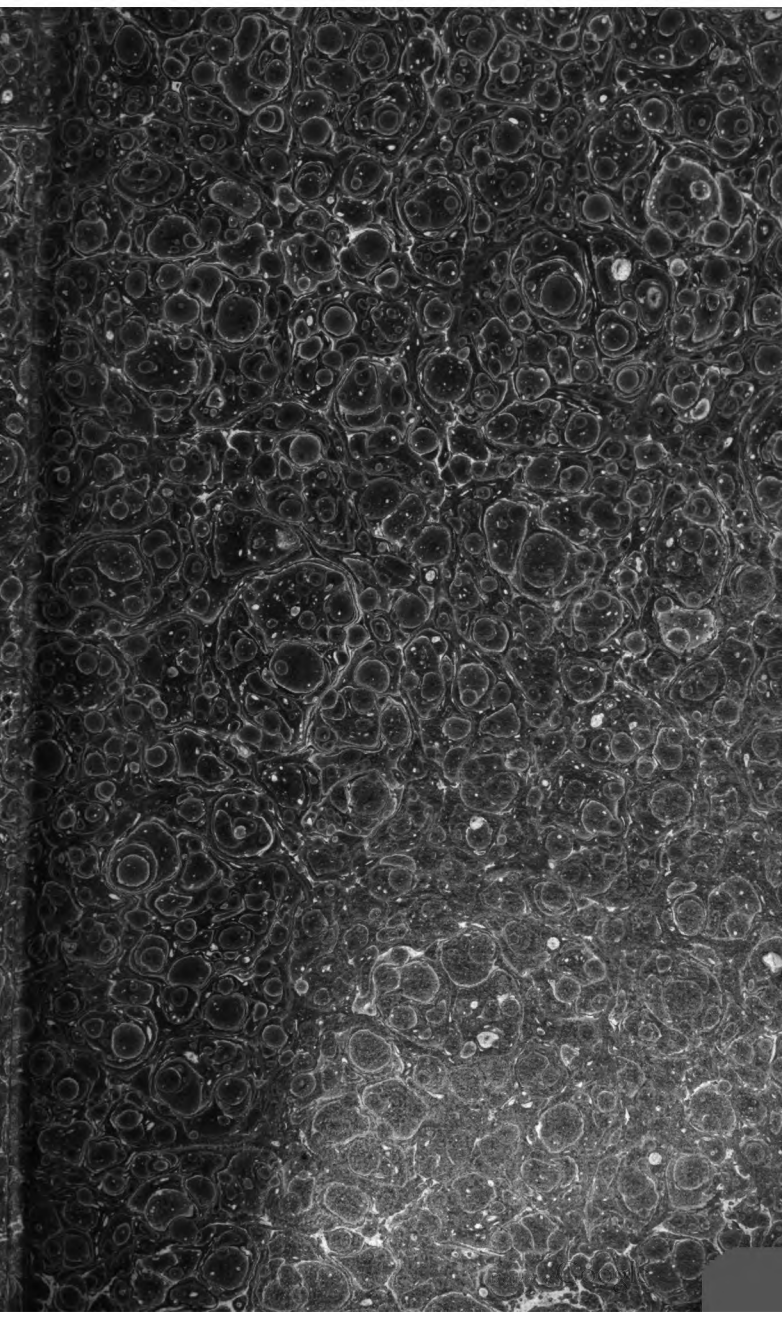

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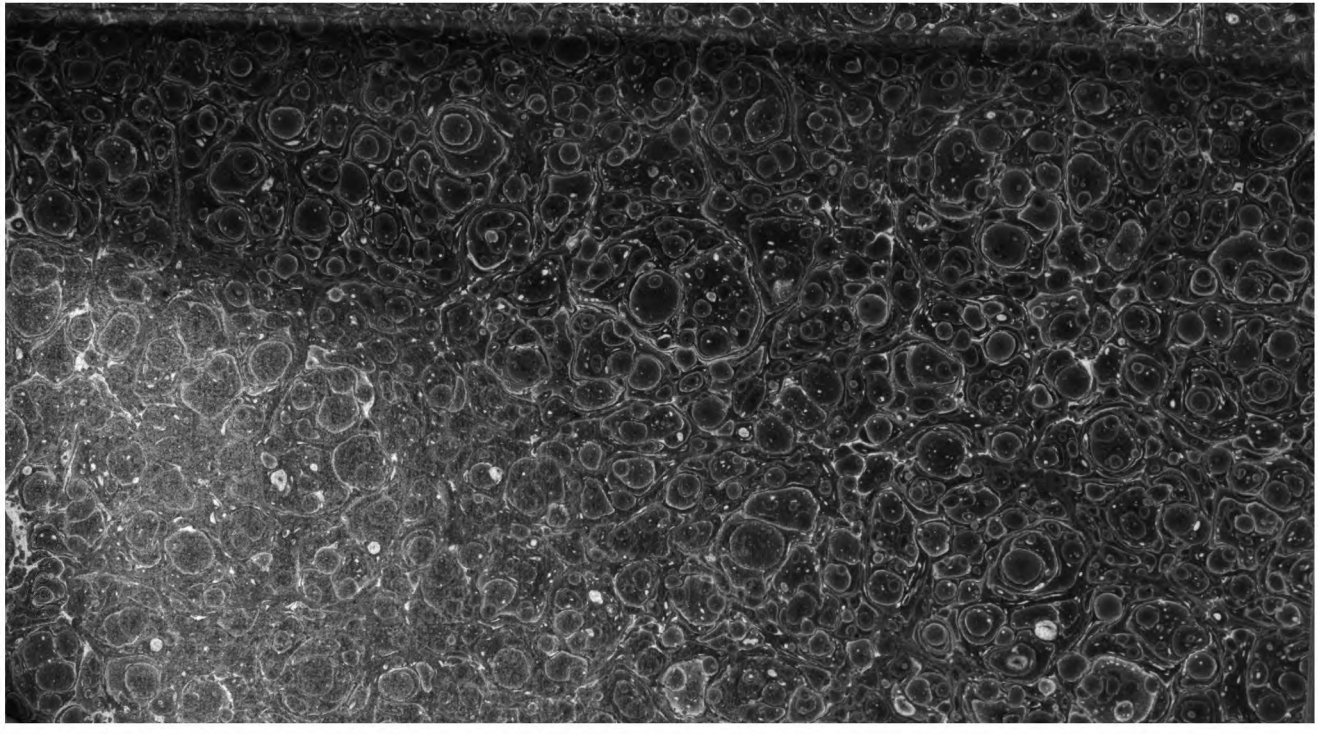

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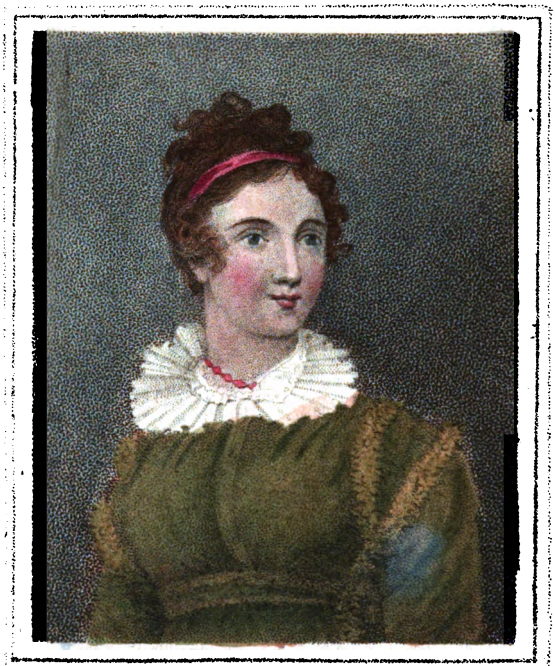

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MISS FANNY WOODBURY.

Who died at Beverly in North America
15.th Novem.r 1814 in the 23.d year of her age.

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MEMOIRS

AND

WRITINGS

OF

Miss Fanny Woodbury,

WHO DIED AT

BEVERLY, NORTH AMERICA,

15th Nov. 1814, *Aged* 23 *Years;*

BY THE REV. JOSEPH EMERSON, A. M.

INCLUDING SOME

Interesting Correspondence

BETWEEN

HER AND THE LATE MISS ATWOOD,

AFTERWARDS

Mrs Newell.

"That life is long, which answers life's great end." *Young.*
"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord."
Rev. xiv. 13.

Edinburgh:

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AND SOLD BY
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers have, through the kindness of some friends who have favoured them with the use of materials selected by the Rev. Mr Emerson of Beverly, been enabled to lay before the Public the following Memoir of Miss FANNY WOODBURY. It contains a series of interesting letters, many of which appears to have passed between her and Miss HARRIET ATWOOD, who was educated together with her at Bradford Academy ;— a seminary which has been honoured of God as the instrument of bringing not a few of its Members to the knowledge of the truth. The correspondence of these two young persons furnishes a pleasing specimen of the spirit which prevailed in it.

The Publishers flatter themselves, that this little volume will be found an acceptable present to the young ; and that it is at the same time calculated to be useful to all who shall be pleased to give it a serious perusal.

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Page
Letter from Miss Atwood to Miss Woodbury, . 62
Journal, from 4th March to 27th May 1810, . . 64
Letter to Miss H. W. of Winchendon, June 1810, . 69
Journal, from 30th June 1810, to 11th April 1811, 70
Letter from Miss Atwood to Miss Woodbury, . . 76
Journal, 24th June 1811, ... 78
Letter to Miss Atwood, 7th July 1811, . . 79
Letter from Miss Atwood to Miss Woodbury, a short while before her sailing for the East Indies, 82
Letter to Miss B. B. of Wenham, July 1811, . 84
Letter to Miss S. K. of Wenham, July 1811, . . 86
Journal, from August to September 12, 1811, . . 89
Letter to Miss S. W. of Winchendon, . . 91
Letter to Miss H. H. of Beverly, October 1811, . 94
Journal, from 20th March to 28th April 1812, . 98
Letter to Miss A. C. H. of Bradford, 6th June 1812, 100
Journal, from 14th to 27th June 1812, . . 104
Extract from a Letter to Miss N. K. of Newburyport, 106
Letter to Miss N. J. of Beverly, 6th July 1812, . 108
Journal, from 12th to 23d July 1812, . . 111
Letter to Miss N. J. of Beverly, 29th July 1812, . 112
Journal, from 7th to 9th August 1812, . . 116
Letter to her Sisters, 14th August 1812, . . 119
Letter to Miss E. S. of Beverly, 6th September 1812, 120
Journal, October 1812, ... 124
Letter to Mrs H. P. of Bradford, . . . 124
Letter to Miss C. G. of Bradford, . . . 127
Journal, from December 1812, to 1st January 1813, 132
Letter to Miss H. P. of Bradford, 12th Jan. 1813, . 133
Letter to Miss M. G. of Boston, 1st February 1813, 136
Letter to Miss N. J. of Beverly, 2d February 1813, 138
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, 4th February 1813, 141
Letter to Miss B. K. and R. K. of Beverly, . 142
Extract of a Letter to Miss N. J. of Beverly, . 145

Digitized by Google

Page
Letter to Missés B. K. and R. K. of Bradford, . . 146
Journal from 4th to 8th April 1813, . . . 149
Letter from Miss N. K. of Newburyport, . . 153
Letter to Miss B. K. of Bradford, . . . 156
Letter to Mrs M. Atwood of Haverhill, enquiring after Mrs Newell, ... 159
Letter to Miss C. G. of Bradford, . . . 163
Letter to Mr A. P. and Mrs H. P. of Bradford, . 166
Letter to Miss C. G. of Bradford, . . . 170
Letter to Miss S. K. of Wenham, . . . 172
Extract from a Letter to Miss B. P. of Danvers, . 176
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, . . . 178
Letter to Miss B. P. of Danvers, . . . 179
Letter to Miss S. P. B. of Lynfield, . . . 182
Letter to Miss N. J. of Beverly, . . . 185
Journal, July 1813, ... 188
Letter to Mrs Atwood of Haverhill, and her daughters, on the death of Mrs Newell, . . . 193
Letter to Miss M. S. of Chelmsford, . . . 198
Extract of a Letter to Miss S. P. B. of Lynfield, . 202
Letter to Mr D. S. of Beverly, ... 203
Letter to Miss B. P. of Danvers, . . . 207
Letter to Miss M. S. of Chelmsford, . . . 209
Journal, Nov. 3, 1813, ... 213
Letter to Miss N. J. of Beverly, . . . 213
Letter to Miss C. G. of Bradford, . . . 216
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, ... 218
Journal from Dec. 31, 1813, to Jan. 1, 1814, . 219
Letter to Miss H. B. of Francistown, . . 222
Letter to Miss N. W. of Boston, . . . 224
Letter to Miss B. P. of Danvers, . . . 226
Letter to Mrs M. C. of Marblehead, . . . 228
Note to Mrs H. P. of Bradford, then at Beverly, . 231

Digitized by Google

Page
Note to Mrs H. P. of Bradford, then at Beverly, . 232
Journal, April 2, 1814, ... 233
Letter to Miss C. T. of Beverly, . . . 236
Extract of a Letter to Mrs H. P. of Bradford, . 240
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, ... 241
Journal from April 23, to May 1814, . . 242
Extracts of a Letter to Miss C. T. of Beverly, . 249
Journal from May 12, to May 13, 1814, . . 252
Letter to Miss M. W. of Beverly, . . . 253
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, then at Wenham, . 254
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, then at Wenham, . 255
Letter to Miss M. W. of Beverly, . . . 256
Letter to Miss H. G. of Bradford, . . . 258
Journal, June 19, 1814, ... 261
Note to Miss E. S. of Beverly, . . . 265
Letter to Mrs H. P. of Bradford, . . . 265
Extract of a Letter to Miss N. K. of Newburyport, . 268
Letter to Miss S. D. of Wenham, . . . 270
Letter to Miss E. C. of Wenham, . . . 275
Letter to Mrs A. N. of Wenham, . . . 280
Letter to Mrs S. E. D. of Beverly, . . . 282
Letter to Mrs L. B. of Salem, ... 285
Journal, Oct. 2, 1814, ... 288

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MEMOIR

OF

MISS FANNY WOODBURY.

MISS FANNY WOODBURY, the subject of the present Memoir, was born at Hamilton, in the state of Massachusets, North America, 10th September 1791. She was the daughter of Mr Isaac and Mrs Anna Woodbury, persons in affluent circumstances in that state, who bestowed on her an education suited to their rank in society, both in their own family, and also in an Academy for young ladies in Bradford, in their neighbourhood.

Possessed of a slender constitution in her infancy, she rarely knew what it was to enjoy good health; and was often brought apparently to the very gates of death. When about three years old, her sense of hearing was greatly impaired by a fever; and her deafness, which was at times much greater than at others, was one of her greatest trials through life.

It is probable that these bodily afflictions were one mean of leading her to realize the importance of religion. The particular occasion of bringing her to deep and solemn consideration, was

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importance of complying with their requests. A few months before her death a friend said to her, "I have a cousin whose situation is peculiarly favourable to self-examination. Do supplicate for him, Fanny; for he requires it very much." It was asked her sometime afterwards if she had ever prayed for him: She replied, "I have not once attempted to supplicate the throne of grace, without pleading on his behalf." This is only one of many instances of her concern for souls: And here, it is hoped, her prayers were not presented in vain; for this same person soon after exhibited an evident change of life.

She had a very deep sense of the worth and preciousness of time: But *holy time* was in her esteem by far the most precious. Very few, if any could more feelingly "call the Sabbath a delight." Notwithstanding her difficulty of hearing, she had a remarkable fondness for public worship. To one, who often walked with her to the house of God in company, she was accustomed to say, when about to enter the sanctuary, "Now I do hope our souls will be richly fed;"—"Do let us hear as for eternity," and the like.

The great doctrines of the cross were her meat and her drink, her joy and her glory. She often lamented the abounding

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errors of the day, especially that which robs the Saviour of his divinity, by reducing him to the level of a dependent being.

Deeply imbibing the spirit of the doctrines which she loved and advocated, she seemed constantly to breathe forth love to God, and good will to mankind. Her religion was exhibited in all the relative duties of life. As a child, she was respectful and obedient; as a sister, affectionate and kind; as a friend, sincere and constant; as a correspondent, punctual and faithful.

Though in consequence of her natural diffidence and inability of hearing, she was in general rather reserved, yet to a few intimate friends, whom she tenderly loved as the friends of Immanuel, she was remarkably open and communicative. Of the two principal characteristics of true friendship, tenderness and faithfulness, it may be difficult to ascertain for which she was most distinguished. When about to part with her friends, she was accustomed to give them some warm exhortation, such as, "Do live near to God;" "Pray much and fervently;" "Press forward with all speed:" And of the tenderness of her affection we have in the present volume many pleasing instances. Her attachment to the late unfortunate Mrs Newell holds a con-

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spicuous place in her history. When the melancholy news of this young lady's death was communicated to her, she was almost inconsolable; and her journal, on that occasion, exhibits such an unaffected picture of agonized feeling, chastened by pious submission, as must endear her character and her memory to every feeling heart.

With regard to the poor, she was by no means disposed to dismiss them with, "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled," when it was in her power to relieve them. So far from stopping her ears at the cry of the poor, or turning away her eyes from beholding the needy, she sought them out in their dreary cells; and there caused the heart of the widow and the fatherless to sing for joy. Nor was she satisfied with relieving their temporal wants. It was her ardent prayer and endeavour that they might be fed with the bread of life, and clothed with the garments of salvation.

The sick and the afflicted had a share in her tender sympathies; and it was her melancholy delight to visit, assist, and console them. Her success in this duty, even to aged christians, was uncommon.—They seemed to consider her, notwithstanding her youth, as a fit companion and friend, to whom they could with confidence unbosom themselves,

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whether afflicted in body or mind. In conveying consolation to the wounded spirit, however, she was scrupulous in the extreme; lest she should incur the guilt of crying "Peace, peace, when there was no peace."

She was a striking example of industry and economy. A large part of her time was spent in discharging the duties of the domestic circle. When her eyes were occupied with reading, her hands were generally employed to some useful purpose. Like Dorcas, she made garments for the poor. After her death, several garments, suitable for the approaching season, were found, which she had carefully prepared, and laid by for distribution. Almost the whole of what she bestowed in charity was the fruit of her own industry. She often expressed her astonishment, that Christians would suffer so much of their time to be lost in idleness; adding, that if their own circumstances did not require the fruit of their labours, the poor were ever needy.

Her conversation was happily seasoned with the salt of grace. "During the two last years of her life," observes one of her correspondents, "I have had the privilege of being in her society more or less almost every week; and, I think, all that passed between us, up-

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on things not relating to seriousness, might be communicated in one hour."

The extension of Christ's kingdom, both at home and abroad, was a subject which peculiarly affected her heart. To hear of a revival of religion, was to her like life from the dead. At home, her exertions and her example were exerted to the utmost. Notwithstanding her youth, she took a leading concern in establishing a fellowship meeting for females; which was at last accomplished, notwithstanding the obstacles which necessarily arose from the natural timidity of young persons, particularly females, when called to take a leading part in private devotional exercises. This Society commenced with five individuals only, which however rapidly increased, and accomplished in no small degree the design which its young founder had in view, the building up and strengthening of souls in their way Zionward.

The poor heathen were much upon her mind. She took a very lively interest in exertions to spread the gospel, and evangelize the world. This desire laid hold of her mind, and was probably cultivated by a daily intercourse with her dear and affectionate companion, Miss Harriet Atwood, (afterwards Mrs Newell, wife of an American Missionary in India,)

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while at Bradford Academy; and the frequent correspondence which afterwards took place between them, is highly interesting. A part of that correspondence is contained in this little volume; but it is to be regretted, that Miss Woodbury's modesty and diffidence led her to suppress or destroy many letters which would have, in no small degree, enlarged and enriched this collection. A remarkable proof of her zeal and self denial in the cause of missions occurred when this dearest friend and companion she had on earth, resolved to dedicate her remaining days in this best of causes. When Mrs Newell left America for the East Indies, she keenly felt the loss of her friend and companion, as the cutting off of a right hand; but at the same time rejoiced that one so dear to her should be so honoured in the vineyard of her Lord; and that her loss might be gain to thousands of perishing souls, who stood more in need of such a friend.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in her character, was a realizing sense of future things, which appeared especially during two or three of the last years of her life. It really seemed that the world was dead to her, and she to the world. She manifestly felt that she lived and wrote for eternity. Eternity, with

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all its important realities, was habitually present to her view. It was remarked by those with whom she met for social prayer, that she appeared to feel a strong impression that her time on earth was short. They observed an unusual fervour in her petitions. She seemed already an inhabitant of the heavenly world. Long, long will that little circle remember her. Long will they mourn, that they shall hear her voice no more,—no more witness her fervent devotions,—no more hear her plead for sinners.

Another conspicuous trait in her character was humility, which shed a lustre over all her other virtues. Few persons were more free from the abominable sin of thinking of herself more highly than she ought. Though she was much grieved for the sins of others, yet her greatest grief,—her deepest lamentation, was for her own sins. She appeared at all times to have a very low opinion of herself, and of every thing she did. A feeling sense of her own unworthiness, and of the suitableness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and his blood, which was shed on the cross for such as her, is strikingly displayed in the last journal which she wrote, 2d October 1814, and with which this volume concludes. A few days after, she was seized with an inflammation in the brain,

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of which she never recovered, and which she bore with heavenly resignation and fortitude, till Tuesday, the 15th day of November 1814, when she entered into the actual possession of that bliss which she had long enjoyed in sentiment and prospect. Through the whole course of her very distressing sickness, her appearance was such as might reasonably be expected from a person of her character. Few ever exhibited clearer evidence of living the life, and dying the death of the righteous, than she did. Her numerous connexions, correspondents, and friends, cannot but feel their loss to be irreparable. They may comfort themselves, however, with the precious consolation, that she has gained admittance into that rest, that society, that bliss, and is engaged in those employments, for which she was so happily prepared, and for which she was almost constantly longing and pleading. About a week before her death, suspecting her dissolution to be rapidly approaching, she became more than ever anxious about the welfare of the immortal spirits of her parents and relatives; and feeling, on this solemn occasion, that the subjects and the circumstances were two awfully interesting to admit of her addressing them verbally, she therefore dic-

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tated the following affecting valedictory addresses, to be read by them after her remains should be consigned to the dust.

MY FATHER, MY MOTHER, MY BROTHERS, AND SISTERS DEAR,

WHEN you hear my expiring groans, when you survey my worthless remains, when you follow me in mournful silence to my long home, O think of your mortality, and prepare for death. And when, in some more distant day, you shed an affectionate tear upon the white marble that rises over my dust, O remember you must lie by my side, and look up to heaven and beg for grace to prepare to join the blessed. I beg of you to forgive me the millions of times I have wounded your hearts; entomb my follies with me, and my virtues (if I have any) treasure in your hearts. I thank you for all your kindnesses to me, and in return I beg the best of heaven's blessings to rest on your souls. O think how uncertain is life, and how certain is death; and do, O do be ready for the coming of your Lord. My dear, dear friends, do not rest without grace in your hearts. Do exert yourselves in every way for the promotion of the religion of Christ, and the advancement of that glorious kingdom which shall flourish in peace and righteousness. O that I could tell you what it is to die, and go into eternity. O that I could tell you of the everlasting worth

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of the soul, and the amazing importance of having Jesus for a friend. My dear, dear friends, to Jesus I commit my departing spirit, and I pray that you may be his in life and in death. A tender and an affectionate farewell. O may we meet in that world where tears and sickness, and sorrows and sins, are known no more. My dying love rests with you all, and O may the love of Jesus possess your hearts, and dictate hereafter in mansions of glory, songs of endless praise to God and the Lamb. O do let me exhort you to leave this worthless world behind, and live as becomes heirs of immortality. Friends of my heart, I bid you farewell.

My dear, dear Betsy, When those I love visit you, take them to the place where Fanny moulders; and as you pass around my grassy hillock, listen to the voice that calls loudly from thence, "Watch and pray, and be ye also ready." Talk of the affections which have bound our souls together, talk of death, of judgment, and eternity, and depart laden with wisdom. Do all your hands find to do, and do it as for eternity.

To my dear correspondents.—The pen has dropped from my hand, but the love I bear you dwells in my heart, and may it survive the shock of death, and be consummated in the regions of light. My parting message to you is, live as strangers and pilgrims here; live devoted to the service of God; and exert every power and faculty to honour your divine Re-

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deemer. Let the small pledge * of affection which may be given you, be a memento of the dying love of your affectionate Fanny.

To the praying sisters at * * * *—*I have heretofore constantly met with you, knelt by your sides, and implored the blessings of heaven. Those moments, so sweet and so dear, are gone to return no more. As often as that dear evening shall return, let your attendance there evince that you love the place where prayer is wont to be made. Let the thought that I meet with you no more, stimulate you to redoubled diligence, to ardent prayer, and to active exertions for the continuance of those meetings. Let me exhort you never to forsake the assembling of yourselves together; and let your hearts be united by the most endearing ties. Farewell, my dear sisters. May we soon meet in the place where praise, not prayer, shall flow from every heart. I commend you to God and the word of his grace. May he from time to time bless you with an abundant spirit of prayer, and answer your petitions in copious benedictions on your own dear souls, on the church of Christ, and a perishing world. Peace be to you, my sisters; a peace ineffably sweet, such as our dear Jesus gives his humble disciples, and such as shall ripen in the glories of heaven.

To all my dear friends.—Beware of earth;

---

* Possessing a little library of about 40 volumes, she directed that one of them should be given to each of her correspondents.

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live above all terrestrial things; and live as though you possessed immortal souls. O think how soon the days of your mortal life will be over, and an eternity of retribution be your portion. O remember the last counsel you can ever receive from me; and so number your days as to apply your hearts unto wisdom. Let the remembrance of our friendship be dear to your hearts, and O be sure that you gain an interest in the sinner's Friend, who will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in him. We soon shall meet again. O may it be in yonder world of light, that celestial paradise which Jesus purchased with his expiring breath. The Lord bless you all with blessings for time, and with blessings that shall run parallel with the ages of eternity. An affectionate adieu.

To the dear Church, with whom I have so often met, and sat around the table of our dear Redeemer.—My best, last wishes, and dying love are to you. It has grieved me that there has been so much formality, so much lukewarmness among us. O I beg that you would seek to exhibit more the power of religion in your lives and conversation. Do adorn the doctrine of your Saviour better than your unworthy sister has; and let my death be sanctified to all your hearts. Do strive for the faith of the gospel, for the resettlement of a faithful minister among you, who shall break to you the bread of life, and be instrumental in leading you onward to heaven. My seat is now to be vacated; O pray that it may soon be oc-

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cupied by one who shall be more faithful in good works, more holy and more heavenly-minded than I have ever been. Do live as brethren; be earnest for each other's spiritual good, and tender to each other's infirmities, and live answerably to your high and holy profession. Wherein I have erred, and gone astray, be so kind as to forgive me, and avoid my follies. Receive this affectionate advice in love, as the last expression of my ardent and sisterly friendship; and may we all be prepared to join the Church triumphant, and sing with endless rapture the song of Moses and the Lamb. Farewell, my dear Friends, my Brothers and Sisters dear; the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ make you faithful in every good word; strengthen, establish, and comfort you, and make you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. My ardent love abides with you; and now I bid you—Farewell.

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THE

MEMOIRS AND WRITINGS

OF

MISS FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS E. A. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, Sept. 21, 1806.

IT was with peculiar pleasure I received your edifying epistle, my dear Miss A. and with similar sensations I resume my pen to answer it. Though I am sensible I shall not write with accuracy nor coherence, yet I will not consume a page in apology.

How vain, how transitory, are all the enjoyments of time and sense! They can never satisfy the desires of our immortal minds. Real felicity they cannot impart. Let us then look upon them with a noble indifference; and as they must one day appear unworthy the attention of immortal beings, what folly, what madness, to seek for permanent and solid happiness here! We have immortal souls that must exist for ever in consummate felicity, or endless misery. We are hastening to eternity, and must soon appear before the tribunal of Christ, to render a strict and impartial account of the deeds done in the body; and can we then devote our time and attention in the pursuit of terrestrial pleasures! Young gives us a very excellent caution;

> "Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
> "All joys, but joys that never can expire."

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We are probationers for eternity. We are forming characters, and performing actions, for a never-ending state of existence. Time is short. Months and years fly away with velocity, never, never to return.

O let it be our concern to improve every moment for our present and eternal good! May we devote our remaining days to God, and sit under the shadow of the Redeemer with great delight. He is the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the vallies; the chiefest among ten thousands and altogether lovely. O that I could say without a doubt, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his!" God grant we may not deceive ourselves; but be advocates for his holy religion, till our latest breath.

May Heaven bless you temporally, and spiritually. At the throne of Almighty grace, plead for your unworthy friend, FANNY.

JOURNAL, 1807.

Sept. 6. Sabbath day. Attended church, and heard the sublime doctrines of the gospel declared by a minister from Gloucester. O what a mercy is it that I can sometimes hear! O may I practise the duties enjoined; and not be like the stony ground hearers, who receive the word with joy, but having no root, they endure but for a time, and when troubles arise fall away. But may I follow my Lord joyfully even unto death. May I glorify him here on earth. O Lord, deliver me from the thousands of temptations that beset me at every step! O leave me not to my own wicked heart; but enable me to put my trust in thee alone!

Sept. 10. This day I am sixteen years old. O to what little purpose have I lived so many years! For what was I made, but to serve and glorify God? And

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yet what have I done, but rebel against him? How justly might he now consign me over to the gloomy regions of sorrow and despair, where the least glimpse of hope can never, *never* come! Surely he is good, and his mercy endures for ever; else I had long ago been in hell, reaping the reward of my doings. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name! O let me never forget this kind, this gracious God!

The year past has been the most distinguished year of my life. My mind has been very seriously impressed with the truth and importance of religion, and I trust has embraced it. O that this year may place me in the Paradise of my God, to go no more out for ever; there to sit and sing the song of redeeming love through a never ending eternity! When shall I be with my God, never to leave or grieve him more? O thou Searcher of hearts, and Trier of reins, wilt thou protect and bless me this year? O prepare me for all the trying scenes of life! However long or short my life may be, it makes no difference with me, if every moment be well improved.

Sept. 11. Went to Mr D.'s and conversed with him some time. He gave me such advice as I never had before. O may I improve it to my everlasting good! O how sweet were his words; but how few of them can this treacherous memory retain! They ought to be engraven on my heart, never to be forgotten. May he live long to be a blessing to this wicked generation; and when death shall summon him to bid adieu to earthly things, may he enter the regions of endless bliss.

Sept. 13. Felt very serious and solemn to-day. I view religion of more importance than ever. O, I wonder how a person can live unmindful of Christ, and his dying

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love! O how wretched, how inconceivably wretched must that person be, who places all his happiness in this sinful world! O what must be his feelings in the near view of death and eternity.

Sept. How I long for the conversion of my youthful companions! O could they realize their awful situation without an interest in the great Redeemer, they certainly could not rest easy! But alas! they appear very indifferent with regard to eternal things.

Was propounded for admission into the church by Mr D. of Marblehead. This night I made the solemn dedication of myself to God in writing *.

Sept. 15. Felt very unwell. Sickness is as pleasant as health, if I can but enjoy a holy God. O for perfect conformity to him!

Sept. 17. Attended the funeral of Mr. W. D.'s daughter. Heard an excellent prayer; but alas! I have reason to lament that it makes no more impression upon my hard heart. O that all who attended may be prepared for their own latter end!

[The two following letters from the amiable and pious Miss Atwood, (afterwards Mrs. Newell, who died in the Isle of France, while with her husband publishing the gospel to the heathen,) was received by Miss Woodbury about this time, and seems to be in answer to one or two wrote by her under the impression of the circumstances mentioned above, viz. her own sickness, and Miss D.'s death. These

* This was in the words of Doddridge. See Rise and Progress chapter 17.

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letters, however, have unfortunately not been preserved. The following are Miss Atwood's answers to them.]

FROM MISS H. ATWOOD, TO MISS WOODBURY.

Bradford Academy, Sept. 1807.

How solemn, my dear Miss W. is the idea, that we must soon part! Solemn as it is, yet what is it, when compared with parting at the bar of God, and being separated through all eternity! Religion is worth our attention; and every moment of our lives ought to be devoted to its concerns. Time is short, but eternity is long; and when we have once plunged into that fathomless abyss, our situation will never be altered. If we have served God here, and prepared for death, glorious will be our reward hereafter. But if we have not, and have hardened our hearts against the Lord, our day of grace will be past, and our souls irrecoverably lost. Oh then, let us press forward, and seek and serve the Lord here, that we may enjoy him hereafter. Favour me with frequent visits while we are together, and when we part, let epistolary visits be constant. Adieu. Yours, &c.

HARRIET.

FROM MISS H. ATWOOD.

Bradford Academy, Sept. 1807.

As we are candidates for eternity, how careful ought we to be that religion be our principal concern. Perhaps this night our souls may be required of us—we may end our existence here, and enter the eternal world. Are we prepared to meet our judge? Do we depend upon

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Christ's righteousness for acceptance? Are we convinced of our own sinfulness, and inability to help ourselves? Is Christ's love esteemed more by us than the friendship of this world? Do we feel willing to take up our cross daily and follow Jesus? These questions, my dear Miss W. are important; and if we can answer them in the affirmative, we are prepared for God to require our souls of us when he pleases.

May the Spirit guide you, and an interest in the Saviour be given you! Adieu. HARRIET.

Wednesday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.

Sept. 19. Communion with God! O how sweet and desirable! The high and lofty One, who inhabits eternity, condescends to hear our prayers. How ought I to spend my days, since all the grace I need to do his will, Jesus is ready to bestow. He says, "Ask, and ye shall receive." I need only to repair to him, tell my wants, and ask wisdom, and he will give me that pearl of great price, which is of more value than all the riches of this world.

The past week one of my fellow mortals was consigned to her kindred dust. She was called home in the morning of life, before she was capable of knowing good from evil. O may this afflictive event be sanctified to the mourning relatives! While the youthful parents ponder in silent grief over their early bereavement, O may they learn to apply their hearts unto wisdom, and justify God! May it teach me also, and my young companions, the frailty of life and the certainty of death. O may it cause them seriously to meditate on death and eternity. They have often been reminded of these solemn things; but alas! I fear with no good effect. O that this may

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prove an effectual warning! Gracious God! imprint it on their memories, that they too must die; and make them willing in the day of thy power.

Sept. 21. O the worth of an immortal soul! It will continue to exist when time is swallowed up in eternity. This surely should be the theme of constant reflection. In all our worldly concerns, we should keep eternity in view. Then would the amusements of this world become insipid, and religion appear of all things the most important.

Sept. 24. Attended a lecture, but alas! could not hear. O ye dear children of God, who can hear sermon after sermon, may you make a wise improvement of all these advantages, while it is in your power! Come, O my soul, bow in holy submission to the will of God! Let not a repining thought arise in this heart. Let not a word flow from these lips, which indicates discontentment with the allotments of Providence.

Sept. 26. *Saturday.* Visited Mr D.——O thou who art perfectly acquainted with the inmost recesses of my heart! O, I beseech thee, if I am deceived, to make known to me the deception! O may my affections, desires, and hopes, centre in Christ! May I build upon this sure Foundation for time and eternity! O thou blessed Jesus! condescend to visit me early with thy mercy, that I may be glad and rejoice all my days. O be thou the guide of my youth, the strength of my riper years, and my everlasting portion, and I am satisfied.

Alas! I intended to devote the greater part of this night to prayer; but feel so unwell and so drowsy, that I fear I shall hold out but a short time. O gracious God! fit me for the solemn duties before me; divest my mind of every worldly thought, and fit me to partake of the sacramental bread and wine. Blessed Saviour, con-

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descend to grant my request. O be with me in to-morrow's solemn transaction.

Sept. 27. *Sabbath eve.* This day I publicly gave myself to God, and was permitted to commemorate my Saviour's dying love. O what a wonder that I, the most unworthy of mortals, should be brought to the marriage-supper of the Lamb!

A most excellent sermon was preached from these words, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Much was said to the youth.

I have now made a profession of the Christian religion, and given myself up to God in my youthful years. I trust I shall ever find satisfaction in what I have done. I have done it in the vigour of health, in the prime of my age. I choose to take up the cross, and daily to follow the blessed Jesus, rather than indulge myself in youthful pleasures. Indeed I have not the least wish for the vain amusements of life. Religion only is capable of giving that happiness which will remain, when every earthly comfort fails. If we are destitute of this, we are destitute of every thing which can render us truly amiable in life, and happy through death and eternity.

[The high estimation in which Miss Woodbury's epistles were held by the accomplished and pious Miss Atwood, so frequently and unequivocally expressed, must excite a very deep regret that so few of them have been preserved. The following letter is from that young lady, in answer to one from Miss Woodbury, on occasion

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of her joining, for the first time, in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.]

FROM HARRIET ATWOOD, TO MISS WOODBURY.

Haverhill, Oct. 1807.

Once more, my dear Miss W. I take my pen and attempt writing a few lines to you. Shall religion be my theme? What other subject can I choose, that will be of any importance to our immortal souls? How little do we realize that we are probationers for eternity? We have entered upon an existence that will never end; and in the future world shall either enjoy happiness unspeakably great, or suffer misery in the extreme, to all eternity. We have every inducement to awake from the sleep of death, and to engage in the cause of Christ. In this time of awful declension, God calls loudly upon us to enlist under his banners, and promote his glory in a sinful, stupid world. If we are brought from a state of darkness into God's marvellous light, and are turned from Satan to the Redeemer, how thankful ought we to be! Thousands of our age are at this present period going on in thoughtless security; and why are we not left? It is of God's infinite mercy and free unbounded grace. Can we not with our whole hearts bow before the King of kings, and say, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory?" Oh, my dear Miss W. why are our affections placed one moment upon this world, when the great things of religion are of such vast importance? Oh, that God would rend his heavens and come down, and awaken our stupid, drowsy senses. What great reason have I to complain of my awfully stubborn will, and mourn my unworthy treatment of the Son of God? Thou alone, dear Jesus, canst soften the heart of stone,

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Bradford. This afternoon returned with the amiable and pious N. H.

By hearing good conversation, my feelings are somewhat revived. When I left home, I was almost entirely stupid. O how shameful for me to be stupid, when I have always so much to awaken me! O how little do I love the most glorious and most excellent of beings, if I love at all! O what an ungrateful, stupid heart is mine!

Nov. 14. *Saturday Eve.* With another Sabbath in view I resume my pen. I have been informed that P. W. wishes to join the church. Mr D. says she gives satisfactory evidence of a change of heart. O may she be a sincere advocate for the religion of Jesus! How beautiful to see the youth openly professing the name of Christ! How pleasing to every benevolent mind to see them forsaking the vanities of this ungodly world, and devoting their early days to the service of the great Redeemer. O what vast encouragement is given to youth, to seek God in the morning of life. This is certainly the most favourable season for becoming religious.

[Miss Woodbury having wrote to Miss Atwood about this time, very probably mentioning the above circumstance of their young acquaintance, Miss W. applying for admittance to Church fellowship, Miss Atwood writes in answer as follows.]

FROM HARRIET ATWOOD, TO MISS WOODBURY.

Haverhill, Dec. 2, 1807.

Most sincerely do I thank you, my dear Miss W. for your kind and affectionate epistle, which you last favour-

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ed me with. Are religion and the concerns of futurity still the object of your attention? New scenes daily open to us, and there is the greatest reason to fear, that some of us will fall short at last of an interest in Jesus Christ. A few more rising and setting suns, and we shall be called to give an account to our final Judge, of the manner in which we have improved our probationary state; then, then, the religion which we profess,—will it stand the test? Oh, let us, with the greatest care, examine ourselves, and see if our religion will cover us from the storms of divine wrath;—whether our chief desire is to glorify God, to honour his cause, and to become entirely devoted to him. What a word is ETERNITY! Let us reflect upon it; although we cannot penetrate into its unsearchable depths; yet, perhaps, it may have an impressive weight upon our minds, and lead us to a constant preparation for that hour, when we shall enter the confines of that state, and be either happy or miserable through an endless duration.

Last evening I attended a conference at Mr H.'s. Mr B. addressed us from these words, "I pray thee have me "excused." His design was to shew what excuses the unconverted person will make for not attending to the calls of religion. It was the most solemn conference I ever heard. Oh! my friend, of what infinite importance is it, that we be faithful in the cause of our Master, and use all our endeavours to glorify him, the short space of time we have to live on earth. Oh! may we so live, that when we are called to enter the eternal world, we may with satisfaction give up our accounts, and go where we can behold the King in his glory. We have every thing to engage us in the concerns of our immortal souls. If we will but accept of Christ Jesus as he is freely offered

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to us in the gospel, committing ourselves unreservedly into his hands, all will be ours; life and death, things present and things to come. We should desire to be holy as God is holy. And in some degree we must be holy, even as he is, or we never can enter that holy habitation where Jesus dwells.

Oh! my dear Miss W. I cannot but hope that you are now engaged for Christ, and are determined not to let this world any longer engross your attention. Be constant in prayer. Pray that your friend Harriet may no longer be so stupid and inattentive to the great concerns of religion. Pray that she may be aroused from this lethargic state, and attend to Christ's call. With reluctance I bid you adieu, my dear Miss W. Do favour me with a long epistle; tell me your feelings; how you view the character of God in the atonement for sinners. May we have a part in that purchase! Remember your friend,

HARRIET.

JOURNAL, 1808.

Jan. 16. I am resolved by divine assistance to spend my time in a better manner, and to redeem more of it from sleep, from vain conversation, and from other things, which have hitherto engaged my attention. I intend to spend more time in retirement—in communing with my heart, and with my God. Let my conversation be in heaven. I will read and meditate more and oftener, if possible upon divine things. O Lord, assist me in putting my resolutions into practice. Preserve me from embracing any thing that may dishonour thy cause, or injure my immortal soul.

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[Miss ATWOOD having received a letter from Miss WOODBURY on the consolations of the godly on the approach of death, writes as follows.]

FROM HARRIET ATWOOD, TO MISS F. WOODBURY.

Haverhill, Feb. 13. 1808.

ACCEPT, my dear Miss W. my sincere thanks for your last epistle. Your ideas of the necessity of religion in the last extremity of expiring nature, perfectly coincide with mine. Yes, although we may reject the Saviour, and become engaged in the concerns of this vain and wicked world; although while in youth and health we may live as though this world were our home; yet, when the hour of dissolution shall draw near, when eternity shall be unfolded to our view, what at that trying moment will be our consolation, but an assurance of pardoned guilt, and an interest in the merits of Christ the Redeemer? We are now probationers for a never-ending state of existence, and are forming characters, upon which our future happiness or misery depends. Oh, if we could only have a sense of these all important considerations!—How criminally stupid are we, when we know that these are eternal realities! Why are we not alive to God and our duty, and dead to sin? This world is a state of trials, a vale of tears, it is not our home. But an eternity of happiness or woe hangs on this inch of time. Soon will our state be unalterably fixed. Oh, let this solemn consideration have its proper weight on our minds, and let us now be wise for eternity.

How little are we engaged to promote the interest of religion! At this day, when the love of many waxeth

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cold, and iniquity increaseth, how ought every faculty of our souls to be alive to God.

Do write often, and perhaps, the blessing of an all-wise God may attend your epistles. In your earnest supplications at the throne of Almighty grace, remember your affectionate, though unworthy friend,

HARRIET.

April 21. Next Sabbath I am to commemorate the dying love of my Redeemer. But is he mine? Am I united to him by a living, operative faith? Am I willing to forsake every thing for him? Do I love him? Do I hate sin, not only considered in its destructive tendency, but as the murderer of my Saviour? Blessed Jesus, am I thine? Do I love thee above every thing else? I think I do. O for a more firm trust in him, and more intimate communion with him! What means all this backwardness, dulness, and stupidity? Are these consistent with a state of grace? Shew me, dear Lord, O discover to me my situation. Let me not be deceived.

[The following letter from Miss ATWOOD, was wrote only a few days before the death of her Father.]

FROM MISS HARRIET ATWOOD TO MISS WOODBURY.

Haverhill, April 30, 1808.

This morning, my beloved Miss W. your kind epistle was handed me, in which you express a wish, that it might find me engaged in the cause of God. Oh that your wish could be gratified! But let me tell you, I am still the same careless, inattentive creature.—What in this world can we find capable of satisfying the desires of our immortal souls? Not one of the endowments which

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are derived from any thing short of God, will avail us in the solemn and important hour of death. All the vanities which the world terms accomplishments, will then appear of little value. Yes, my beloved companion, in that moment we shall find that nothing will suffice to hide the real nakedness of the natural mind, but the furnished robe, in which the child of God shines with purest lustre—the Saviour's righteousness. Oh! that we might, by the assistance of God, deck our souls with the all-perfect rule! Our souls are of infinite importance, and an eternity of misery, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," awaits us, if we no not attend to their concerns. I should be happy my amiable friend, in visiting you this spring; but with reluctance I must decline your generous offer. A dear and beloved parent is in a declining state of health, and we fear, if indulgent heaven do not interpose, and stop the course of his sickness, death will deprive us of his society, and the grave open to receive him. O that his life might be spared, and his health once more established to cheer his family and friends! But in all these afflictive dispensations of God's providence, may it ever be my prayer, "Not my "will, O Lord! but thine be done."

I do not expect to attend Bradford Academy this summer. We shall have a school in Haverhill, which with my parents' consent, I expect to attend. Do visit me this spring, my dear Miss W.; your letters are always received with pleasure. My best wishes for your present and eternal happiness attend you. I am yours, &c.

HARRIET.

May 10. Harriet's father is dead. This dear, this amiable girl has followed to the gloomy grave her be-

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loved parent. O that God, the almighty God, would comfort and support her under all her trials!

[Letter from Miss ATWOOD to Miss WOODBURY, wrote immediately after the death of Miss ATWOOD's father.]

FROM MISS HARRIET ATWOOD.

Haverhill, May 24, 1808.

In the late trying and afflictive scenes of God's providence, which I have been called to pass through, I have flattered myself, that the tenderest sympathy has been awakened in the heart of my beloved Fanny. Oh my companion! this is a scene peculiarly trying to me. How much do my circumstances require every divine consolation and direction, to make this death a salutary warning to me! The guardian of my tender years, he who, under God, has been made an instrument in giving me existence; my father, my nearest earthly friend, where is he? The cold clods of the valley cover him, and the worms feed upon his cold and lifeless body. Can it be that I am left fatherless? Heart-rending reflection! Oh my dear, dear, Miss W. may you never be left to mourn the loss which I now experience! Oh that your parents may be spared to you, and you ever honour them, and be a blessing to them, even in their declining years.

Glance a thought on *nine* fatherless children, and a widowed and afflicted mother. But if we are fatherless, Oh may we never be friendless! May he who has promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the widow's God, enable us to rely upon him, and receive grace to help in this time of need; and although the present af-

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fliction is not joyous but grievous, Oh that it may be instrumental in working out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!

Do come and see me.—I long once more to embrace my friend, and to tell her what I owe her for all her favours. Adieu, my beloved Miss W.; receive this as a token of renewed affection from your

HARRIET.

May 15. Eliza, my dear sister, is very sick. A few hours, and her state will be fixed. I must follow to the grave another sister, a dear, dear child. I have no hope of her life. That dear, that sprightly child must find a mansion in the tomb. No longer shall these ears hear her charming voice; nor these arms fold her to my longing bosom. For some time she has been speechless. Dear, dear child, how much you suffer! O that the Almighty God would make her the subject of renewing grace! O Lord, fit her to inhabit the regions of bliss. O give me strength to bear all the trials which await me, without one repining word, or murmuring thought. Let me ever say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

May 16. Eliza is gone—my dear, my lovely sister. She has passed the vale of death, and is now, I trust, in glory. I was with her in her last moments, watched her dying pillow, and saw her expire. It was my earnest prayer that she might depart in peace, and it was a comfort to me, that she died like a lamb. Lord, let this affliction be sanctified to the family! O fit me for my latter end, which I view to be near! Let my last hour be as tranquil and peaceful as hers.

June 25. Time flies away, and I do nothing for God. It seems to me, I am as vile a being as ever inhabited.

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this guilty world. All is mixed with sin. Every thing appears hateful on the review, and ought to be repented of. Alas, alas! woe is me! I am unclean. Sinful, vile wretch! Is God holy? How then can he bear with a worm, who deserves hell every day! O it is mercy, it is all mercy! Be thankful, O my soul, and bless his holy name.

Sept. 10. This day I am 17 years old. I do not expect to see 17 years more; nor do I wish to, unless I can be useful. I can hardly reconcile myself to the idea of a long life. So sluggish, so stupid, so careless have I been, that if the future should be spent in such a manner, alas! my soul shrinks at the idea. O Lord, fit me for death.

Sept. 24. Felt some freedom in approaching to God. O the felicity of one moment's communion with God! If it is so sweet to draw nigh to him here, O what will it be to see him face to face in heaven? Can I, O can I live without him! If I love any thing more than God, I do not love him at all. Let me then look into my heart. Is there any one thing I prize more than God? I think I can say I see the vanity of this world, and find it can afford me no solid satisfaction. O why should I live, but to serve and glorify God!

Oct. 29. I have returned from the gay companions with whom I am obliged to associate, glad to retire to my chamber. I have endeavoured to look within, and find I have more reason for doubts and fears than ever. I believe Christians exercise much self-denial; but wherein do I deny myself? There is sometimes a great deal of levity in my manners; and often, after I have indulged it for a moment, I am cut to the heart. Such solemn scenes are before us, that it seems a wonder that any can be gay. I think the Saviour is precious to me, and I know not whom I do love, if I love not him.

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Nov. 19. One more week is past, and I am hastening to the silent tomb. I have been apprized of the death of Mrs Emerson. She is gone to be known on earth no more. Shall I not learn to value more that precious Saviour who appeared for her, supported and comforted her in the hour of death? O may I have that religion which was hers, and say in my last moments, as she did, "My Jesus is mine, and I am his!"

Dec. 1. *Thanksgiving.* This I expect will prove the last anniversary of this kind I shall ever live to see. By the return of another, Fanny's remains may be mouldering under the clods of the valley. No matter how soon, if death fixes me in the embraces of my God and Saviour. "Farewell to sin and sorrow; I bid you all adieu."

LETTER TO MISS N. B. OF BEVERLY.

MY DEAR NANCY, *Without date.*

How awful, how dangerous is the situation of the impenitent sinner! He is going on in opposition to a holy God, violating his reasonable commands, rejecting Jesus Christ the Redeemer, and grieving the Holy Spirit. He hangs on the brink of eternal wo, suspended by the slender thread of life. O, if this thread should break, while he continues incorrigible, what must be his portion! Eternal truth shall answer, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." O Nancy! how dreadful the sentence! What a hell of hells must it be to be separated from God, the only source of happiness! Alas! my heart shrinks from the idea. How can we think of taking up our eternal abode with devils and damned spirits, to join in blaspheming an Almighty God! Is not the thought dis-

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tressing? Then let us be up and doing, and pressing into the kingdom of heaven.

Do you, Nancy, feel happy? Do you think you could be happy in heaven, with the heart you now possess? Heaven is a place of perfect holiness. Now, unless we be holy, vain is the idea of ever being inhabitants of those blessed mansions. Thus saith the Lord, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Though we lead a moral life, yet if our hearts remain unrenewed, what will it avail? God looks at the heart. He sees our every thought. Even should we deceive ourselves and others, still we cannot deceive him. We are prone to flatter ourselves, and think all is well. Then let us cry with holy David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

JOURNAL., 1809.

March 18. Since I last wrote, I have been confined by sickness. I have had the same fever which terminated the earthly existence of my beloved sister Eliza. I viewed myself as near the grave, and soon to enter upon an eternal state. I felt weaned from all earthly enjoyments, and I think entirely resigned to the sovereign will of God. I even felt reluctant to the idea of staying longer in this vain world. My desire was to be holy like God, and for ever to dwell with him. But God had determined otherwise. I am spared awhile;—raised from a weak and debilitated state to comfortable health. And O that the remainder of my life may be spent in communing and walking with God!

March 31. I am more and more impressed with a sense of the vanity of this deceitful world. To day my thoughts

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have been much employed on this theme. What are carnal pleasures to a soul just entering eternity! Can the dying have any relish for vain amusements? A sick, a dying bed—what is it? To be emaciated with extreme weakness and excruciating pain, without the comforts of religion, without an interest in a bleeding Saviour—what heart can conceive, what pen can delineate, the affecting scene! O let sinners fear and tremble! O my soul, ponder on this weighty subject; and flee for refuge to the benevolent Saviour.

April 5. To-morrow is proclaimed a day of public fasting. O that we as a nation may fast as becometh us! Much, very much, do we need humiliation. May I be active in preparing for the approaching morn. May I mourn for myself and my fellow mortals, deplore our vile ingratitude, and invoke the blessings of injured heaven to rest upon us.

April 6. Evening. This anniversary is gone for ever. What good have I derived? What have been my motives in attending public worship? Did I go to pay homage to Jehovah? or was I influenced by sordid views? Have I applied the sermons to my own heart? Do I grieve for the sins of others, and earnestly pray for their salvation? O let me thoroughly investigate my heart, and search out its latent evils. From that contaminated fountain proceed all sinful actions. O how important the injunction of the wise man, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

April 29. I fear, I greatly fear, my pretences to religion are hypocritical. Is it possible! Can I, O can I be so base, as to profess religion, and my heart remain a stranger to it! I may deceive myself and others, but an omniscient God I can never deceive. O should I be

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found destitute of genuine religion—a nominal, but not a real Christian—a professor but not a possessor!—the thought is terror to my mind. O what accumulated iniquity to pretend to serve God, when we are serving Satan! Lord, if I am deceived, suffer me not to retain the deception!

To-morrow, if the Lord will, I shall appear in his sanctuary, and sit at his table. Am I clothed with the wedding garment? O may I be enabled to ascertain my case! Just a glimpse of hope beams on my benighted soul. It is all I have had for some days. Frequently I feel as if I must resign even that, and look on myself as a wretched sinner. Long have I been involved in darkness, Egyptian darkness, occasioned by my inconsistent and unholy life. Even when religion is the subject of conversation, I feel averse to saying any thing. Something seems to whisper, "Refrain, base wretch, from talking on that solemn theme: It is not for such hypocrites as you." Thus am I harrassed and tortured day and night. Sun of righteousness, illumine my dark soul with thy heavenly rays!

May 20. How conspicuous is the goodness of God to the sinful, even to me. Ever since I first received the gift of life, I have experienced his kind care and protection. Many times, when I have been brought to the verge of eternity, he has snatched me from the grave, and restored me to health. He has given me many, very many opportunities, to obtain useful and religious knowledge. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits conferred on one so vile, so worthless! Though I have had my share of afflictions, yet I think I can bless God for them, as they were sent

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in infinite wisdom. O that I may adopt the language of the poet.

"I praise him for all that is past;
"I trust him for all that's to come."

May 23. Glory to God for this precious sentence: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Well may it be ushered in with the word *Behold.* That precious blood, which was freely shed on Calvary, can make us clean and white. O were it not for this I must lie down in despair. But blessed be God, there is precious balm in Gilead, and a glorious Physician there. O may it be applied to my diseased soul! O the preciousness of Christ! What are perishing worlds, and all their vanities, when compared to him? O who could be so foolish, as to slight and neglect the dear Redeemer!

May 25. I have attended lecture this afternoon. But O how melancholy to enter the house of prayer, the place where God's honour dwelleth, and see so few. O what a privilege is lost by those who absent themselves from the delightful place! There I sat, and could not hear, when thousands blessed with hearing, neglect these inestimable opportunities. A price is put into their hands to get wisdom, but they have no heart for it. Professors are cold and dull. Among these I must rank myself. My dear young friends seem engrossed with the trifles of a day. No one is solicitous to obtain an interest in the blood of the Lamb. What shall I say more? Alas, how can I dwell on the melancholy theme?

May 27. *Saturday eve.* O how much have I thought of to-morrow! I am apprehensive I shall be dull and stupid. Is it possible? Can I as it were sit at the foot of the cross, and looking above, see the Lord of glory

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expiring for sinners, and not feel the strongest emotions of love, gratitude, and repentance? Surely there is beauty in Jesus, sufficient to attract my whole heart. O that he would come and manifest himself to my soul. O that I could fly on the wings of faith and love, to behold him, and dwell for ever in his embraces. When shall it be? O when? How long, ere I shall view him face to face?

June 25. With what peculiar privileges am I indulged. I have this day been to the house of God, and commemorated the death of Christ. O that I may let my profiting appear! Lord clothe me with humility. I am astonished that I have so much pride. How desirable it is to be low in the dust, to dwindle into nothing in my own esteem, that Christ may be all in all.

July 23. How many poor and benighted pagans there are on our globe! Involved in the dark labyrinth of ignorance and error, they know not a Saviour, nor his dying love. With all their sins about them, they enter the world of spirits, and appear before a holy God. Who can but commiserate their hapless state, and endeavour to contribute something to meliorate their condition? They have souls. Yes, souls the poor Indians have, to be saved or lost; to enjoy the favour of God in heaven, or sink into the fire that never can be quenched. The soul of a heathen is precious as mine. But alas! they sit in darkness and the shadow of death. They never heard salvation's joyful sound. O mighty God, incline thy children to pray fervently for them who know not thee, and to appropriate a part of their wealth to the support of missionaries who are gone to the dark corners of the earth to promulgate the gospel. O that their exertions may prove successful in winning many

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immortal souls to Christ! O how delightful must it be to see those who were immersed in darkness, arising from the gloom, and lisping the praises of their God and Redeemer! O my God, have mercy upon them, and teach them the sweet language of Canaan!

O how innumerable are my privileges! Surely the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage. O what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me! Why am I not a wretched heathen, ignorant of every thing truly good? O the distinguishing love of God!

Aug. 27. I have had a letter from my dear friend, Harriet Atwood. After a long, and to me a painful silence on her part, she has written to inform me of her happy state. I cannot but hope she now rejoices in the smiles of her Saviour, and feels her soul secure in him. O what thanks are due to God for his continued favours! I rejoice that her youthful days are consecrated to Jesus, and that she enjoys that peace of mind which passes understanding. O that she may be enabled to live to the glory of God on earth, and at last dwell with him forever!

[The following is the letter from Miss Atwood above alluded to.]

TO MISS FANNY WOODBURY.

Haverhill, August 1809.—*Sabbath morn.*

A few moments this sacred morning shall be devoted to my beloved Miss W. After discontinuing for so long a period our correspondence, I again address you by the endearing title of a friend, I again attempt to lay open my heart before you. But what shall I

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say? Shall I tell you, that since I last saw you, I have made great progress in divine grace? To you my ever dear friend, will I unbosom my heart; to you will I describe my feelings. Yes; I will tell you what GOD has done for my soul. About six weeks since he was pleased, in infinite mercy, again to call my attention to the concerns of my soul; again to show me the evil of my ways. I have now publicly professed my faith in him. I have taken the vows of the covenant upon me, and solemnly surrendered myself to him eternally. Oh! Miss W. should I now be left to dishonour this holy cause, what would be my eternal condemnation! Oh! pray for me. Entreat God to have mercy upon me, and keep me from falling. After I left you at the academy, I by degrees grew more and more neglectful of serious and eternal realities. When I review the past year of my life; when I reflect on the wound I have brought upon the blessed religion of Jesus, I am constrained to cry, Why has God extended his mercy to the vilest of the race of Adam? Why has he again shewed favour to me, after I have so wickedly abused his precious invitations, and grieved his Holy Spirit? It is a God who is rich in mercy, abundant in goodness, and of great compassion, that has done these great things, as I trust for me. How can I be too much engaged for him, too much conformed to his holy will, after these abundant manifestations of his love and mercy. Oh that I could spend my few remaining days as I ought, even *entirely* devoted to the delightful service of the dear Redeemer!

Sabbath eve. I have just returned from the house of God, where I have heard two excellent sermens preached by our beloved pastor. What unspeakable privileges we enjoy! The Gospel trump is sounding in our ears; Jesus

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is proclaimed as "ready and willing to save all those that come unto God by him." And why, my dear Miss Woodbury, are not these privileges taken from us, and given to the Heathen, who have never heard of a Saviour, and are perishing for lack of knowledge? God is indulging us with them for wise and holy ends. And if we do not estimate them according to their real value, and improve under the calls and invitations of the Gospel, there will remain for us "no more sacrifice, but a fearful looking-" for of judgment, and fiery indignation." When sitting beneath the Gospel's joyful sound, I think I can never again be careless or inattentive to religious concerns. But how soon does the world intervene between God and my soul! How soon do the trifling vanities of time engross my affections! Oh, my dear friend! did you know the temptations with which I am surrounded, I am confident you would pity me, and intercede for me at the throne of grace. But I have this consolation—Jesus was tempted while on earth; he pities his tempted saints, and will surely enable them to persevere unto the end.

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
"For he has felt the same."

I long, dear Miss Woodbury, to see you; I long to converse with you on the great importance of being really children of God. I long for your assistance while wandering in this wilderness. I think, if I know my heart, I can say I *do* love God and his children. If I do not love him, if I do not love his image whenever I see it, I know not what I love. Though Providence sees fit to separate us, yet let us be active in our endeavours to assist each other in our journey to the heavenly Canaan, by our letters and our prayers.

I have now opened to you my heart. Do write to me;

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do instruct me in the important doctrines of the Gospel. May your journey in this vale of tears be sweetened by the presence of the blessed Jesus! May you go from strength to strength; and when you are released from this burden of clay, appear in the heavenly Jerusalem before God, and spend an eternity at his right hand, where is fulness of joy! Adieu. I am yours, &c.

HARRIET ATWOOD.

Sept. 10. I have this day completed the eighteenth year of my life. Is it possible! Can it be! Have I arrived at such an age, and acquired so little valuable information? What have I been doing for so many years? Why have I not been assiduously engaged in meliorating my heart, and improving my understanding? Alas! how dilatory and negligent have I been? I have been here many years, but are any of my fellow mortals the better? Ah! how painful is retrospection! Is it desirable to live to do as I have done? O that I could live every moment to the glory of Him who made me, and gives me every blessing I enjoy. Almighty Father! pardon my sins, and sanctify my heart. O let me enjoy thy smiles during the remainder of my wearisome journey through this valley of Baca.* Ere the day close, I will write to my dear Harriet.

[The letter mentioned above is not preserved. The following is the answer to it by MISS ATWOOD.]

Haverhill, Oct. 12, 1809.

The pleasing sensations, dear Miss Woodbury, which your

* The valley of Baca, or of mulberry trees, was a barren place.—Some translate *Baca*, weeping, or misery. See Scott on Psalm xxiv. 6.

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letter excited, can better be conceived than described. Your affectionate advice I sincerely thank you for. And Oh! that I might be enabled to follow it. But what shall I write you? Shall I tell you I grow in grace and in conformity to God? Alas! I still have reason to lament my awful stupidity, my distance from God, and in the language of the publican, to cry, "God be merciful to me "a sinner!" "Laden with guilt, a heavy load;" oppressed with the temptations of a subtile adversary, the world ever ready to call my affections, how can I be supported? But here, my friend, I find there is a way provided, whereby God can be just, and yet justify even me. In the redemption a Saviour has purchased there is an infinite fulness, sufficient to supply all our wants. On the precious mount of Calvary hangs all my hope. In his atoning blood, who suffered and died, my sins can be washed away; and however vile and loathsome in myself, in him I can find cleansing. What wonderful compassion is displayed in the plan of salvation! That the Maker and Preserver of the universe, having all things under his controul, should not spare even his own Son, but deliver him up to die on the accursed tree, for mortals who had transgressed his law, and deserved eternal misery! This mystery of mysteries the angels desire to look into. That the *just* should endure the agonies of a painful and ignominious death for the *unjust*, is what we cannot comprehend. But my friend, *what* must be our situation to all eternity, if, after such wonderful compassion, we should fall short of an interest in the death of Jesus? How awful must be the sentence that will be passed upon *us* who sit under the Gospel's joyful sound, if we slight the offers of salvation? Oh, may this never be our situation! But by unfeigned re-

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pentance and cordial submission to the blessed Redeemer, and by lives spent in his service. Oh, may we be prepared to join the society of the redeemed above!

Yesterday afternoon I attended a lecture in the Academy at Bradford. The emotions which vibrated in my mind, while sitting in this seminary of learning, I cannot describe. Imagination recalled those scenes which I had witnessed in that place. That season was a precious one to many souls, when the Spirit of God moved among us, and compelled sinners to tremble and earnestly enquire what they should do to inherit eternal life. But those days are past. No more do I hear my companions exclaiming, "Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can inherit everlasting burnings?" No more do I hear souls, who for years have been under the bondage of sin, exclaim, "Come and I will tell you what God hath done for me." He has, I hope, "delivered me from the horrible pit and miry clay; has established my goings, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise to his name." But under these general declensions from the truth of the gospel, still "the Lord doeth all things well:" He will revive his work in his own time. He will repair the waste places of Zion, and sinners will again flock unto him as clouds, and as doves to their windows. And blessed be his name, he makes his children the honoured instruments in building up his kingdom. Let us then, my dear Miss Woodbury exert all our faculties to promote his cause. Let us warn sinners of their danger, and walk worthy the vocation wherewith we are called. Wishing you the light of God's countenance, I bid you adieu.

HARRIET.

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Sept. 24. Last Sabbath eve my dear brother was united in marriage to Miss N. B.—Many considerations combined to render the transaction solemn. O that the union may be long and happy. May they set out in the fear of God; in all their ways acknowledge him, shine as lights in the world, be instrumental in building up the kingdom of Jesus, and preparing each other for glory, and at last be received into heaven, where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

Oct. 1. How short the time since spring commenced, and all nature seemed alive. The fields clad in verdure, the gardens decorated with curious flowers; the trees in blossom, the melodious songsters in the groves, inviting to rural walks, presented the most beautiful appearances. Many a time when I have rambled over the verdant fields, I have taken a flower, or blade of grass, which the combined exertions of men and angels could never have made, and ruminated on the wisdom and goodness of God, the infinite ease with which he created this huge globe, and the myriads of living creatures which here exist. Nor have I forgotten the three vernal months I attended the school of Mr P. O how pleasantly they passed! Many of his instructions are fresh in my mind. How frequently did he exhort his pupils to attend to the concerns of their souls, to devote themselves to their Creator, and to seek the one thing needful. How solicitous was he to infuse into their minds a love of learning and of religion. O that they would regard his admonitions.

Oct. 29. When I take a retrospect of my past life, I am filled with sorrow, wonder, and amazement. When I rise in the morn, in my poor manner, I implore of God grace and strength to spend the day in holiness. I think I will endeavour to depend on Jesus, and maintain a

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strict watch over all my thoughts, words, and actions. But alas, how fickle am I! How soon do I get off my guard, and wander on forbidden ground! Every day furnishes me with additional evidence of the inconstancy of my heart.——I long to hear from my dear Harriet.

[The following letter from Miss Atwood, is an answer to one sent by Miss Woodbury not preserved; its own intrinsic merits, and the light it reflects on some circumstances in the history of these two amiable young women, render it worth preservation.]

TO MISS F. WOODBURY OF BEVERLY.

Haverhill, Sabbath eve, Nov. 26. 1809.

I HAVE this moment received, dear Miss Woodbury, your inestimable letter; in which you affectionately congratulate me on the happiness of "tasting that the Lord is gracious."

Assailed by temptations, surrounded by the gay and thoughtless, and with but few of the humble followers of the Lamb to guide me in the path of duty, or to instruct me in the great things of the kingdom, what feelings do I experience, when receiving from my beloved friend a letter, filled not only with assurances of continued affection, but with encomiums upon the character of the dear Immanuel, as being "the chief among ten thousands, "and altogether lovely." Often does my heart glow with gratitude to the Parent of mercies, for bestowing on *me* such a favour, as *one* friend to whom I can disclose the secret recesses of my heart, and with whom I can converse upon the important doctrines of the gospel, and an eternal state of felicity prepared for those whose "robes

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have been wished and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Have not you, my friend, often felt, when conversing upon these great truths, a flame of divine love kindle in your heart; and have you not solemnly resolved, that you would live nearer to the blessed Jehovah?

I have this day been permitted to worship God in his earthly courts. How unspeakably great are the privileges with which we are indulged in this land of gospel light! The Sabbath before last, Mr B. exchanged with Mr D. Oh my beloved Miss Woodbury, could you have heard the important truths he preached, the impressive manner in which he held forth the terrors of God to the impenitent, and the necessity of immediate repentance, surely it must to you have been a blessed season. But it had no visible effect upon the minds of the people here. A dreadful inattention to religion still prevails. The youth are very thoughtless and gay. "Iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold." But there are, as I humbly trust, a pious *few*, who are daily making intercession at the throne of grace for the prosperity of Zion.

What encouragement have we, my dear friend, to wrestle at the throne of mercy, for renewing and sanctifying grace, for ourselves and the whole Israel of God. Even in times of the greatest declension, Jehovah hath promised, that he will hear the prayers of his children; and that if offered up in sincerity of heart, he will, in his own time, send gracious answers.

Next Friday evening, it being the evening after Thanksgiving, a *ball* is appointed in this place. I think it probable that E. whom you once saw anxiously enquiring what she should do to inherit eternal life, will attend. Oh, my beloved friend, you cannot know my feelings!

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It is dreadful to see mortals bound to eternity, spending their lives with no apparent concern about their never-dying souls. But it is, if possible, more dreadful to see those who have "put their hands to the plough look back;" or being "often reproved, harden their hearts against God."

How unsearchable are the ways of Jehovah! When I look around me, and see so many of my friends and companions, who are by nature endowed with much greater talents than I am, and who would, if partakers of the grace of God, be made the instruments of doing so much more good in the world, left in a state of sin, I am constrained to say,

"Why was *I* made to hear thy voice,
"And enter while there's room?
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come."

I could, my dear Miss W. write you all night; but a violent head-ache has attended me this day, and wearied nature requires repose.

I sincerely thank you for the affectionate invitation you have given me to visit you. I wish it were possible for me to comply with your request; perhaps I may this winter; but I shall not place much dependance upon it, as every thing is so uncertain. Do, my friend, visit Haverhill.—I long to see you: but if Providence has determined we shall never meet again in this world, O may we meet in our heavenly Father's kingdom, and never more endure a separation. In haste. I am yours, &c.

HARRIET.

JOURNAL, 1810.

Feb. 3. How happy that person, who under every dis-

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pensation of providence breathes, "Thy will be done." He possesses that calm peace, that sweet contentment, that "nothing earthly gives or can destroy."

Why these gloomy doubts and fears? Ah! if I could but say with confidence, "My beloved is mine, and I am his!" "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" my soul would be filled with joy. Sure I am that I love Jesus, if I know whom I love; but it may not be sincere. I ardently wish for an interest in Jesus; but it may be a selfish wish. But still I must rejoice to hear that sinners are converted unto God, and speak the sweet language of Canaan. The glory of God, and the prosperity of Zion, I trust, lie near my heart. I long for holiness and conformity to God; and love to contemplate things belonging to the kingdom of Christ. But may I not have these views and feelings, and yet not be a Christian? May not all originate from selfishness, and not from love to God and regard for his glory?

Feb. When I consider how much information and wisdom I might have acquired, had I faithfully improved my advantages, I am confounded. O that it may be my great endeavour to cultivate and improve my mind, and to do good to all! A thousand opportunities of doing good pass away unobserved, and unimproved. O what a world of good might we all do, had we but hearts duly impressed with the worth of time, the love of God, and an eternal hereafter! Lord awaken us all to activity and diligence in thy service. O raise up some other Whitefields and Calvins, to be eminently useful in this profligate and licentious age. Now when infidel sinners exert all their power and virulence to undermine the very foundation of our holy religion, now the love of many of thy followers appears to be waxing cold, O now, arise,

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and favour Zion. Animate Christians in their duty. Stop bold and presumptuous sinners in their career of sin and folly.

What glorious news! How delightful to hear that poor sinners are brought out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light. There is a great revival of religion in Salem, and also in Manchester, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr T. the account of which I have sent to rejoice the heart of my dear Harriet. Thus God is pouring out his Holy Spirit in New-England, and gathering poor sinners into his fold. Our Jesus goes from conquering to conquer. He bows the stubborn will of sinners to himself, softens the adamantine heart, and puts a new song into their mouths, even praise to his name. Little children hear the voice of Jesus, and join with older saints in singing hosannas. Even those who were old in sin, who have for years been led captive by Satan, are emancipated from their abject slavery, and brought to enlist under the banner of King Jesus. Now they can call on all to join with them in singing the praises of their great deliverer, and say with the pious poet,

> "But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
> "Is my Redeemer and his love."

And shall we in this place have no share in this glorious work? Alas! how can we expect that God will so signally favour us, unless we arise from the dust, and exert ourselves in his cause? Lord Jesus, extend thy work, and let it reach even here.

[Miss Woodbury having wrote MISS ATWOOD on the above subject, viz. the revival of religion in

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Salem and Manchester; the following letter was sent in answer.]

TO MISS F. WOODBURY OF BEVERLY.

Haverhill, March 31, 1810.

Favoured by Divine Providence with an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to my beloved Miss W. for all the testimonies of friendship which she has shewn me, I cordially embrace it. Your last friendly letter was this day received. To assure you how much happiness your letters confer on me, would be but what I have already told you. The one I received when on a bed of sickness was a *real treasure.* My feeble health alone prevented my answering it before. I have lately been led to dwell much on the doctrine of the divine decrees. I should like to have your ideas on the subject. Although God is under no obligations to save one of the apostate race of Adam, and it would not derogate from his justice, were he to send all to eternal torments; yet to display the riches of his grace, he determines to save a few. Why should we say, What doest thou? The children of God are, or ought to be, lights in the world. But I fear that I shall be a stumbling block to others. I have often thought myself one of those who are "tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine." When I hear arguments on one side, I think I am convinced. When on the other, I think the same. But I leave this subject for the present.

Let me tell you, that I fondly indulge the hope of seeing you before long. Mr H. and myself have thought considerably of a ride to Beverly. Should not our wishes be frustrated, I shall probably see you in four or five

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weeks; if not then, I shall relinquish the idea, as I shall commence attending school in May. When I see you, I will relate to you my exercises in my past illness.

Have we not abundant reason to rejoice in the government of God? He is carrying on his work, converting sinners, and making the wrath of man to praise him. O that Haverhill and Beverly might experience the influence of the Holy Spirit! God can work here as easily as in *Salem and Manchester*. Let us be ardent and constant at the throne of mercy, that the blessed Immanuel would revive his work, and pour out his Spirit on the churches and people, with which we are connected. Oh! why, my friend, are we so cold and stupid? I earnestly request an interest in your prayers. Yours sincerely,

HARRIET.

March 4. When I look around, mine eye affecteth mine heart. How few adorn their profession with a holy life and conversation! How many of my youthful friends are immersed in the vanities and pleasures of the world; and how very few are desirous to obtain that better part which shall never be taken from them. O for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit! O that God would arise, and favour our dear Zion, and make her the joy and the praise of the whole earth.

March 5. Friday evening before last I spent in company with S. A. and H. H. Speaking of geography, Miss H. observed, that Asia was the most interesting part of the globe to her, on account of its being the place of Christ's sufferings and death. With such persons I like to associate. A richly cultivated mind adorned with true religion, what a blessing! How criminal the conduct of inconsiderate youth, who take no care to cultivate

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their minds, and meliorate their hearts. Why, O why, should the sordid vanities of time and sense, the amusements of this insidious world, engross the time and affections of immortal minds, capable of the enjoyment of the great I AM, the Fountain of all excellence, beauty, and glory?

April 5. Before I arose in the morning, I endeavoured to solemnize my mind, think of the duties of the day, and implore grace to spend it aright. In devotional exercises dull and wandering. Ah this vain, careless, treacherous heart! these roving, wicked thoughts! How much reason have I to mourn, and weep, for my many sins and imperfections, and to lie low in the valley of humiliation!

April. This week I received a letter from my beloved Miss Atwood. She writes that she will make me a visit soon, if nothing special prevent. O when shall I embrace her? When shall I once more personally converse with her? I flatter myself the happy day is not far distant; yet my fond hopes may be disappointed. Death, cruel death, may snatch her from me, and consign that engaging form to the gloomy grave. I may not see her again in this world. I may receive no more testimonies of her love and friendship. Ere long my ears may be saluted with the news of her death, and I be left to mourn my irreparable loss. Harriet, my dear Harriet! my heart is united to thine in love and amity. If we meet not on earth, God grant we may meet in the New Jerusalem, to sing the song of redeeming love for ever. O that, like Harriet, I could live to the glory of God, and be useful in a sinful world! But ah! I am vile and stupid, cold and inactive.

April 15. Sabbath Eve. Now "the powerful king of

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day" is sinking beneath the western horizon. He has performed his journey through the skies, in obedience to his Maker's will, and now withdraws from us his enlivening influences, to cheer another part of our guilty globe. I also must soon pass the horizon of death. My sun may go down long before the meridian of life. Even before the bright luminary shall rise again, my eyes may be closed in death, and my immortal soul lodged in the eternal world. On the present moment hangs my everlasting all. I will not be so imprudent as to depend on a long life. How can I wish to dwell long in this world of sin and wo? O could I live the holy and useful life which some live, what happiness would pervade my breast! How sweetly, and almost imperceptibly, would my days pass away! O what is life, if I live not to the glory of God, and the good of my fellow mortals? "That life is long which answers life's great end."

April 29. This sacred day, if God permit, I shall worship him in his courts, and commemorate the death of Jesus Christ. But have I on the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness? How dreadful is my situation if I have no true love to Christ, no interest in his death. O my God! if I am deceived, shew me the deception. If I have never seen the evil nature of sin, and hated it as such; if I have never mourned over my own and others sins; if I have never seen the beauty and excellency of Jesus, and been enabled to embrace him as my only Saviour; if I have never given myself unconditionally and unreservedly into thine hands, O now, *now* I beseech, I entreat thee, implant these holy feelings and exercises in my heart! O fit me to perform the duties incumbent on me! Restrain my thoughts from wander-

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ing. Be thou the keeper of my heart. Enable me to depend on thee for grace and strength.

May 26. Thanks be to the giver of every good and perfect gift, for extensive revivals of religion in many places. O may our Jesus go on from conquering to conquer; from sea to sea, from shore to shore, till he has the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession! My God, my God, carry on thy glorious work in spite of the combined opposition of earth and hell! Let it extend, and extend, and extend, till this world, which is now full of error, of animosities, of deceit, and infidelity, shall be an emblem of that world of light, love, peace, and joy, where Jesus is all in all. With joy I hear of thy mighty work in many places; but particularly in the lower part of this town. And will it not reach this parish? Dear Lord, animate my brethren and sisters in prayer. And O wilt thou incline thine ear to hear; and when thou hearest, answer, for thy dear Son's sake!

I long to hear my dear companions in this place, with hearts enraptured with the love of Jesus, sing his praises, and speak the sweet language of Canaan. Yes, even though I should have no part nor lot with them, yet it is my great desire to see the cause of Christ flourish and prevail in the world. I must, I will rejoice that Jesus reigns, and will do all his pleasure.

May 12. I have been entertained a part of the day with the thought that to-morrow is the Sabbath. O how often in the week do I look forward for the Sabbath, and long for its approach.

"When six days of labour each other succeeding,
"Have with hurry and toil my spirits oppress'd;
"How pleasant to think, as the last is receding,
"To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest."

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O that I may lie down encircled, as it were, in my Redeemer's arms, and yield myself to sleep with a heart enlarged with gratitude to God, and love to all mankind. Ah me! how many are now enduring unspeakable pain of body, and just ready to launch into eternity! How many mourning and weeping for the loss of some temporal comfort! how many agonising under a load of sin and guilt, roll and turn, till they are weary of life, and long for the grave! O how good is God, that I have a prospect of quiet rest! May sleep fit me to perform the duties of to-morrow with alacrity. O that I may awake with renewed experience of the mercy of God, with a heart entirely devoted to him!

May 27. While perplexed with doubts and fears, I providentially took up Buck's "Christian Review," and read with great comfort the following questions:—"If I "am a hypocrite, what mean these tears, these anxieties, "respecting my state? Why so wretched when I fall in- "to sin? Why so happy when kept from it? Why, if I "am to be cast away, do I maintain the struggle? Why "did I formerly renounce the world; and how was I able "to rise superior to it, if I never was a recipient of grace? "If I be deceived, what mean the happy Sabbaths I have "enjoyed, the delightful feelings I have possessed, when "at the throne of grace? Surely if my heart has never "been changed, then from what have all my former "views, experience, enjoyments, desires, conflicts, and "feelings, been derived?" Thus was my soul set at liberty; and O let it be filled with the praises of my adorable Redeemer! I have enjoyed a happy freedom in secret duty this morning, and must now prepare to commemorate my Saviour's dying love. O Lord, grant me the assistance of thy Holy Spirit. Without his enliven-

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ing and sanctifying influences, I can do nothing acceptably to thee. O fit me to perform the duties of the day, for Jesus' sake.

LETTER TO MISS H. W. OF WINCHENDON.

MY DEAR, DEAR HANNAH, *Beverly, June,* 1810.

Immediately on the reception of your interesting epistle, I retired to write; but had scarcely seated myself, when information was brought me of company below. This will apologize for my seeming neglect.

I believe I had sensations similar to yours, on the memorable day you left us. Something seemed to whisper that we should meet no more on earth,—no more ramble on the verdant fields and luxuriant meads,—nor read and converse together. Should we behold each other no more here, may we meet in heaven, to join myriads of celestial spirits in singing the praises of our God and Redeemer.

I have this afternoon attended the funeral of an engaging lovely child. How frequently, my cousin, is this declaration of God verified, "Dust thou art, and unto "dust shalt thou return." Many with whom we were once acquainted, now sleep in the grave, and are turning to their primeval dust. And shall we not follow? Most certainly we shall. Since then death is inevitable, how important it is, that our lamps be trimmed and burning! When we pass the Jordan of death, that "bourne from "whence no traveller returns," may the heavenly Canaan open to our view. May our souls be clothed with the righteousness of Christ, that we may enter into that rest which remains for the people of God.

It is with reluctance that I close. It is now past ten

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o'clock, and I must write to your sister before I sleep, or not at all. I long to see you. I shall expect a letter from you by my parents. How do you do? How do you pass your time? I have a constant pain in my head, which is often acute. This makes me think of you.

I saw our friend Bethiah W. a few days since. She appeared very serious. O may God have mercy on her lost soul, and bring her out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light! O what are perishing worlds to one soul that never ceases to exist! May we look with a noble indifference on all sublunary enjoyments, and lay up a treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

With fervant wishes for your temporal and spiritual felicity, I subscribe myself yours affectionately,

FANNY WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1810.

June 30.—Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. With unspeakable joy I hear of the conviction and conversion of numbers around me. King Jesus is displaying his power in bringing many out of darkness into his marvellous light, and filling their souls with holy love and joy. O what reason have I to bless and praise his holy name for the wonders he is doing in this guilty world. He is building up his kingdom; he is appearing in his glory. Infidels and devils may oppose, but shall never prevail.

July 15.—I have this day heard Mr D. of Haverhill. The energy and freedom with which he addressed the throne of grace; the solemnity and animation with which he delivered his excellent discourses, I shall long remember. Bless him, O God, and make him a blessing. Give

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him renewed unctions of divine grace; fill his soul with thy love and praise; animate him in every duty; support him under all his trials; and make him a burning and shining light in the world. Be with all that minister in holy things. O may a double portion of thy Spirit rest upon them.

Sept. 30.—Another delightful Sabbath is before me; a day which, I trust, will be remembered by many with joy through eternity. This day a number are to be admitted to the church in Wenham, and four to this church. O with what solemnity will they stand forth in the view of God, angels, and men, to assent to that covenant, ordered in all things and sure; and some to receive the precious ordinance of baptism. O how delightful to see them renounce the world, and publicly devote themselves to God, and bring their infant offspring to him in faith. To-day they will engage in the most solemn and important duty that ever claimed their attention. O may they be sincere and hearty in the surrender of themselves and children to God. With joy and gladness I welcome them to the table of the Lord, to a "feast of fat things, of wine on the lees well refined." O blessed Jesus come down, and be in the midst of us. Say unto each of our souls, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved." May we be clad in the wedding garment, and not one soul be naked, destitute of faith, love, and repentance. Unite us all together in the bond of love, and unite us all to thyself, never to be separated. And O grant help to our dear pastor this day! Strengthen his hands, and encourage his heart. Enable him to bring forth out of his treasure things new and old, that shall be a savour of life unto life to many. May his tongue be as the pen of a ready writer, to show wicked men their trans-

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gressions, to display the terrors of the law, as well as the charms of the gospel. O that he may speak a word in season to weary heavy laden souls, that shall be like life to the dead, and cold water to a thirsty soul. O do thou give the increase. Impress the hearts of all impenitent sinners with a sense of the magnitude and number of their sins, and reveal the riches of redeeming love to their souls. O bless me, even me, a worm of the dust; unworthy to supplicate thy favour, or even to take thy sacred name in my unhallowed lips. Grant me the assistance of thy Spirit, and the experience of thy love. May I worship thee in the beauty of holiness, and find a day in thy courts better than a thousand spent in sin and vanity. O suffer no secular thought to gain admittance into my unwary heart. O reveal thyself to my soul.

Oct. 1. I can scarcely believe that I have passed the summer. My life is passing imperceptably away. I am sailing on the sea of life with vast rapidity, and shall soon arrive at the harbour to which I am bound. A few more revolving suns will land me on the shores of eternity. The seeds of death are sown in this mortal body. Shortly he will lay his cold hand upon me, and bring me to the grave. O that I may be like a shock of corn fully ripe. O that I may meet death with that serenity and composure, which the cheering hope of a blissful immortality, and that alone, can inspire. Gracious Father, condescend to look down upon me in that awful moment, with benignity and love, and illume the dreary vale with thy presence. O grant me the clear exercise of my mental faculties to the last, and enable me to improve them to thy honour and glory. May I lean my weary head on the bosom of my Redeemer, and have an easy transition from this vale of tears into the mansions of

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glory, where they sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be honour and glory for ever."

Oct. 7. While my dear friends are assembled in the house of God, to hear glorious and animating truths, I am denied the precious privilege, "while I am hungry for the bread of life." But thus it is: God knows I need affliction, and therefore he has touched me in a tender part. But I feel it most acutely when present in the house of prayer. There I often sit as a mere spectator—not a word for me, while others are fed and nourished. But I would not complain. Though in this respect my advantages for acquiring religious information are circumscribed, yet O what infinite reason have I to bless God for all my other senses, particularly that of seeing. What a poor miserable object should I probably be, were blindness added to deafness. But now, O thanks be to God, what vast pleasure do I take in reading the writings of learned and judicious divines. Here I find a resourse in every solitary hour. The book of God, written by the unerring hand of inspiration, merits my prayerful attention and daily consultation.

"This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown—
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale."

Surely God is good,

"Good, when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign will,
Are blessings in disguise."

Nov. 28. *Sabbath eve.* Wo is me, I am unclean! polluted with sin from the crown of my head to the sole

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of my feet! O the exceeding vileness and hardness of my heart! Sin that cursed thing, so hateful to the eyes of infinite purity, mingles its bane with every thing I do, and deeply stains the best actions of my life. I never address the Maker and Preserver of my life, but I bring with me that which I know his soul abhors! But I know but little, yea nothing of this heart of mine! O thou Almighty God, who knowest my whole heart, I beseech thee, shew me what I am, and "to myself myself display." And shall I be proud? Shall a vile worm of the dust, a rebel creature, ever be inflated with pride and vanity? Alas! alas! that I should ever be in any other situation, than lying low in the valley of humiliation. O Lord, give me a humble and contrite heart; the offering which thou wilt not despise.

Dec. 29. This afternoon I have attended the funeral of my uncle Kimball. A large circle of mourning relatives convened to follow his remains to the place of interment. But they mourn with hope! They have reason to believe, that their loss is his infinite gain. On a bed of exquisite pain and debility, it is hoped he became acquainted with the blessed religion of Jesus. His death was calm and serene. O may this solemn event have a salutary and abiding influence on the minds of his bereaved consort and children. May they all remember their latter end, and prepare to meet their God. One memento follows another, to warn unwary mortals of their long home, and lead their thoughts to the house appointed for all the living. Alas, how often are we called to wear the garb of mourning for deceased relatives! Thousands every day launch into the abyss of eternity! Since I have been writing this, many have left

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this world to appear before God! Who then shall be the next victim?

JOURNAL, 1811.

April 11. I desire this day, which is our annual fast, to obtain a deep sense of my own sins, and those of our nation. O that I may be accepted of the Lord, and find it good to humble myself before him. My sins how immense! They are countless as sands on the sea-shore; and unless repentance intervene, will sink me into remediless wo, into that bottomless gulf, where the voice of mercy never sounds. Surely my heart should vibrate with ardent and incessant gratitude to the Saviour, who delivers penitent souls from all the corroding anguish and black despair, known in the regions of the damned. But he not only saves them from hell, but raises them to the enjoyment of himself—to unrivalled glory and unfading felicity. They shall live through endless ages in those regions of consummate amity, purity, and bliss. They shall contemplate with hearts overflowing with love, the works, the glorious works of their great Creator, and tune their golden harps to Immanuel's praise. When hundreds of ages have run their rounds, their happiness will be but commencing; and when millions more have elapsed, it will be no nearer ending! O what joy, what rapture will fill their heaven-born souls, when perfectly assimilated to Him they adore, and permitted to behold his glory, and gaze on his ineffable perfections! Every wish shall be gratified, and every heavenly grace shall bloom with unfading lustre, refined, exalted, and immortalized in those blissful regions! Saints of all ages, nations, and climes, shall there meet, and with angels and archangels sing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

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But mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, what God shall do for them that love him. They shall enjoy an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

[The following letter appears to have been received about this time from MISS ATWOOD.]

Haverhill, April 29, 1811.

It has not been for want of inclination, or from forgetfulness, that I have thus long neglected writing to my dear friend, Miss W. but every day has brought with it various and new occupations; and though my friends have not been forgotten, yet I confess I have not been so punctual as I ought. I need not assure you, that your letter produced many pleasing sensations. I hope this will find you enjoying the presence of our covenant Saviour, and engaged in the promotion of his glorious cause. Christians are greatly criminal for not living in the constant enjoyment of God. He is ever ready and willing to manifest the glories of his character to their souls; and nothing but their native opposition to holiness, and their love of evil, ever prevents. Are not believers inconsistent creatures? They can speak of a Saviour's love—the happiness resulting from an acquaintance with God,—and point out the road to impenitent sinners, which alone will lead to substantial bliss; and yet often wander in forbidden paths, lose all relish for spiritual enjoyments, and rest contented with the low pleasures of sense.

If I am a child of Jesus, this inconsistency has often been mine. And yet I long for a greater sense of my dependance, and more entire conformity to Him who died for

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me. If any thing here deserves the name of happiness, it does not spring from earth. No; it is of heavenly birth, and comes from the regions of purity. The vast and boundless desires implanted in the human heart, cannot be satisfied with any thing short of God. Nothing in heaven or earth is capable of affording real bliss without him.

I have spent three months this last winter with my sister at C. My religious privileges have been more extensive than usual. I have been favoured with frequent opportunities of hearing Dr G. preach, and have likewise attended many serious meetings. But I still wanted a heart to improve under the cultivation of Jehovah's hand. Neither afflictions nor enjoyments will do us good, unless sanctified by divine grace.

Since my return to H. I have sometimes enjoyed much consolation in committing myself and all my concerns into the hands of God. Some *circumstances*, which at some future time I may communicate to you, I hope will have a tendency to wean me from this world, and fasten my heart to Heaven. I *do*, my dear friend, find *this* "a desert world, replete with sin and sorrow." I often long to leave it, and find a sweet release from every woe.

I hope to have the pleasure of a visit from you this summer; I wish much to see you and your sister. Hope you are both enjoying the light of the Sun of righteousness. Persevere, my friend, in the Christian life, and pray for your friend Harriet. Our pilgrimage will shortly be ended, and all the trials of life will be over. O may we meet in heaven; and join with the angelic host around the throne, in adoring the matchless perfection of Immanuel, through the ages of eternity! I am, my dear Miss Woodbury affectionately yours,

HARRIET.

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June 24. How pleasant the return of the Sabbath. How delightful to worship God in his earthly courts. I often feel an inexpressible joy in being permitted to appear in the assembly of his saints, even when I do not hear a sentence. This has frequently been a great inducement for me to go, when I have been denied the privilege which others enjoy. O may I find to-day, that it is good to be there. May the Holy Spirit animate my devotion, elevate my affections, and enkindle a flame of love in my frozen heart. May the Saviour manifest himself to my soul, and pray for me, that my faith fail not. O may I rise superior to the vanities of this world. May my hopes, my desires, and my joys concentre in the unchangeable God.

Sabbath Eve. Alas! I seem to live in vain. I fear I am a poor useless creature, a cumberer of the ground. O that I could do a little good, while I am indulged with life and health. O that I could improve every opportunity to be useful, knowing that the time is short! This day I have partaken of the holy eucharist, and solemnly devoted myself to God. O that the vows I have made may never be forgotten, never be violated! May they stimulate me to shake off sloth, and to maintain good works. How can we live at this poor dying rate, when we know not but this night our souls may be required of us? How happy they must feel, who are doing great and lasting good in the world, from pure and refined motives. O that I could emulate their zeal and activity!

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LETTER TO MISS HARRIET ATWOOD OF HAVERHILL.

Beverly, July 7, 1811. *Sabbath morn.*

My Dear Miss Atwood,

I have just laid down Mr Dana's Memoirs of Pious Women which I am re-perusing, for the sake of answering your truly kind and valuable letter, for which I return you many thanks. Reading the life of the illustrious Countess of Warwick, in the book above mentioned, I recognized with heart felt delight the blessed effects of genuine religion. How does it purify the heart, refine and elevate the affections, and influence and adorn the deportment? Let the enemies of our religion substitute a better in its room, and we will acknowledge they have done something. But this they never have done, nor ever will do. How amiable the portraiture: "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality, and without hypocrisy." Has this religion, my beloved friend, a seat in our hearts? and do we at all times act under its sacred influence? Have we imbibed the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus? And do we emulate his bright example? Do our affections, our hopes, and our desires concentre in the unchangeable God? Have we risen superior to the puerile and insipid delights of this lower world; and learnt with humble Mary, to sit at Jesus's feet, and with avidity treasure up his words in our hearts? Do we possess a faith in Christ, which is prolific of good works, and an ardent love to him as the chief among ten thausands, and altogether lovely? If this is not the case, an inspired apostle would say of us, "Let them be Anathema Maranatha." Let us examine ourselves, and see whether we be in the faith. Let us

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bring our views, our feelings, and our actions to that infallible criterion, the word of God, and endeavour to ascertain whether they comport with what it requires. I am more than ever impressed with the importance of a frequent, impartial, and critical, investigation of our hopes, characters, dispositions, and lives. I think it would be well every evening to take a retrospect of the day, and enquire how we have performed the business of it; what duties neglected, what mercies received, and what sins committed. We have a great and arduous work to do; and our time is short. We have evil tempers and propensities to subdue, and stubborn wills to conquer. We have an invisible and malicious adversary ever ready to annoy us. We have a battle to fight, a race to run, a crown to win. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence; and the violent take it by force." It is obvious our souls cannot be saved, and heaven obtained by a few indolent formal wishes and heartless duties. No, sedulous care and unremitting vigilance and circumspection are necessary. We must place our whole dependance on Jesus. He is all-sufficient; and, if we repair to him for grace and strength to do his will, he will not deny us. It is desirable to feel our own helplessness and nothingness, that we may value him the more, and place a more perfect reliance on his merits.

Sabbath eve. I have just returned from the house of God, where I have been indulged with hearing Mr E. O that I could but appreciate my privileges as I ought, and make a wise improvement. How many of our dear fellow creatures are groping in horrid darkness, destitute of the heavenly light of the gospel, and enveloped in a gloomy labyrinth of Jewish, Mahometan, or Pagan superstition. O that the Sun of righteousness would arise

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and illumine those benighted corners of the earth with his benignant rays! I rejoice to hear there are a few who are determined to quit their native land to preach the everlasting gospel to illiterate perishing Pagans. I have been apprised of your intention of going; and wish you had communicated some of your feelings, as it respects that subject. I am confident, my dear Miss Atwood, you will sit down and seriously count the cost before you make any engagements. You have undoubtedly resolved in your mind the trying sacrifices you must make, the hardships and distresses you must probably endure. If you go, I hope you will be enabled to do great and lasting good in those distant climes, and give many a poor native reason to bless God through eternity that you came among them. When we consider that they have souls to be saved or lost, we are filled with amazement, that no greater exertions have been made for the promulgation of the gospel among them. Surely Jesus has done much for us; and now cannot we do something for him? We should consider no sacrifices too great to be made, no trials too great to be endured if thereby we can advance his cause and promote his glory. "It is the only cause on earth worth an anxious thought," says the excellent Dr G. And what great matter is it in which quarter of the globe we reside, for an "inch or two of time," whether in Asia or America, if we can be doing good? The idea of parting with you is extremely painful; but if you go, I shall still have the rich consolation of thinking of you, and reading your letters, all of which I have preserved. In imagination I shall often visit Hindostan, and with ineffable delight behold you instructing the poor Hindoos. I shall participate in your joys and sorrows, and wish you the pre-

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sence and the smiles of the Prince of peace. May you live eminently devoted to Him here on earth, and enjoy an eternity of consummate bliss and unfading glory with him in heaven.

You will perceive I have adverted to the difficulties and trials which you must encounter in your intended migration; but I hope they will be no discouragement. No situation in life is exempt from trouble. I trust you will have wisdom from above, to direct you in this and every important undertaking. I wish you would favour me with a visit. I long to see you. You *must* write. I shall enquire for a letter from you when I see Bradford friends, and I hope I shall not be disappointed. Present my respects to your mother, and love to all dear friends. While I trust you are all-engagedness in religion, and enjoying times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, O do remember your vile, worthless, stupid friend, FANNY WOODBURY.

[The following letter from Miss ATWOOD, it is believed was the last MISS WOODBURY ever received from her amiable and affectionate friend.]

TO MISS F. WOODBURY OF BEVERLY.

Haverhill, Dec. 13. 1811.

I HAVE long been wishing for a favourable opportunity to return my thanks to my dear Miss Woodbury for her affectionate letter received last July. A multiplicity of avocations, which could not possibly be dispensed with, have deprived me of this pleasure till now. But though my friends have been neglected, they have not been forgotten. Oh no! dear to my heart are the friends of Im-

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manuel; particularly those with whom I have walked to the house of God in company, and with whom I have taken sweet counsel about the things which immediately concern Zion, the city of our God. These dear Christian friends, will retain a lasting and affectionate remembrance in my heart, even though stormy oceans should separate me from them. There is a world, my sister, beyond this mortal state, where souls, cemented in one common union, will dwell together, and never more be separated. Does not your heart burn within you, when in humble anticipation of future blessedness, you engage in the delightful service of your covenant Redeemer? When your spirit sinks within you, and all terrestrial objects lose their power to please, can you not say.

My journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short: and soon my weary feet
Shall greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest:
The toils of this short life will soon be over.

Yes, my friend, we soon shall bid an eternal farewell to this passing world; and if interested in the covenant, we shall find the rest which remaineth for the people of God. I thank you sincerely for the affectionate interest you have taken in my future prospect in life. I feel encouraged to hope, that not only your good wishes, but fervent prayers will attend my contemplated undertaking. I know that the earnest supplications of the faithful will avail with God: plead then, my friend, with Jesus on my behalf. The path of duty is the only way to happiness. I love to tread the path which my Father points out for me, though it is replete with privations and hardships. Who, my dear Miss W. that has felt of the love of Jesus, the worth of souls, and the value of the gospel, would

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refuse to lend their little aid in propagating the religion of the Cross among the wretched Heathen, when presented with a favourable opportunity? However great the discouragements attending a Missionary life, yet Jesus has promised to be with those who enter upon it with a right disposition, even to the end of the world. When will the day dawn, and the day-star arise in Heathen lands? Oh! when will the standard of the cross be erected, and all nations hear of the glad tidings of salvation? When will the millennial state commence, and the lands which have long lain in darkness, be irradiated by the calm sunshine of the gospel? When will the populous regions of Asia and Africa, unite with this our Christian country in one general song of praise to God? Though darkness and error now prevail, faith looks over these mountains, and beholds with transport the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness,—the reign of peace and love.

The clock strikes twelve; I must leave you my friend, for tired nature requires repose. Pray often for me. Write me immediately upon receiving this hasty letter. Affectionately yours,

HARRIET.

LETTER TO MISS B. B. OF WENHAM.

MY DEAR BETSY, *Beverly, July,* 1811.

NOT having had an opportunity to converse with you of late, it has just occurred to my thoughts, that I would write. In writing I can communicate my ideas much more unreservedly than in conversation. We, my dear cousin, are probationers for a never-ending eternity, and must sooner or later enter upon a state of inconceivable

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felicity or hopeless despair, according as our characters are, when we leave this world.

We are near neighbours to the world of spirits; we are bordering upon heaven or hell. Life is short and uncertain. Death stands ready to execute his office, to lay our bodies in the grave, and to send our souls to the tribunal of a holy God, where a just and irreversible sentence shall be pronounced, according to our conduct in this state of trial. How infinitely important then, that we make sure of an interest in the Saviour, and secure a part in his redemption, which will be an everlasting source of joy and glory when time shall be no more!

You, my cousin, peculiarly need the consolations of religion. You have experienced of late much weakness and pain, and are still feeble. How much do you need patience to support you under your trials. How much do you need a heart crucified to the world, and entirely devoted to God. How much do you need an almighty Friend, to guide and cheer you in your weak and languid condition, and to be the Physician of your diseased soul. May these divine blessings be yours; and then you will be contented and happy, though you should be destined to endure months and years of pining and distressing sickness.

We know we must die. Thousands have been ingulfed in the boundless ocean of eternity since I began this letter.* All the concerns of time, all opportunities of doing and getting good, are over with them. Our earthly career also will soon be terminated. This night our souls may be required of us; and O the awful idea of

* It is computed that probably about 4000 of the human race die every hour.

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dying in sin, of appearing at the judgment-seat of Christ, destitute of a Saviour's righteousness. Now let us both resolve, in the strength of God, to seek the Lord, and spend our few remaining days in his service. Then he will be our friend and refuge when strength and heart fail, and our portion for ever. F. W.

LETTER TO MISS S. K. OF WENHAM, THEN AT ATKINSON ACADEMY.

MY DEAR SALLY, *Beverly, July* 1811.

I FELT a little anxiety on your account, as I understood you were in a state of debility; but I hope your health is now re-established. I enjoy remarkable health at present—a blessing which in some degree I know how to estimate, having been so much deprived of it. May our hearts be grateful to the giver of every good and perfect gift for this and all his favours, of the least of which we are infinitely unworthy. But when we glance a thought on the transcendently glorious work of redemption, are we not lost in wonder and admiration? That Jesus should condescend to veil his divinity in humanity, come down into this lower region of sin and sorrow, endure numberless hardships and trials, and at last submit to the ignominious and agonizing death of the cross for rebel worms, is truly astonishing. "Heaven wept that man might smile; heaven bled that man might never die." Amazing! Stupendous thought! May it make a deep and salutary impression on our cold and marble hearts. The salvation of one soul is vastly important; but when millions are emancipated from the galling yoke of sin and Satan, and not only saved from all the corroding anguish of black despair, but raised to im-

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mortal glory and consummate felicity, to make progress in knowledge and in grace, and to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb through a never ending eternity,—how august! how transcendent! how infinitely glorious the salvation!—Redemption! It is a theme studied by departed saints with increasing delight, and rapturous triumph! With what ineffable joy do they gaze on the Redeemer, while they sing in sublime and melodious strains, "To him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be honour, and glory, and power for ever!" But ah! how inadequate and low are my conceptions of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, reserved for those whose robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb! How little do I know of the amiable character of Immanuel, who is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person. May we, my dear cousin, learn to sit with Mary at Jesus's feet, and with the beloved disciple recline our weary heads on his dear bosom. It is an inestimable privilege, which he has graciously offered to the weary and heavy laden, the humble and contrite soul, and which we should endeavour duly to appreciate.

We are poor ignorant creatures; and we should daily strive to acquire useful literature; but especially to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A knowledge of the sciences is very desirable, but how much more important is the knowledge of our own depraved hearts, and Jesus Christ the glorious Saviour of sinners, whom to know aright is life eternal. For the acquisition of the former, I imagine you are in a very eligible situation; and I hope in no unfavourable one for the cultivation of the latter. A mind stored with useful literature, enlarged and adorned with

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genuine religion, an amiable deportment, suavity of disposition and manners, are in my view of infinitely more value, than the transient charms of personal beauty, and all the affluence the Indies can afford. I pity the deluded votaries of vanity and folly, and earnestly wish they had a disposition for study, and a propensity to piety and devotion, that they might find profitable employment in every changing scene and vacant hour. Whatever others do, my dear cousin, let us determine to improve our minds and hearts, by every proper mean in our power. Learning will not be inimicable to our felicity or usefulness, but on the contrary will augment both, if obtained from pure and noble motives, and judiciously improved. I hope you will strive to excel in every thing you undertake to learn, and make laudable proficiency in your various studies.

My dear friend, let us endeavour to realize the brevity and uncertainty of life, the worth of the soul, and the importance of being prepared for death. How awful the thought of dying in sin! How inevitable and tremendous the consequences. Despair and anguish shall be the portion of impenitent sinners through the revolutions of eternal ages. Eternity! Let us study the import of that amazing word: Millions of ages hence, our souls will exist in unutterable felicity or misery; and when millions more have run their rounds, we shall be no nearer the termination of our existence. O that we may be prepared to spend this eternity in immortal glory and bliss in the presence of Jehovah! Remember me to your brother and sister, and do not delay writing. Yours affectionately.

FANNY WOODBURY.

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JOURNAL, 1811.

Aug. Having supplicated the throne of the Almighty, I now desire to investigate my heart and life, and see whether I have evidence of being renewed, and am in a proper frame to approach the table of the Lord. On a review I find much to deplore. I have lived an unholy and an unprofitable life. I have too often omitted private meditation and prayer, and contented myself with a few ejaculations, which, though good in their place, ought not to supersede constant devotion morning and evening in secret. By this neglect I have not only lost many happy hours, which I might have enjoyed in the exercise itself, but have brought darkness and leanness into my soul. I have used too much freedom in speaking of the failings of others, but not palliated where I might, and where I could not vindicate, have not always been silent; not duly considering this injunction of our Lord, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." I have been, and am still, too much addicted to impatience and momentary fretfulness on account of trivial disappointments and petty accidents. This I am convinced is unbecoming and sinful. But alas! though I repent I sin again! These are the signs of my being destitute of saving faith. Many more I might enumerate. Their name is legion, for they are many.

I shall now advert to a few evidences of grace, which I humbly hope I possess. I do hope I hate and detest, not only what I have mentioned above, but all my sins, my most latent failings; and desire to implore pardoning mercy of him who said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no ways cast out." I think I do try to deny

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myself, and mortify my sins and lusts, though I ought to be more strict and resolute. I think I love God and am disposed to acknowledge him just and righteous in all his ways, and his character infinitely perfect and glorious, though I too often am discontented, especially under one *poignant* and peculiar trial. Yet generally I acquiesce in his allotments; and O that I might find reason to say through eternity, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted." The Saviour appears amiable. I think if I know any thing of my own heart, I love him, and esteem him the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely. I long to be assimilated to his likeness, and transformed into his image; and I do wish to serve and glorify him, and to be useful to the church and the world. O that I may not be deceived in a matter of infinite importance!

Sept. 12. I have been to see Mrs Francis to day, who is very weak, troubled with an incessant cough, and acute pain. But it is more than counterbalanced by the serenity and composure of her mind. She wishes to be entirely resigned to the will of God, whether it be life or death, and hopes she is not deceived. "O what a com-"fort," said she, "to have a God to go to, and pour out "our souls to him! O the forlorn state of him who has "no such refuge in trouble! This world is less than no-"thing and vanity! My own righteousness is filthy rags. "I hope I depend entirely upon Christ." She longs to have all see the reality and beauty of religion, and come to the knowledge of the truth. She observed, she had been delighted with some chapters in Isaiah, and with a number of the lyric poems, particularly that entituled, "A sight of Heaven in sickness." O could the sceptical

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David Hume have experienced what she does, it might deserve the name of happiness.

LETTER TO MISS S. W. OF WINCHENDON.

Beverly, Sept. 20, 1811.

My Dear Sally,

The sudden death of Mr Emery has frustrated our sanguine expectation of visiting your rural retreat, your hospitable mansion. I suppose Lydia informed you of our plan. But to me the disappointment is not severe, as I have long endeavoured to place but little dependence on terrestrial things, knowing that every thing below the sun is stamped with mutability. When one in the bloom of youth, and vigour of health, is arrested by the cold hand of death, and suddenly precipitated into the ocean of eternity, we are forcibly struck with the vanity of the world, the brevity and uncertainty of life, and with the importance of being habitually ready to meet our God. With the most profound awe, we witness the ravages death has made; we behold, with the most acute sensibility, his recent victory, and for a while keenly feel that we also must submit to this universal conqueror. Solemn consideration! To quit this mortal scene, to bid adieu to every earthly friend, to consign our bodies to the grave, to enter an immeasurable, a retributive eternity, are awful thoughts, which extort the exclamation, "O death, thou king of terrors!" But religion, my cousin, the blessed religion of the Bible, is an effectual antidote to the sting of death, which is sin, that baneful poison, that procuring cause of all our wo. This holy religion can support us under the pressure of intense afflictions, can impart heavenly peace and comfort on a dying pil-

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low, can dispel the gloomy terrors of death, can illumine the dreary grave, and procure our admission into the celestial world. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished. O that this religion, my dear friend, may be ours! May it renovate and sanctify our hearts, elevate our affections "beyond this little scene of things," regulate our conversation, and influence and adorn our deportment. May its heavenly spirit be abundantly infused into our bosoms, calm and felicitate our minds, and give a zest to every other enjoyment. O could these wishes be realised, what different persons should we be! what extensive good might we do; what calm serenity, what refined happiness might we enjoy, while passing through this vale of tears. O what a misery it is to think of living useless, when there is so much to be done for the glory of God, and the benefit of our fellow creatures, and so much that we might do!

We have a near neighbour,* whose palid countenance, and emaciated frame indicate, to the grief of many, that her existence on earth must soon be terminated. Her disorder is a consumption, which long ago effectually undermined her health, and which she has borne with Christian fortitude and resignation. She is a person of very extensive reading, intimately acquainted with the best authors, and communicates her ideas with facility and accuracy. But the most excellent trait in her character is exemplary piety. I had an interview with her a few days ago, and found her conversation, as usual, cheerful and improving. She said she was entirely resigned to the will of God, felt no terror at the thought of dying, and hoped she was not deceived. She wondered

* Mrs. Francis.

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she had lived so long, while others were cut off, who might have been much more useful in the world, and done more good than she had. With an elevated voice and smiling aspect, "O what a comfort," said she, "that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and will do all his pleasure!"

Some time ago I read "the *happy death*" of the sceptical David Hume. His biographer, Dr Smith, has eulogized his character, and related with triumph his *happy death*. But in my opinion, it falls far beneath that dignified appellation. It was affected insensibility, a stupid apathy, which he obviously strove to maintain and manifest. Any person of discernment may detect the anxiety and aim of his panegyrist, which is to set off his character to advantage, and make it appear how unnecessary is religion, because Mr Hume died so heroically without it. But, alas! Where, O where was the boasted philosophy of these modern infidels, when Voltaire agonized on his dying pillow, when he yielded up his breath? The cold comfort of non-existence had fled, and he felt he must live for ever a monument of the vindictive wrath of Omnipotence, whose glorious cause he had wished to eradicate from the earth. He observed,—with horror and despair depicted on his countenance, he observed to his attending Physician, "I will give you "half my fortune, if you will save my life for six months; "if not, I must go to the devil." His was a death of remorse and poignant anguish, the bare description of which is enough "to harrow up the soul." May it prove an insuperable obstacle to the spread of his deleterious principles and baneful example. It is said of him, that he solemnly promised, that he never would rest till he

had exterminated the very name of the Redeemer from the face of the earth. But Jesus sits upon the holy hill of Zion; and declares, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against his cause; but that it shall extend, and extend, till he have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. He will not suffer his name to be blasphemed, nor his religion despised with impunity; but will one day consign his incorrigible opposers to corroding despair and remediless wo; while he welcomes his humble followers to that peaceful shore, "where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."

I have recently read "Practical Piety" by Miss More, and think it is excellent. Watts on "The Improvement of the Mind" is a good book, and contains a great deal of instruction. I wish it were more generally read.

Present my love to all my cousins and relatives. I shall now conclude this long epistle with ardent wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare. Your affectionate cousin, FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS H. H. OF BEVERLY.

MY DEAR HANNAH, *Beverly, Oct.* 1811.

I THANK you for your answer to my question, which appears to be according to Scripture. "Faith without works is dead." If we have religion, we shall evince it by a holy life and conversation. We shall live devoted to God, having our fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. We shall exercise philanthropy to the whole human species; for "love is the fulfilling of the law;" and "he that loveth, dwelleth in God, and God in him." We shall especially love Christians, the household of faith; for the Apostle says, "We know that we

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have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." In short, we shall assiduously endeavour to imbibe the spirit of Christ, to emulate his example, to deny all ungodliness and every worldly lust, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present evil world.

But is this the portraiture of a genuine Christian? Then may I justly fear I deserve not that honourable appellation. My heart is the seat of pollution and vice, deceitful and desperately wicked. My life, from my infantile years to the present moment, exhibits a wretched picture of uselessness, deformity, and sin.

I fear I have lived to no good purpose, literally in vain. And yet, paradoxical as it may appear, I hope I do hate sin as hostile to God, and inimical to the best interests of men. I hope I do deplore, and abhor all my sins, which for number and magnitude are beyond conception, and known only to Him with whom I have to do. I do most ardently wish in my humble way to promote the interests of pure religion, and the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth. But "Faint, yet pursuing,*" must be my motto. From the Bible we learn, that sanctification is not stationary, but progressive. Christians continually go from strength to strength, growing in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But I do not seem to make any progress,—to gain any strength. I have often thought that I might adopt with propriety almost every successive evening, the exclamation of the illustrious Roman emperor, when he exclaimed at the close of a day on which he had not conferred a favour on any one, "My friends, I have lost a day!" O if I had lost but one day, and all my others had been

* Judges viii. 4.

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spent in uniform, and ardent, and entire devotedness to God, methinks it would shed a ray of lustre on my last hours, and illumine my departing moments, while Christ and his righteousness should be all my dependence.

Dec. 1. *Sabbath morn.* Imagination tells me you are devoutly worshipping the most High in his earthly courts. May you be favoured with his presence and blessing, and find proper food for your immortal soul; that you may say as I have often said, "it is good to be there." By a peculiar trial I am now deprived of this inestimable privilege. Yet, cheering consideration! though God loveth the gates of Zion, he does not forsake the dwellings of Jacob. To the humble and contrite soul he is ready to communicate his grace, and manifest his glory. "God in himself is bliss enough, take what he will away." In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and he is the fountain of all excellence and glory. The Christian's conversation is in heaven. He holds "communion, sweet communion, large and "high," with the glorious Jehovah, the maker of heaven and earth. And by his amiable and useful deportment, others take knowledge of him, that he has been with Jesus, and learned of Him.

Redemption! how great, how glorious the theme. Jesus, the beloved Son of the Most High, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, became incarnate, suffered reproaches and indignities, and eventually died the agonizing and ignominious death of the cross for rebel sinners, for worthless worms of the dust. The combined exertions of angels and men could not have effected the recovery of one lost soul. Sin was committed against an infinitely holy God, and required an infinite expiation. Prince Immanuel was our substitute, and he only was adequate to

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the arduous, the amazing undertaking. He is exalted to the throne of his Father, and makes continual intercession for his humble followers. He invites us in the most alluring manner, in the most soothing accents, to participate in the blessings he has bought with his own most precious blood. "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest. Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." O may our hearts overflow with gratitude to this great Physician and Recoverer of lapsed souls! Let us endeavour to transcribe in our hearts and lives the lineaments of his immaculate character; for he has left us an example that we should follow his steps: And the nearer we approximate to him, we enjoy a more refined and solid happiness, and are capable of doing more good.

I have recently read Buchanan's "Researches in Asia," a very instructive work. Speaking of the ancient Syrian Christians, who had only manuscript Bibles, he asked a priest if he should like to have some printed copies. "They will be worth more than their weight in silver," replied the venerable priest; and then inquired if it would be practicable to obtain one for each church. Do we, my friend, realize the immense value of our Bibles?

Since I saw you, I have also read Scott's Force of Truth, a very interesting and judicious work; calculated, I think, to be extensively useful. It is said of Henry Kirke White, a considerable poet, that when imbibing latitudinarian principles, a pious minister sent him this book, which had the desired effect. He immediately renounced his infidel scheme, and ever after was an advocate for the fundamental doctrines of the gospel.

Your candour will excuse trivial faults; but should you perceive material errors, act like a friend, and make them

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known to me. As soon as you find a vacant hour, devote it to your ever affectionate friend,

FANNY WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1812.

March 20. This world is replete with changes, misfortunes, separations, sins, and troubles. Some are dying, going the way of all the earth; others are introduced into this mutable state, to fill up the vacancies. Some are pining on beds of sickness; others surfeited with exuberant health. Some are soaring to honours and emoluments; others verging to the deepest obscurity; some possessed of princely power, and affluent fortunes; others enslaved to cruel tyrants, groaning under poverty and ignominious chains. Some are glorying in the most consummate wickedness, without one relenting sigh, or one foreboding fear; others there are, groaning under the burden of their guilt and bondage, ready to despair of mercy; and others exulting in the superlative love of Jesus, and as it were transported to the third heavens.

Alas! some have parted with friends, near and dear as life itself! Yes, in this world I must never more behold *one* whom I delight to call my friend, my sister. Harriet is now probably sailing the boisterous Atlantic, in quest of the benighted shores of India, there to instruct poor Indians, and shew to them Jesus, whose blood cleanseth from all sin; which the waters of the Ganges cannot wash away. O my friend, dear art thou to my fond heart, which almost bleeds at parting. May Jesus fit us to meet in his kingdom above, where the falling tear shall be wiped away, and our souls shall praise his name for evermore.

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April 25. Last Thursday I heard Mr B. E. preach our preparatory lecture from these words, "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." It was a most searching sermon, and I think made as deep impression on my mind as any I ever heard. I do hope it will not be as water spilt on the ground, but like the seed that fell on good soil, may it spring up, and bear abundant fruit, to the glory of sovereign grace. O that I, and every professor, who heard that solemn discourse, may faithfully and diligently examine ourselves by it, and see if we are not *weighed in the balance, and found wanting.* O merciful Father, be with us all on the ensuing Sabbath, meet with us in our closets, display thy radiant glory to our view, and enable us to wrestle with thee like Jacob, and like Israel to prevail. Welcome us to thy table, feed our hungry souls with good things, and fill them with humble repentance, and admiring joy and gratitude. May our lamps be replenished with oil, our graces enlivened and confirmed, and our whole souls ravished with the beauties of our Redeemer. Bless our minister with renewed unction of divine grace.

April 28. Yesterday I passed the afternoon very agreeably with N. W. I was very free in conversation, and communicated some things which, I believe, had better been kept secret. I have full and increasing evidence that my tongue is an unruly evil, replete with deadly poison; hard, very hard to govern. O that I may be enabled to set a double guard, to watch the door of my lips. O the rich compassion of Jesus! He still bears with my continued provocation, and gives me now and then a glimpse of his resplendent beauties. Sure he is lovely, altogether lovely, deserving a world of praise,

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What are the riches of both the Indies; what are all the honours, emoluments and pleasures of the whole globe, compared to an interest in his favour, and the enjoyment of his smiles? O may his superlative excellence be known, and admired by the ignorant Hottentot, the infatuated Mahometan, the superstitious Hindoo, the poor degraded African, the enlightened European, the highly favoured American, and by all classes of people in all climes. Blessed Jesus! erect thy throne in every heart; shed abroad thy love in every breast; and cause thy name to be praised from the rising of the sun to his going down. Bless our dear missionaries on the dangerous ocean; bring them safely and speedily to the benighted shores of Hindostan, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, glowing with philanthropy, and burning with heavenly zeal.

LETTER TO MISS A. C. H. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, June 6, 1812.

PERHAPS I ought to apologize, my dear Miss H. for again troubling you with a letter, especially as I rather think you have not answered my last. But as we humbly hope we are partakers of the same special grace, travelling to the same eternal home, let us do all in our power to help each other, to bear each others burden, and provoke unto love and good works. How is it with you? I trust you enjoy the presence of your covenant God, and are engaged in promoting his glorious cause. Alas! what shall I say of myself? I am cold and stupid in the service of the greatest and best of beings! "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night" over my wretched unbelief, obduracy, pride, ingratitude, and every evil of my

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heart. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ. One drop of that precious blood which he voluntarily shed on Calvary, "can wash the dismal stain away!" Though our sins be of scarlet colour and a crimson hue, in number and magnitude rising to the very heavens, and calling aloud for vengeance, yet Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. "Amazing pity! grace unknown! and love beyond degree!" O the height, the depth, and the length of the love of Christ! Let us ponder much on the glorious, stupendous theme, though our ideas must be very inadequate, till we are landed in the Canaan above, where faith and hope are forever superseded by the full vision and fruition of our Saviour and our God. There we, (shall *I* be thus favoured?) consummately holy and happy, shall sing the song of redeeming love, with admiring wonder and rapturous joy, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!" Seeing we hope for such great things, let us observe the apostle's injunction, "Be ye therefore stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Christians should shine as lights in the world. They should live in the constant exercise of religion, displaying eminently the fruits of the Spirit in their lives and conversation, that others may take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus, and are one with them. My dear friend, I am weary of this lassitude. I am sick of this stupidity. I do long to be engaged in religion, to glow with a noble zeal for the cause of Zion, and with alacrity do all in my power for its advancement. But alas! "when I would do good, evil is present with me." I will not trouble you any more with my complaints at present; but you will rejoice with me, that we have a compassionate High

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Priest, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been tempted like as we are in all points, sin excepted. In all our difficulties and sorrows, let us repair to him, and implore grace to help in time of need.

Sabbath morn, June 7. My dear friend, religion in this place is at very low ebb. Iniquity abounds, and the love of many appears to be waxing cold. It is to be feared, that the religion of many is only nominal—that they call Christ Lord, Lord, but are not careful to do the things which he commands. Sinners notice their conversation, and exulting ask, "What do ye more than others?" But in these times of general declension, it is my consoling hope, that there are a few who, by their humble and amiable deportment and pious conversation, evince to all around them that they feel the power of godliness, and constraining love of Jesus in their souls. What I have said in the grief of my heart, I trust will engage your prayers for us, that we may be stimulated to pious and vigorous exertions for a general revival, that these dark times may be the prelude to a bright and luminous morn. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." His church is the object of his peculiar care; and he has promised, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Satan and his subtile emissaries may unite to undermine his cause, and exterminate his dear name from the earth; but they are all under his controul, and do in reality subserve his interests, and forward his designs, though "they mean not so, neither do their hearts think so." He that sits on the holy hill of Zion, can make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain. He has the hearts of all in his hand, and can turn them as the rivers of waters are turned. He can make his most inveterate

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enemies to become his most zealous and cordial friends; and raise up children to Abraham of the very stones. The time, the glorious time is hastening, when Christ shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. His gospel shall soon visit every habitable corner of the world, making the wilderness and solitary place to bloom like Eden, and resound with hosannas to the Son of David. They who are now groping in worse than Egyptian darkness, involved in Pagan, Mahometan, and Jewish superstition, shall be illumined with the refulgent rays of the Sun of righteousness, and rejoice in his pardoning love.

I leave you to worship God in his earthly courts. May you, may I, may *all* who encircle the throne of grace this day, be watered with the dews of divine grace, enjoy the smiles of our blessed Jesus, and be prepared to enjoy him in the New Jerusalem, where all is love, amity, and bliss; and where none "shall say, I am sick."

Sabbath eve. Yes, my sister, our Jesus shall reign "King of nations, as he is King of saints." "Glorious things are spoken of Zion, the city of our God," which in due time shall be accomplished. The knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth, as the waters cover the seas; and all nations shall flock to the standard of the cross. Unquestionably many of the poor heathen, who a short time since were led captive by Satan at his will, have been liberated from their abject bondage, and made to enjoy that liberty wherewith Christ makes his children free. Many more, it is to be hoped, have done with sin and sorrow, have reached the haven of eternal rest, and are singing hallelujahs to the Prince of peace. O how sublime, how glorious is their felicity. With what rapture do they look back on the hour, when a pious mis-

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sionary first landed on their native shores. With what ineffable extasy do they recur to the moment when they were snatched as brands from the burning, and entitled to all their present glory, and celestial prospects. O my friend, the salvation of one poor Pagan is worth more than millions and millions of worlds. May our dear missionaries be instrumental of bringing many out of darkness into God's marvellous light, who shall be their joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I think much of our dear sisters, Nancy and Harriet. With an aching heart, and weeping eyes, I recollect I shall see them no more on earth. But I commend them to God, and to the word of his grace, beseeching him to bless them and make them blessings; and at last give us all a happy meeting in heaven, never more to be separated. My beloved Miss H. I have written much, and yet not half that I wish. If my letter meets with a welcome reception, I shall doubtless have an answer soon. Your candour will excuse imperfections. Yours inviolably,

FANNY WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1812.

June 14. Is it possible that heaven can be my home, while it has so few of my thoughts? How can I love my Saviour God, while his superlative love and excellence so feebly affect my heart. If Jesus is mine, and I am his, why am I not constantly enraptured with his beauties, and glowing with zeal for his cause? Why am I not on the wing, to do good and communicate, doing all in my power to meliorate the condition of those around me, and giving ample evidence of the beauty and worth of that charity, which seeketh not her own? Alas, sin dwelleth in me. "What I would, that do I not; but what I would

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not, that do I." Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ. I have nothing; I am nothing; I can do nothing, to merit the divine blessing. But, if I am not deceived, my dependence is on Christ. May he be made unto me wisdom, righteousness, and redemption.

June 18. After much deliberation, and some difficulty, a little meeting is appointed here among the females, for the purpose of reading and conversing on religious subjects. What encouragement it will receive I know not, but am inclined to hope it will prove propitious to the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom, and edifying to the humble soul. O, if there may be even but three met together in Christ's name, he will be in the midst, guiding, directing, instructing, and comforting them. I hope, I ardently pray for the enlivening smiles of God, that we may be united in love; that we may rehearse with freedom the wonders of redeeming grace, and speak of things pertaining to the kingdom of God; and may the meeting be a Bethel to each of our souls. The lord grant, we all may have reason to rejoice for these little conferences. Surely something must be done, to counteract the spirit of dissipation, impiety, and awful stupidity, which increase to an alarming degree. If we cannot do what we *would*, we must do what we *can*. God, the Maker of heaven and earth, does not despise the day of small things. He condescendingly notices the weakest exertions to promote his glory, and advance his cause; and O that he may likewise honour this poor attempt with abundant success!

Lord I want humility. With surprise and grief I have of late observed the workings of that predominant sin, pride. O cleanse thou me from secret faults.

June 27. We have appointed two meetings; but alas!

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they meet with no encouragement. Any thing, even a convivial visit, is become of more importance than spending two hours in religious conversation and reading. All seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's. Religion, with many of its professors, is but a secondary concern, not worthy of being the subject of conversation in their social visits. Ought these things so to be? Have we so learned Christ? O that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night over the sin and iniquity that prevail, and call down the judgments of Heaven upon us. Wars and rumours of wars are convulsing the earth. Perhaps New England has seen its happiest days. O that Christians would awake from their slumbers, stand in the gap, and plead mightily for our nation. O that our President, and all invested with authority, may be guided and directed by that wisdom which comes from above, and adopt measures salutary and prudent. O that we may all individually repent of our provoking sins, and walk softly and humbly before God all the days of our lives. Arise, O Lord; favour Zion. Bless our missionaries; bless our dear country; bless all the nations of the earth with peace and religion.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS N. K. OF NEWBURYPORT.

Beverly, July 6, 1812.

My Dear Cousin,

Last evening I attended worship at Mr E.'s Chapel, where a most excellent sermon was delivered by Mr E. of Salem, from these words, "He that is not for me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." There is no medium in this case, my

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cousin. We are serving God or mammon. We are preparing for immortal glory, or posting on to destruction. Let infidels and atheists contemptuously sneer at the humble Christian, and audaciously say, "No God, no future punishment;" but they shall know, perhaps too late, that heaven and hell are not mere chimeras, but awful realities. They shall know that the Christian has not "followed cunningly devised fables;" but that he has chosen the good part, the pearl of great price, of infinitely more worth than millions of perishing worlds. O my cousin, my cousin, the time is short! We stand on the borders of the unseen world, on the verge of heaven or hell. After we have witnessed a few more rising and setting suns, we shall go the way whence we shall not return. Wealth, honour, pleasure, will ye cheer us in our departing moments, smooth our dying pillows, irradiate the gloomy vale, and ascertain our titles to crowns of glory? Thy smiles, dear Jesus, can dispel the horrors of the grave, and fill our souls with glory unutterable. The religion of the most renowned heathen philosophers could never effect this. No; to them all was uncertainty and darkness beyond the grave. By the gospel, life and immortality are brought to light. Let us not neglect these blessings, lest the heathen rise up in judgment, and condemn us. Let not our immortality, that grand prerogative of our nature, prove our everlasting curse. O no! let us deposit our souls by faith and love in the hands of Jesus, and then they shall be safe under the wreck of worlds, and dissolution of nature. "Our faith shall sit secure, and bid defiance to the gates of hell."

The sun has left our hemisphere, and darkness bids me close. Respects to your honoured parents. I am yours affectionately,

F. W

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LETTER TO MISS N. J. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, July 6, 1812.

EXPECTED company will prevent my visiting you this afternoon, and attending the meeting; but if you will excuse my intrusion, I will converse a few moments with you by epistle.

May this be the commencement of a correspondence and friendship, founded on the rock Christ Jesus. Then it shall live and flourish, when time shall be no more, refined, enlarged, and exalted in the Paradise of God. There we shall meet with the prophets, apostles, and martyrs; there we shall meet, not only with those Christians with whom we are personally acquainted here, but millions, whom we never saw, redeemed out of every tongue, and nation, and clime, an exceeding great multitude, which no man can number, all cemented together in the most indissoluble union—all one in Christ Jesus. There we shall join with seraphic spirits in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. But this is not all. We shall see Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, the Saviour of sinners, the Captain of our salvation, the Prince of peace. Lost in admiration, love and extacy, we gaze on his resplendent beauties, and superlative glory; we adore his stupendous electing love, and chaunt his praises in melodious strains. This is he who was born in a manger, who constantly went about doing good, who had not where to lay his head; who suffered patiently the scorn and derision of rebellious worms, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Behold him in Gethsemane! He is sore amazed and very heavy, exceeding sorrowful even unto death; in such an agony that he sweat as it

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were blood from every pore. Attend him to Calvary. There, extended on the cross, forsaken by his disciples, partially forsaken by his Father, his body in the most exquisite anguish, his soul overwhelmed with the ponderous load of all our sins, he meekly bows his head and dies. "Heaven wept that man might smile; heaven bled that man might never die: Bound every heart, and every bosom burn." I can say no more on this mysterious, glorious theme. My inexperienced pen is inadequate to the task. Surely disembodied redeemed spirits, must make all heaven resound with loud acclamations to their great Deliverer. Well might the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," at the birth of the "Babe of Bethlehem." Well might the apostle count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. To know Jesus and him crucified; to feel a spark of his love in our hearts, is a rich enjoyment, a prelibation of heaven, to which a confluence of terrestrial delights bears no comparison. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Love and humility are, I apprehend, the quintessence of religion. Could I but descry these two graces habitually in my heart, I should need no surer criterion of my union to Jesus, and part in his redemption. If I know any thing of my deceitful heart, I think I do long to possess them in the highest degree, and ever to act under their influence. But alas! pride, that predominant sin in all, discovers itself in a variety of forms, and works within to my great grief and detriment. "O for perfect likeness to my Lord!" O for a humble and contrite spirit, which the Majesty of heaven will not despise!

I trust you enjoy the presence of your covenant God,

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and are engaged in his service. He is a good Master, and worthy of our entire confidence and obedience. You will ever have reason to rejoice, that you enlisted under his banners, and put your trust under the shadow of his wings. If he has called us from darkness unto light, we are engaged in a warfare which death only will terminate. If Satan cannot prevent our salvation, he will at least do all in his power to annoy our peace and comfort. But we need not fear. He and all our enemies are subject to our Prince, and can do nothing but by his permission. More and greater are they that are for us, than they that are against us. The conflict will soon be over. If we are what we profess, we shall soon be beyond the reach of an ensnaring world, a wicked heart, and a malicious adversary. Yes, my sister, life is but a transient passage from the cradle to the tomb. The important period is hastening on, when our work will be finished, our race run, our probation ended. O for wisdom to redeem the time, to improve the precious moments, as they take their flight, to the glory of God, and the good of our fellow mortals. Let the love of Jesus constrain us to use every talent and every faculty in promoting his kingdom, and recommending his religion. Freely we have received, let us freely give. Much has been done for us, shall we not burn with an ardent desire to do something to evince our love to the blessed Jesus? Never, *never*, let us be ashamed of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. No; we will glory in it: We will manifest to the world, that we live as strangers and pilgrims here, that we have meat to eat that they know not of—joys to which they are strangers, and that we are the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus. May he give us grace thus to act; for our sufficiency is of God.

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My dear Nancy, these are emphatically perilous times. "Iniquity abounds, and the love of many waxes cold." "The ways of Zion do mourn, because few come unto her solemn feasts." Could I see professing Christians sighing and crying for the abominations that prevail, I should consider it a token for good. But I hope yet to see better times. The Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail. His cause shall revive and flourish, his kingdom shall extend till all nations are brought into it. Those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, shall exult in the cheering rays of the Sun of righteousness, and triumph in his pardoning love. Thousands, now led captive by Satan at his will, shall ere long be emancipated from their galling bondage, shall emerge from obscurity, ignorance, and vice, to the possession of pardon, peace, and felicity.

"O blessed hour! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue?
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew."

Accept the effusions of my heart, and overlook imperfections. I need not say that an answer would be highly gratifying. I am yours affectionately,

FANNY WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1812.

July 12. I groan, being burdened. I am cold and stupid to an amazing degree. But I have to mourn over my carnal mind, my rebellious will, my unprofitable life, my unguarded conversation, and my distance from my covenant-God and Saviour. Blessed be God, I am not under the law, but under grace. There is balm in Gilead, there is a Physician there. The bruised reed he

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will not break, the smoking flax he will not quench. O that I could ever be looking unto Jesus. O that my desires, my hopes, my thoughts, my whole heart might centre in him, for he is worthy. May his name be music to my ears, and celestial joy to my heart. O that his matchless excellencies may be manifested, adored, and admired in heathen climes. May the wilderness and solitary place be glad, and resound with loud hosannas to his name. May our dear missionaries be favoured with his smiles, and diffuse the odour of his name through desart lands.

July 23. This being a day appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts for fasting, humiliation, and prayer, O that all the children of God may have a spirit of prayer poured out upon them! May they all meet at the throne of grace, and plead earnestly for our dear country, and the whole world; and may their wrestlings avail with a prayer-hearing God. May all our churches be Bochims,* and all our ministers prudent, humble, and fervent. May I be graciously guided, animated, and assisted in the complicated duties of the day, that I may have an Ebenezer to erect to my Lord and my God.

LETTER TO MISS N. J. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, July 29, 1812.

My Dear Nancy,

Your ideas on the atonement and character of Christ, fully coincide with mine. That Christ is equal to the Father is, I think, obviously held to view in the oracles of God. He himself asserts, "I and my Father are

* Places of weeping. See Judges ii. 1—6.

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one;" and John, speaking of the Son, says, "This is the true God, and eternal life." He is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person; he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, and declared it to be the divine will, "that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." As far as I can ascertain, this precious doctrine is generally advocated among professors in this parish. But I have been in company with persons who discard from their systems the doctrine of divine decrees and of election, and who have manifested such disgust and pain at the very introduction of these subjects, that no arguments, no scripture proofs could be attended to, or even heard with composure. But why do they thus mutilate the unerring word of God? If the bible is a revelation of his will, a perfect rule of faith and practice, let us take it as we find it, and cordially receive what is there revealed, though to us incomprehensible. Whatever is necessary to our salvation appears in the most explicit terms, adapted to the meanest capacity. There are mysteries in nature; and were there none in the volume of inspiration, coming from the infinite Jehovah, the great I AM, whose ways and thoughts are as high above ours, as the heavens are higher than the earth, might we not suspect it to be of human invention? Now we see through a glass darkly. Many are the difficulties we cannot solve. The ways of God are inscrutable, and many of his dispensations appear mysterious and unaccountable. But we are called to walk by faith, and not by sight, to trust implicitly in God, and rest assured, that though clouds and darkness are round about him, yet judgment and justice are the habitation of his throne. Those who thus humbly trust and serve Him, shall one day see a satis-

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factory solution of these ambiguous dispensations, and wise reasons for all his procedure, when they shall behold him face to face, see as they are seen, and know as they are known. Ignorance and error shall then vanish, and they shall see that the Lord "has done all things well."

My dear friend, we live in a dark and gloomy day, when errors and divisions prevail even among professors, to the great detriment of religion, and grieving of the Holy Spirit. I often fear I am a stumbling-block in the way of others, and that I strengthen the hands of evil doers. How affecting his interrogation, "Will ye also go away?" May we not exclaim, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." O, may he be the Shepherd and Physician of our souls. I long to appropriate the following verses to myself. "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer, my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

> "When I can say, 'My God is mine,'
> When I can feel thy glories shine,
> I tread the world beneath my feet,
> And all that earth calls good or great."

This could soften the rugged path of life; cheer me under the most acute and complicated trials; and smooth the bed of death. Were I banished to the cold climes of Nova Zembla, without an earthly friend or comfort, this would warm and exhilarate my heart, and make me a little heaven below. It would constrain me to sing the praises of God in the joyless dungeon at midnight, as did Paul and Silas; and it would enable me to embrace the martyr's stake with joy unutterable. Do you not

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feel, my dear friend, that "God in himself is bliss enough, take what he will away?" That without his smiles and presence you would be miserable, even though you were possessor of the earth, and called all its honours and pleasures your own? And yet how prone are we to leave the Fountain of living waters, for broken cisterns that can hold no water,—to leave the God of all comfort for perishing, withering gourds,* which are less than nothing and vanity. How strange it is, that those who have been called from darkness to light, and have tasted that the Lord is gracious, should ever become immersed in the cares and pleasures of this vain world, and be stupid and inactive in his delightful service. May you, my beloved sister, ever be a distinguished ornament to the religion you profess. When you enjoy nearness to God, think of your vile, worthless, stupid friend. O for the quickening, enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit, to put life into every duty; without which all is formality. If I am a child of God, how can I "live at this poor dying rate!" If I know any thing of my heart, I do long to be conformed to the holy law of God, to die unto sin and live unto righteousness, to be active in the promotion of Christ's cause and kingdom. But if these desires are sincere, why do they not produce correspondent exertions? If I love God, it must be tested by cheerful obedience to his commandments. The service of Christ is perfect freedom; his yoke is easy, his burden light, and his commandments are not grievous, but just and reasonable. True, the christian has crosses to take up, conflicts to sustain, trials to endure, and battles to fight; but he has an almighty Captain, who supplies, guides, and guards

* Jonah iv. 6, 7.

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him through every encounter, and will bring him off more than conqueror over all his enemies. He finds, in the humble performance of his duty, that peace of mind which passes understanding,—joys to which the ungodly are strangers. He has many an Ebenezer to erect, and many a place on which might well be inscribed *Bethel.* His trials all come with a *need-be,* and shall *all* work together for his good; and he shall soon be brought to the place his Redeemer has prepared for him; where he shall hear the voice of war no more forever; and where all tears shall be wiped away.

Do we, my beloved friend, hope for that rest which remaineth for the people of God? Let us then purify ourselves even as he is pure; be steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. O, that this were indeed the case with me!

Our friends, Nancy and Harriet, have manifested great self-denial, disinterested benevolence, and heroic fortitude. Shall I see them no more?

> "Of joys departed, ne'er to be recall'd,
> How painful the remembrance!"

Your very affectionate friend,

F. WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1812.

Aug. 7. The sun is about to set. To my beloved cousin, Mary Kimball, it has set already, and set to rise no more. All that was mortal of that once animated and beauteous girl rests beneath the sod. Little did she think a few days ago, that her delicate and graceful form must be consigned so soon to the narrow grave. Yet this was the decree of Heaven; and no human being could re-

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verse it. Mary, my dear Mary, I shall see you no more beneath the skies! Death has in a moment placed you beyond my ken; while my tears shall bedew your memory, and if permitted, shall descend in copious streams on your new made grave. My dear cousin, how did you feel, as you left all mortal things, and ranged the fields of ether?

This catastrophe has involved a once happy family in tears and gloom. One of its fairest flowers is withered. Methinks I see them clad in mourning, suffused in tears, and inconsolable. O my dear Nancy! often may you repair to her grave, and see the instability of all earthly things; and remember you must follow, and perhaps soon sleep by her side in a bed of dust. O Nancy! weep not for her, but weep for those sins which nailed the Saviour to the cross, and extorted blood from every pore. O that you may lean on the Almighty arm of the Redeemer, while you pass this vale of tears. Now you are deprived of your only sister, your bosom-friend, with whom you have shared many a joy, and spent many a rolling year; O that your bleeding heart may be healed and cheered by the God of all comfort, and made a fit receptacle for his Holy Spirit. May your remaining days be devoted to his glory; and, after a life of usefulness, may he smooth your dying pillow, and welcome your departing spirit to that happy land, where all tears shall be wiped away. O Lord, thou seest the dear family immersed in the deepest gloom. Make this exquisite trial to work for their immortal good. Give them the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Dry up their falling tears. Impress this monitory call on the heart of each individual; teach them the vanity of all beneath the sun, the brevity

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and uncertainty of life, the importance of time and of being prepared for death; and eventually receive them all to thy kingdom of glory, where neither sin nor sorrow shall ever enter.

Aug. 9. With all my credulity, I can scarcely believe that Mary Kimball is no more. Is she dead? She whose animating beauty and vivacity lighted animation in many a heart—she who was the idol of her fond parents, brother, and sister, the delight of her friends:—She who had just appeared conspicuously on the theatre of life, whose heart beat high with prospects of future bliss:—Is *she* laid in the tomb? Her corporeal part rests in the dust. No youthful beauty, no skill of the physician, no human power could ward off the fatal blow. While she is removed from these earthly scenes, and early consigned to her kindred dust, she will live in the affections of her friends, and her grave shall be bedewed with the tears of affection. Her probation is ended, her race is run, and her eternal state commenced. What amazing scenes are disclosed to her view! what vast realities open to her astonished sight! Oh Mary, how is it?

> "But ah! no notices she gives,
> Nor tells us where, nor how she lives."

Oh sin, what hast thou done? But for thee sorrow and death had never been. But ah! blessed be God for the Bible, which brings life and immortality to light; which discloses a heaven beyond the grave, where storms and troubles never come. O, when I pass the gloomy vale, may Jesus be near to support and guide my fainting spirit, and receive it to the embraces of his everlasting love.

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LETTER TO HER SISTERS.

Newburyport, Aug. 14, 1812.

DEAR SISTERS,

AGREEABLY to your request, I shall now attempt to give you a concise account of the exit of our dear cousin. Near a fortnight before that heart-rending event took place, my uncle and aunt had information that she was worse; and accordingly they immediately repaired to the place of her residence. They found her very sick, her head in the most exquisite distress, which had deprived her of the exercise of her mental powers, which she never after enjoyed, except at intervals. In one of these intervals she told Nancy, who made her a short visit, that she must die, and was willing to die. Two days after the commencement of her last distressing illness, (for she died not literally of her original complaint, but of the dropsy in the head,) her physician told her he could do no more for her, and asked if she could not put her trust in God; to which she replied, she thought she could. Dr M. of Salem was sent for; and on his arrival said he could do nothing for her. Her parents were with her till she breathed her last, and every effort was used for saving her life; but death had received his commission, and youth, beauty, and virtue, fell a victim to his darts. Nancy Young, of whom you have heard Mary speak, rests with her beneath the sod. She was a very amiable character, an only daughter, and like Mary, very much beloved. But "death loves a shining mark, a signal blow."

I am very much at home here. My friends treat me with as much attention as I can possibly desire, and vastly more than I deserve.

If you receive any letters for me from my friends, I

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wish you would gratify me so much as to send them to me directed to my uncle; and one of you write how you are, and whether any thing special has taken place since my departure. Yours, &c. F. WOODBURY.

My friends here are as much composed as can be expected, and send their love.

LETTER TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY, THEN AT BRADFORD ACADEMY.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Beverly, Sept.* 6, 1812.

I CONSIDER your present situation important and critical. You not only possess advantages for acquiring polite and scientific knowledge, but you are indulged with many religious privileges. You have a rare opportunity for studying the philosophy of JESUS, and becoming an heir of his kingdom, which if you neglect, may be to your everlasting ruin. By nature we are children of wrath, alienated from God, and at enmity with him. Hence the necessity of a new heart, of being born again, of being created anew in Christ Jesus. And nothing short of sovereign grace can effect this radical change—can bow our stubborn wills, soften our adamantine hearts, and make us meet for glory. Realize, my friend, the desperate wickedness of your heart. Retrospect your past life, and say whether you have not lived in vain, and worse than in vain. How many precious years have you spent in pursuit of "trifles light as air," of vanities and embellishments which truly have not profited. Did you ever perform one action with a view to the glory of God? If not, then have you never done any thing intrinsically good, or acceptable to the Searcher of hearts and Trier of reins; for he commands us to do *all* to his

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glory. Have you ever felt the innate opposition of your heart to God? If you have not, it is evident you have had no just views of its depravity, nor of the character of God, nor of his holy law, which reaches to the thoughts and intents of the heart, and which denounces an awful curse on the least violation. This law you have counteracted; consequently you have incurred its heavy penalty, and stand obnoxious to the incensed wrath of the Majesty of heaven. Now may you tremblingly enquire, "What shall I do to be saved?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "He has magnified the law, and made it honourable;"—made a complete atonement for sin, and ever liveth to make intercession for his people. Do you question his willingness to save you? Repair to Gethsemane, and from thence to Calvary. Witness his bloody sweat, behold his dying agonies, all endured for rebel sinners. Is not this sufficient? Listen then with admiring gratitude to his gracious invitations, comforting to the wounded spirit, and soothing to the sin-sick soul; "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest; and him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Fly then, my friend, to his expanded arms. Imbibe his spirit, emulate his example, and obey his commands. This will make you happy and useful in life, console you in affliction, smooth your dying pillow, cheer your expiring moments, and give you a part in that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." The soul is precious. It is capable of enjoying the most refined and exalted felicity, or of enduring the most complicated and consummate misery. Millions of ages hence it shall flourish in unfading spring and immortal glory, or be sinking in the abyss of corroding anguish and black despair, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is

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not quenched." The joys of heaven, the torments of hell, the brevity and uncertainty of life, the certainty of death and judgment, the unutterable worth of the soul, the superlative love of Jesus, the mercies of God, and in short every thing, urges upon you the infinite importance of an immediate renunciation of sin and reconciliation to God. And will you procrastinate? Will you continue to reject the lovely Saviour, voluntarily serve the enemy of souls, and post on with celerity to destruction? Then God may in anger say, "My Spirit shall no longer strive," and leave you to judicial blindness of mind and hardness of heart, to treasure up wrath against the day of wrath. Then you may soon unavailingly lament your dreadful infatuation, and in the doleful accents of despair cry out, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved." You know that your life is a vapour, a short passage from the cradle to the grave. Though now in youth and health, there may be but "a step between you and death." When you witness the rays of the setting sun, reflect, that before the east is illumined with his splendour, you may have done with all below the skies, and entered on an unchangeable, eternal state. Eternity—*eternity*, with all its infinite joys or sorrows, hangs suspended on "an inch of time," on the frail attenuated thread of life. A few more days, perhaps hours, will decide our destiny irreversibly and eternally. How then can we "give sleep to our eyes, or slumber to our eyelids," till our peace is made with the Keeper of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, and whose favour is of more worth than millions of worlds? Blessed is that person whose God is Jehovah. May you have an eye of faith to behold the beauty, the perfection, the glory of Immanuel; and may you triumph in his pardon-

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ing love, and heaven-beaming smiles. Should this be your happy case, how sincerely should I congratulate you. How pleasantly should we go to the house of God in company, how often would we converse freely on things pertaining to the kingdom of God, on Zion and Zion's King; and should Jesus condescend to join us, how would our hearts burn within us, as did the disciples of old. Such scenes, only in imagination, almost invigorate and warm my cold and stupid heart. What then would the reality do?

May this summer be a memorable, auspicious one to you on these accounts; and innumerable ages hence, may you look back to it with enraptured joy and transporting extacy. Bradford is dear to the hearts of many who were made there to tremble under the thunder of Mount Sinai, and at length took refuge in the ark of safety, and commenced their journey Zion-ward with alacrity and zeal. For the like reasons, may it be peculiarly dear to you. Let not my hopes be frustrated. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation. Consecrate your youthful days to God. The meridian of life may not be yours. I beseech, I intreat, I conjure you, to choose that good part "which death shall double, and judgment crown."

"Crown'd higher, and still higher at each stage,
Through blest eternity's long day; yet still
Not more remote from sorrow, than from *Him*,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Betsy, may I meet thee *there*.

Write soon, and much longer than your last; and let not the freedom with which I have written offend you.

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Present my respects to Mr. A. and wife, and love to all who may inquire after me. Yours affectionately,

FANNY WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1812.

Oct. Since I wrote last, I have made a visit to Newburyport and Bradford. My visit at Bradford was peculiarly pleasing. Christians are engaged; young converts celebrating the praises of their Redeemer; and convicted sinners inquiring what they shall do to be saved. About twenty are hopefully the subjects of renewing grace, and in this number is my dear Miss S. I hope and trust she has set her face Zion-ward, and will run the heavenly race with zeal and alacrity. May the day on which she returns be an auspicious one to Beverly. May she come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.—come to do great and eminent good here. O for a shower of divine grace on this barren place, that Zion may be enlarged and beautified, and God glorified! O for a day of Pentecost there, when all shall be of one heart and soul; and great grace shall be upon all. O Lord, make bare thine omnipotent arm, and delight to build up thy cause, and appear in thy glory. Save this sinking church from extinction; purify it and increase its graces and its numbers. Arouse Christians from their guilty slumbers; enable them to trim their lamps, and replenish them with oil, and appear decidedly on the Lord's side. Let careless sinners tremble under the thunders of Sinai, and flee to the ark of safety.

LETTER TO MRS H. P. OF BRADFORD.

MY DEAR MRS P.

I TENDER you my sincere thanks for your very obliging letter handed me a few hours ago. Be assured, I

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should duly appreciate the correspondence commenced, and will do all in my power for its continuance; but I feel, keenly feel, my own inability to write any thing worthy your perusal. I know not what can induce you to wish for any epistolary communications from me, or intercourse with me; for I am indeed no adept in letter-writing, and utterly unworthy your affection and regard. I can adopt the language of Job, "Behold I am vile." From the crown of my head, to the sole my feet, I am full of wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores, covered with the leprosy of sin; so that I often exclaim, "O wretched one that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Truly I have continual need to cry, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." But if we appear thus deformed and sinful to our own partial selves, how shall we appear to the Majesty of heaven, who cannot look upon sin but with abhorrence; in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and before whom angels and archangels veil their faces, as not worthy or able to behold so much glory. Well might the apostle enjoin us to "be clothed with humility;" and well might trembling and despair take hold of us, but that he is a God of infinite compassion and transcendent mercy. How astonishing! that he will hold communion with vile worms of the dust, and now and then give them "a drop of heaven," by the benign manifestation of his grace and glory. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ, through whom every blessing flows. O may our souls be lost in wonder, love, and praise, when we contemplate the glorious plan of redemption. O the height, the depth, and the length of the love of Christ! May it warm and invigorate our hearts, stimulate to every duty, sweeten every

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cross, alleviate every sorrow, smooth our dying pillows, and be the theme of our adoring praises and extatic hallelujahs through the rounds of eternal ages.

Friday Eve. I had heard of the glorious out-pourings of the Holy Spirit in Bristol, R. I. previous to the receipt of your letter. I have since had information of a very general revival in Francistown, N. H. As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is such good news from a far country. Blessed be God that any are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb, made trophies of his victorious grace and redeeming love, and induced to commence their journey from spiritual Egypt to the heavenly Canaan. Wonderful are the effects of divine grace. It can sweeten the roughest temper, soften the hardest heart, subdue the most stubborn will, and humble the proudest rebel. It can change the lion into the lamb, and bring the most aspiring and supercilious monarch to sit with the simplicity of a child at the Saviour's feet.

We go on here as stupidly as usual; perhaps more so. Though there are many dry bones here, yet they can live. Who knows but God is about to breathe life into them, to pour out his spirit here, and appear in his glory? Though there are no appearances of it, yet possibly this may be the case; and, O should I live to witness it—but it is too much to expect. O that the Lord would make bare his omnipotent arm, cause sinners to tremble under the thunders of Sinai, and to flee for refuge to the ark of safety! Do pray that this may be the case, and that your stupid friend may be enlivened and quickened by the Holy Spirit.

Give my love to Mrs B. and all dear friends. Come and see us when convenient; but do write every opportunity. Yours affectionately, F. W.

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LETTER TO MISS C. G. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, Oct. 20, 1812.

How is my dear, dear, Charlotte? I hope rejoicing in God, and running the way of his commandments, with a heart enlarged with gratitude, and glowing with zeal. May you so run, that you may obtain the prize, even a crown of glory that fadeth not away. When a Christian enjoys the smiles of his heavenly Father, and the presence of the holy Comforter, when he feels the sweetly constraining love of Jesus in his soul, how much does he enjoy, and how active is he in the discharge of duty. How forcibly, and how amiably does he exhibit the fruits of the Spirit in his life and conversation. Difficulties, insuperable to a luke-warm Christian, do not impede his progress. Inflamed with heavenly ardour, he surmounts all obstructions, rises superior to every discouragement, assumes the cross with alacrity, and embraces every opportunity to meliorate the condition of his fellow mortals, and advance the interests of his Redeemer's kingdom. With him the glory of God is a fundamental object, for which he longs, and assiduously labours, regardless of the contumely and invectives of a wicked world. He may be stigmatised with the appellation of *devotee or enthusiast;* but having learnt to glory in the cross of Christ, he cheerfully bears persecution, nor counts his life dear unto him, that he may glorify God, and finish his course with joy.

Alas! what I have written is what I *would* be, but at a very great remove from what I *am.* I trust however it is the happy case with you, and the dear young converts in your vicinity. I think much of you all, but particularly of those who have recently been liberated from the bondage of sin and Satan, and adopted children of God.

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Most sincerely do I congratulate them on the happy change; and ardently wish they may ever prove bright ornaments to the religion of Jesus, and zealous advocates for the doctrines of the cross. But my heart almost bleeds when I think of the trials and temptations to which they will inevitably be more or less exposed, from a malicious adversary, an ensnaring world, and a wicked heart. Having but just put on the harness, they are little acquainted with fighting, and will probably meet with considerable detriment, and many sore bruises and wounds. O that they may be careful not to go to battle in their own strength, but in dependence on their captain; and they shall infallibly come off victorious in the end, for he is the good shepherd who has given his life for the sheep, and none shall pluck them out of his hand. Tell them, my dear friend, to walk humbly and watchfully, to pray fervently and constantly, to beware of sin, to press forward, to appear decidedly on the Lord's side, and live entirely devoted to God. May they be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and rich blessings to the church and the world.

I lament that a preacher of universal salvation has been permitted to exhibit his flattering, though deleterious principles in Bradford; but I hope their influence and tendency has been effectually counteracted. Satan no doubt will avail himself of all his power, to introduce errors, opposition, and confusion; but he and all his emissaries are under the controul of Zion's King, and cannot go beyond his permission. The present is a critical and gloomy time. Cruel animosities, vice, and damnable heresies abound; wars and rumours of wars are desolating nations, and strange convulsions are shaking the earth to its very centre. The judgments of God are

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abroad in the world and in our land. The sword is unsheathed, and the din of war resounds in our once peaceful climes, exhibiting garments rolled in blood, and spreading devastation and destruction far and wide. When the conflict will terminate, Omniscience only knows. But it is to be feared, that other direful calamities impend, if speedy national repentance do not prevent. Under these distressing apprehensions, and in these perilous times, what can console us, but the consideration, that "the Lord reigns?" Amidst all these eventful appearances and dire commotions, the Church is safe. Founded on a Rock, and under the peculiar protection of the King of kings, she shall stand every blast, and weather every storm, and ere long become the perfection of beauty, the joy and praise of the whole earth. Though now enveloped in nocturnal darkness, a bright and glorious morning is about to dawn, when the refulgent rays of the Sun of righteousness shall dispel divisions and errors, and make her appear fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. This is the purchase of Immanuel's blood, and he is a Sun and a Shield to defend and protect her from all the assaults of earth and hell. Happy the soul whose interests and hopes concentre in the kingdom of the Messiah. When shall this kingdom prevail over every opposing power, and be established in every corner of the habitable world? When shall the set time to favour Zion come, and the knowledge of the Lord fill the earth, as the waters cover the sea? O when shall wars and dissensions cease, and the contending nations coalesce in harmonious anthems of praise to the Prince of peace! This happy, glorious era will ere long be ushered in. O that Christians may arise from their slumbers to ardent prayers and exertions.

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for its introduction. May they be all engagedness in the service of God.

I might enlarge upon the importance of Christan zeal, but conscious guilt prevents; for you might justly retort, "Physician, heal thyself." I feel a heavy load of coldness and stupidity, so that I often breathe, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." O my frozen indurated heart, when shall it be warmed with the love of Jesus, and the enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit? And yet I do not feel that sorrow and contrition for sin which I ought, and long for. I want to see my own nothingness and vileness, and the worthiness and all sufficiency of our great High Priest. Much, very much do I need a humble and contrite spirit, broken for sin, and "hungry for the bread of life." There is a promise, my dear sister, that those who wait on the Lord shall "renew their strength, they shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint." O that we may thus wait on him, stay ourselves on him, and be hidden in his pavilion, till these calamities be overpast. Wearied with trials, and burdened with sin, to whom shall we go but to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world? May our souls sweetly repose under his shadow, and experience that rest wherewith he causeth the weary to rest,—that peace of mind which passeth understanding, which is far more eligible than the fame of Alexander and Cæsar, the riches of Crœsus, or the erudition of a Newton and a Locke.

I anticipate the return of Miss S. with a great deal of pleasure; hope she will put life into my dead soul. My best love to all my dear friends. May you all be of one heart and one soul, and be favoured with renewed unctions of divine grace.

Do come and see us soon, and write me a long letter

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immediately. Do not forget to remember at the throne of grace your very stupid and unworthy friend, F. W.

JOURNAL, 1812.

Dec. A sad and mournful catastrophe has of late pierced many a heart, and extorted tears from almost every eye. Daniel S. and Joseph S. repaired to Wenham pond for the diversion of skating. While gliding along the ice in security and hilarity, it instantly broke beneath their feet, and they were threatened with immediate death. Daniel, after being immersed a number of times, had the presence of mind to cleave to some ice, till succour was afforded. But the unfortunate Joseph was plunged in a watery grave, and his soul precipitated into the ocean of eternity. After about an hour his body was found, and every exertion made to resuscitate it; but alas! life had gone beyond recal. O may this awakening event deeply impress the hearts of thoughtless youth, and induce them to inquire, what they shall do to be saved! O that the surviving comrade of the deceased may be penetrated with gratitude to Heaven for his almost miraculous deliverance! O that he may be enabled to devote his spared life to the service of God, and the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. May he now renounce sin and Satan, flee from eternal death, and drink of the pure river of the water of life. But Oh! should he go on in the broad road, adding sin to sin, better had it been for him to have met with an untimely end; nay, better had it been for him had he never been born. Lord soften his heart, subdue his will, captivate his affections, and make him a trophy of thy almighty grace. O snatch him as a brand from that fire which never can be quenched, and put a new song into his mouth, even praise to the living God.

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O that this monitory call may stimulate every one to be up and doing, and ready for the coming of the Bridegroom. May those, who now are slaves to sin and Satan, be made to enjoy the liberty of the sons of God, and open their eyes on substantial joys and immortal bliss. O Lord, breathe life into these dry bones, that they may glorify thee, and promote thy cause here on earth; awaken careless sinners, arouse Christians, and pour out thy Spirit in copious effusions, to make glad the city of our God.

JOURNAL, 1813.

Jan. 1. The earth has completed another revolution round the sun; and the great clock of time announces the commencement of a new year. What strange occurrences, what dire calamities, what heart-rending events,—or what bright and auspicious scenes, I may witness and experience this year, are "written in the book of fate, and no human eye can read it." O that I may be prepared to say in all circumstances and conditions, "The will of the Lord be done." O that I may be enabled to be more active in the cause of God, and more entirely devoted to his service. May I have the unspeakable pleasure to wipe the tears of the widow and the orphan, to smooth the bed of sickness, to ease the heart loaded with pain and anguish, to mitigate the distress of cheerless poverty, and happify all within my reach, as I have opportunity. And may the Lord make me ready to every good word and work, conquer my imperious lusts, subdue my evil propensities, renovate my whole heart, clothe me with the beauties of holiness, and fruits of the Spirit, and make me meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. O Lord, suffer me not to be useless—a cumberer of the ground. I deprecate uselessness, as worse than death.

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If I cannot do good, if I cannot be a blessing to any one, nor live to thy glory, O fit me for thy kingdom, and take me to it.

I desire not to relax in labouring to gain an ascendancy over my passions, however unsuccessful I may be. I purpose this year, besides miscellaneous reading, to read the Scriptures through in course, with Scott's Commentary, prayerfully and attentively; and may Jesus be my teacher. And may the Lord succeed my studies, improve my heart, enlighten my mind, and rectify my will. May he guide me through this waste howling wilderness, sweeten the bitter waters of Marah with his smiles and promises, console me in the "swellings of Jordan," and at length give me a seat in the New Jerusalem, where sin, and storms and troubles can never come.

LETTER TO MRS H. P. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, Jan. 12, 1813.

Yes, my dear Mrs P. death has again entered our neighbourhood, and his steps have been attended with peculiar solemnity and grief. One moment the deceased youth was all activity and hilarity; the next he was immersed in a watery grave, and his soul hurried into the world of spirits. The moment I had information of this distressing event, I repaired to the house of Mrs S. a house of deep and exquisite mourning it truly was. Surprise and gloom were depicted in almost every countenance, and tears flowed copiously from almost every eye. Mrs S. exhibited marks of the most acute agony; and for a while utterly refused all consolation. When I mention

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ed the necessity of trials, the duty and comfort of resignation, and the justness and goodness of God, she would grasp my hand, and say with emphasis, "*I know it, I know it*; but you don't know what I feel by experience." She would frequently exclaim with reiterated sighs, "O his precious, precious soul!" She is, however, now much more composed. She has been long in the school of affliction, has met with repeated bereavements, and, I hope, will come out of the furnace refined and purified, adopting the language of the psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

This is a loud and monitory call to us, and ought to be indelibly impressed on our minds. It speaks forcibly to every heart, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

When I was first apprised of the heart-rending event, almost the first idea that struck my mind was, that perhaps this may be introductory to a reformation. But flatter not yourself, my dear Mrs P. that this will be the case; but pray that it *may* be. There were indeed some appearances that I considered favourable; but they were evanescent, as "the morning cloud and early dew." I tremble, when I think of that striking passage of holy writ, "The iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full." O that we may be spared, not to provoke heaven with our daring crimes, but to repent of our aggravated sins, to return unto the Lord, and walk softly and humbly before him. At present it is with us a gloomy time. O that this dark and dreary night may be the precursor of a resplendent and soul-reviving morning! But though we should be given up to hardness of heart in this place, yet glorious things are spoken of the city of our God. Christ

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shall have "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Then shall the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; all shall know him from the least to the greatest; be of one heart and one soul; and great grace shall be upon all.

O my friend, if these things be so transporting to us, who discern them only with an eye of faith, what will they be to those who witness and participate them in all their splendour, in all their glory. And if the church militant be thus enlarged and beautified, while encompassed with sin, what will be the church triumphant, composed of patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs—all the immense multitude of the redeemed, from the first to the latest generation, of all climes and nations, all refined from sin and pollution, made consummately holy and happy; and in concert with angels and archangels gazing with wonder on the perfection of Deity, and ascribing unceasing praise to the slain Lamb? Their felicity is commensurate with the desires of their immortal souls, and durable as the eternal mind. Their sublime and glorious employment knows no relaxation, no alloy, no jarring note; but all are one in Christ Jesus, and eternity itself is not too long to utter all their praise. But what imagination can conceive, what tongue or pen describe, the glory of that state, where Jesus is all in all, and where his children shall behold him face to face, and "mingle with the blaze of day?" Verily it is an exceeding and eternal weight of glory—"an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Stop then, my inexperienced pen, nor darken counsel by words without knowledge.

May we, my dear sister, be circumspect, redeem the

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time, ever abounding in the work of the Lord, flying with love and zeal to do his will, and at last have a welcome entrance into the joy of our Lord. Sweet, happy day, that sets the prisoner free, and introduces him to light, life, liberty, and glory, such as needs a seraph's pencil to delineate, and the language of eternity to express. Your much obliged friend,

FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS M. G. OF BOSTON.

Beverly, Feb. 1, 1813.

A FEW leisure moments occur, which I cheerfully devote to my dear Miss G. I hope this will find you assiduously engaged in religion, and enjoying the smiles of your covenant Redeemer. You know, my friend, that substantial happiness is not to be found in this barren world. Alas! shall we not pity its deluded votaries, who anticipate, but seldom or never realize? It constantly eludes their grasp, and mocks their fond expecta Not all the honours, riches, and pleasures of the can confer real felicity on an immortal being. But is a world, my sister, beyond this mortal state blooming bliss and ever-during glory reign, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of mortal man conceived." From those blissful regions, God looks down with a benignant eye on his humble followers, and communicates a drop of heaven to worms below. The sincere, the humble, the uniform Christian is happy. He enjoys the favour and protection of the Majesty of heaven, and he has a title to those celestial regions, when he has passed this state of minority. He has a Shepherd full of kindness, full of power, who careth for him, and will guide him

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through this waste howling wilderness, and protect him as the apple of his eye, and who will be his ever satisfying and unfading portion. When time shall be no longer, when this huge globe shall be one vast conflagration, the Christian shall be secure and happy in the ark of safety, in the paradise of God. He beholds with admiration the glorious assembly and church of the first born in heaven, and gazes on the glories of Deity with ineffable delight, while he triumphantly sings, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever." As long as God exists, he shall flourish in unfading spring, and improve in felicity and knowledge through the revolutions of eternal ages. But poor and very inadequate at best are our conceptions of the immeasurable and exalted happiness of departed saints; for it is an "exceeding great, and eternal weight of glory." Would we gain those peaceful shores, holiness is indispensable. Our hearts being naturally contaminated and full of evil, must be renewed and sanctified by divine grace, or we can never enter the New Jerusalem, the residence of infinite purity. Unerring truth hath said, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." This is the essential change, which every descendant of Adam and Eve must experience, in order to be admitted into heaven. How important is it, that we should impartially and critically search and examine our hearts and lives, and endeavour to ascertain whether we are renewed in the spirit of our minds, and display the fruits of the Spirit in our lives and conversation! However painful the investigation, it is absolutely necessary. We must dive into the corrupt fountain, from whence proceeds every sinful act, and discover its latent pollutions. We must scrutinize

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our external deportment, and compare all with that infallible criterion, the word of God, and see whether we have the characteristic lineaments of a true Christian, or are deceiving ourselves. with vain hopes. But ah! we are insufficient of ourselves to do any thing. Our sufficiency is of God. May we realize our entire dependence on Him, implore his assistance, and the influences of his blessed Spirit.

My best love to dear Miss W. May you both be blessed with much of Enoch's spirit, and enjoy the peculiar love of your covenant Redeemer. Pray for me, that I may live devoted to God. If this letter deserves an answer, do write immediately. Your affectionate friend,

FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS N. J. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, Feb. 2, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM pleased with the freedom with which you write, and with equal pleasure shall repay your confidence. I can make no adequate return for your favours; but only express my willingness, and look to Him, without whose cognizance not a sparrow falls to the ground. From the treasures of his wisdom, knowledge, and grace, may he bounteously communicate to you, and make you an instrument of great and extensive good to a world lying in wickedness. May yours be the ineffable consolation of wiping the tears of the widow and the orphan, comforting the too much neglected abodes of penury and wretchedness, and improving the condition of all around you in body and soul. Alas! a benevolent heart can hardly fail to bleed at a view of the sins and miseries that abound. The world seems like a great hospital, in which

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almost every one is groaning under the pressure of weakness, sickness, and affliction; and some are oppressed with a heavy complication of distresses. Sin has changed this once blooming Eden, flowing with perennial sweets, into a thorny desart, "a waste howling wilderness," where sorrows and woes spontaneous grow. But blessed be God for the precious balm of the gospel, and Gilead's almighty Physician. He only is adequate to the recovery of our diseased souls, and the healing of our wounded spirits. He gives his prescriptions and assistance, "without money, and without price;" and no case, however desperate and inveterate, he ever undertook, but he effected a radical cure. His patients indeed are but partially restored in this unfavourable clime; but he has prepared a place to which he receives them after proper discipline and preparation. There they find the air salubrious, the employments delightsome, the music melodious and enchanting, the inhabitants excellent and glorious,—all in unison, shouting loud acclammations of praise to their glorious Recoverer. There all are cemented in one vast bond of perfect love, having left their divisions, envies, and imperfections in this sinful world. Paul and Barnabas* are now amicably reconciled in the sweet endearments of mutual amity. There all tears shall be wiped away; and "the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick;" for holiness, felicity, and glory are his, as exalted and immeasurable as the cravings of his never dying soul, and lasting as the ages of eternity. He has a more than Eden, gained an eternal weight of glory, which no sin shall forfeit, and no length of time corrode or impair. How rich the blood that purchased it! how stupendous

*Acts xv. 39.

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the grace that bestows it! Jesus! precious, delightful name! a restorative for every pain, a cordial for every trouble, a sweet emollient balm for every woe. Let it tranquillize and invigorate our hearts, and be the theme of our admiring gratitude and adoring love. We hope the time is not far distant, when the eastern world, now enveloped in darkness, superstition, ignorance, and error, shall be irradiated with the clear light of the gospel, the resplendent rays of the Sun of righteousness.

The present time is indeed gloomy. Wars, desolations, earthquakes, and dire calamities are abroad in the earth, perhaps the precursors of still more tremendous judgments. But "the scriptures must be fulfilled," and not one jot or tittle shall fail. How consoling to think, that these portentous commotions shall be ultimately introductory to the millennial era of light and love. How delightful to look through these nocturnal shades, to the dawn of that auspicious, glorious morn.

As it respects the Deity of Christ, my dear friend, I think no one who reads the scriptures impartially, need to doubt. That he is possessed of all the attributes and perfections of Deity, and that he should be honoured even as the Father is honoured, we have indubitable evidence from the Bible. I have often wondered how any, who profess to be his disciples, can degrade him almost to the level of a mere man. Does it not imply mean thoughts of him; not to say hatred and enmity?

Will you send me a few thoughts on this question, "What is the immediate duty of impenitent sinners?" Does not the scripture say, "Repent!" But some allege, that we cannot repent of ourselves, and that God must give us repentance. Others say we must pray for repentance, and if we pray aright, God will answer our prayers;

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and seem to think they can somehow merit it. I should like to write much more; for I have not yet satisfied the demands of your letter, I have amplified so much on other subjects. I should be much gratified with a visit from you; but if that is impracticable at present, substitute frequent epistles to your obliged, FANNY.

NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, Feb. 4, 1813.

MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND,

I IMAGINE you have had information of Mr E. K.'s sudden and untimely death by suicide. Does not your heart ache, and your tears flow, when you think of the forlorn widow, and the fatherless children? O may their souls, tortured with poignant anguish, rest in God. May they find him a refuge in time of trouble, a shelter from all the storms and tempests of this desart world.

I think of writing a word of consolation to my dear Betsy and Rebecca, and should be happy to hear of an opportunity to send.

Afflictions are more or less the common lot of the children of men. But thanks be to God, the bitter waters of Marah may be sweetened with many a pleasant ingredient. The precious promises of the gospel, and the smiles of approving Heaven are adequate to the most acute and complicated trials and sorrows. O my sister, bless the Lord for a religion that can tranquillize the distressed soul, calm the heart-rending sigh, repress the rising tear, and diffuse a placid serenity over the bleeding bosom. O my beloved, value this religion more than all the things of time and sense, more than millions of worlds like this, and let it be your heavenly guest, the harbin-

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ger of immortal glory. *Never, never*, let us be ashamed of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. No, we will rather glory in it. Though nominal Christians and daring infidels censure us as enthusiastic, superstitious, and hypochondriac, yet will we advocate religion, we will delight to converse upon it at all proper times, and conduct ourselves as pilgrims and strangers here, looking for an inheritance beyond "the swellings of Jordan," in that land where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," to which may we be received through infinite grace, when our wanderings in the wilderness are terminated. Yours, with growing affection, F.

LETTER TO MISSES B. K. AND R. K. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, Feb. 1813.

MOURNING FRIENDS,

IN the late distressing catastrophe, which has involved your once cheerful family in the deepest gloom, the tear of condoling friendship has wet my cheek, and the tenderest feelings of my heart have sympathized with you. Though I cannot know the poignancy of your grief by bitter experience, yet the affectionate love I bear you constrains me to send you a line of consolation, depending on your candour to excuse the inaccuracies and deficiencies of my well meant endeavour.

You mourn the death of a beloved father, attended with circumstances peculiarly trying; which must agitate your souls with the most agonizing reflections. But *God has done it.* This trial, with all its complicated aggravations, was sent by his holy hand, and directed by his infinite wisdom. I trust you recognize his justice and goodness, and acquiesce in his will. He is an almighty Friend,

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an ever present Helper, a Refuge in times of trouble. May his presence and smiles sweetly tranquillize each heaving sigh, wipe your falling tears, and diffuse an inexpressible serenity in your bleeding hearts. "Cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you," and communicate strength adequate to your day, causing you to sing of mercy as well as of your judgment. No drooping soul, but he can invigorate;—no night of adversity but he can illumine. He has promised that he will never forsake his humble followers, and that all things shall work together for their good. Be assured, he knows your infirmities, your groans, and your tears; and all his dispensations are just and right, conducing to your good and his glory. This affliction may be sent for your benefit; and though no chastening seems joyous but grievous, yet hereafter it may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and redound to the glory of God. Then may you adopt the language of the psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Sanctified "afflictions are blessings in disguise," the value of which we rarely appreciate as we ought. The most eminently holy and useful servants of God have commonly been most inured to trouble, and trained up in this important school for the most arduous and honourable stations. You will not fail to look through all secondary causes to the grand procuring cause of all your woe. Sin has changed this once Paradisaical garden into "a waste howling wilderness." All the evils which abound may be traced up to this hydra monster as the great original. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ, whose immaculate obedience and meritorious death have purchased the salvation of our souls, every comfort and every privilege which smooth the rugged path of life, and "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled,

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and that fadeth not away." Come, my dear sisters, direct your weeping eyes to yonder peaceful world of light and love. There all sin is forever excluded, and consequently all trouble. There, on a refulgent majestic throne sits the King of kings, infinite in perfection and glory, and communicating emanations of the same to his surrounding blissful worshippers. There angels and archangels, and all the bright company of the redeemed, harmoniously coalesce in one universal and melodious concert of praise to Immanuel. There those who were poor and afflicted in this world, who were despised, hated, and ridiculed by men, friendless, helpless, and forlorn, but rich in faith, are exalted to an equality with angels, their heads encirled with crowns of glory, their hands graced with unwithering palms, and their souls satisfied with durable riches, unalienable and substantial, as Omnipotence can make them. There, my dear sisters, when your wanderings in this wilderness are terminated, there may you shine as stars of the first magnitude, find a sweet release from every woe, and tune your golden harps to Immanuel's praise. "Therefore comfort one another with these words."

You will recollect that striking passage of Young, "For us they languish, and for us they die." Such monitory calls speak emphatically to our inmost souls, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

I commend you to God, the Father of the fatherless, the fountain of living waters. May he comfort snd support you under all your trials, calm the bursting sigh, check the swelling tear, and be your immutable ever present refuge in time and eternity.

Present my respects to your remaining parent, accom-

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panied with my best wishes for divine strength and enjoyment in her heart rending trial.

Do, my dear friends, each of you write me a long letter, and be assured I should esteem your friendship, your prayers, and your correspondence, a valuable acquisition. Yours, with sympathizing affection, F. WOODBURY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS N. J. OF BEVERLY.

March 5, 1814.

You ask how we may know that we love Christians aright? and, if we love them in subordination to God, whether we can love them too much?—Though I do not feel myself qualified to decide, yet I offer a few thoughts. I apprehend we love Christians aright, when we love them in a peculiar manner, with a love of complacency, different from that love of benevolence, which we ought to bear to all mankind;—when we love them because they are disciples of Christ, bear his image, and belong to his holy kingdom. And when we feel most attached to those who are most heavenly, and display most the fruits of the Spirit, have we not encreasing evidence, that we love them from evangelical motives? If we give God the first place in our hearts, love him supremely, perhaps our love to Christian friends may not be inordinate. But alas! as Mr Newton says, we are prone to undervalue or overvalue all our mercies and enjoyments. I do think, that among professing Christians this love does not prevail as it ought. Is it possible that Christians can censure, injure, and hate one another; and, instead of opposing the common enemy, turn their arms against each other? O, these things ought not so to be. When shall it be said, See how they love one another!" I long to see a uni-

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versal revival of primitive Christianity, when all shall be of one heart and one soul, and grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied every where.

My ideas respecting the duty of impenitent sinners correspond with yours. It is important that our sentiments be scriptural, and that we should meekly counteract the multiplied errors which abound in the present day. Wishing you a seat at the feet of Jesus, I am yours, with sisterly affection, F. WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISSES B. K. AND R. K. OF BRADFORD.

MY DEAR BETSY,

WHEN we meet with afflictions, we feel most sensibly the insipidity, vanity, and instability of sublunary things, and the insufficiency of all created good to ensure felicity or tranquillize our distressed souls. But religion shines with peculiar refulgence in the darkest night of adversity. Its sublime and heavenly consolations penetrate the deepest gloom, disperse the thickest clouds, and bind up the bleeding heart, while the aspiration to heaven ascends, "Not my will, but thine be done." Possessed of this invaluable treasure, we might smile even under the pressure of the most complicated disappointments, sorrows, and calamities. Though deprived of friends and health, and banished to Siberia's frozen clime, or groaning under the galling yoke of an Algerine despot; yet, in the enjoyment of God, our hearts would vibrate with rapture and gratitude, and dictate songs to Immanuel's name. How many of the eminent servants of God, of whom the world was not worthy, have wandered about in dens and caves of the earth, and been conversant with scenes of the most heart-rending anguish; yet have experienced an over-

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balancing joy and peace. How many immured in dungeons, have found their prison walls could be no barrier to communion with God, and the illuminating rays of the Sun of righteousness. How many, who have embraced the martyr's stake, have had a vision as it were of the third heavens, and of the stupendous glories of the slain Lamb, causing them to triumph over agonies, flames, and death, and filling their souls with glory unutterable. Surely if we compare our trials with the trials of these illustrious champions of Christianity, they so dwindle into insignificancy, that they scarcely deserve the name. The apostle Paul stiles all his acute hardships, dangers, and sufferings, light and momentary. And shall we sink and despond under our more trivial griefs? If we are Christians, though subject to painful vicissitudes and diversified afflictions, yet with our expiring breath we shall bid them all an everlasting farewell. When we land on Canaan's peaceful shore, and unite with the blessed around the throne, our bliss and glory will be equal to the capacities of our immortal souls, and durable as the perfections we celebrate. O with what admiring gratitude and rapturous wonder shall we perceive the development of all these mysterious dispensations of him, whose way is in the deep; causing us joyfully to exclaim, "He hath done all things well!" O with what delightful and amazing extacy, shall we expatiate on the emanating sun-beams of Deity, and gaze on the superlative beauties and unparalleled excellencies of the purchaser of our salvation! And how shall we incessantly advance in wisdom, grace, and felicity, and make increasing assimilations to the fountain of light, stretching from glory to glory, and that (O transporting thought!) through eternity itself.

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Sabbath eve. Do you not think, my dear Rebecca, it is a great thing to be a Christian? To be called out of nature's darkness into marvellous light; to be united to Christ, and an heir of glory? How many refuges of lies are there, by which immortal souls are ensnared, and ultimately destroyed, even while their delusive hopes of heaven are firm and bright? Alas! how many, who were never transformed by the renewing of their minds, attempt a coalition between God and mammon, Christ and Belial, light and darkness. But if our treasure is in heaven, we shall rise above the smiles and the frowns, the blandishments and the temptations of a wicked world; live as strangers and pilgrims here, and evince by our holy lives and conversations that we are candidates for an "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." What though we meet with the burlesque, obloquy, and hatred of our fellow mortals, and many great trials, fears, and perplexities; yet we must perseveringly press through them all; remembering, that it is through much tribulation we must enter heaven. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." No indolent wishes, mere forms, and orthodox opinions, will ever secure the salvation of our souls, but only that living faith in Christ which expands the heart with love, purifies the soul, and is prolific of good works. When I think what Christians *ought* to be in all holy conversation and godliness, ready to every good word and work, and then think what I am, I am filled with confusion, doubts, and fears, and am ready to conclude myself a persumptuous hypocrite.

I am delighted with the plan you contemplate in Bradford, of employing intelligent and pious females to instruct poor children, and am very solicitous to hear what is do-

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termined. Why was it not thought of before? O why does self, this wicked self, so predominate? How much good might we do, if we had but hearts, and did but diligently improve the opportunities that occur? And how ought we to seek out ways of doing good, and exert ourselves with holy ardour to stem the torrent of abounding iniquity, and advance the interests of our Lord and Saviour.

May you, my dear friend, be watered with the dews of divine grace, and flourish like a cedar in Lebanon, and be an instrument of extensive good to a world lying in wickedness. Pray for your stupid friend,

FANNY.

JOURNAL, 1813.

April 4. The memorable, mournful day is about to close, in which our dear pastor has for the last time addressed the church and society in this place. The conflicting passions, painful anxieties, and tender feelings, which have agitated my breast this day, are known only to God and myself. With what indescribable sorrow did my mind recur to past years, when, like a little band of brothers and sisters, we encircled the table of our dying Saviour! when love, peace, and unanimity bound our souls together in the most tender ties. But ah! these sweet and endearing scenes live only in remembrance.

I have probably seen his face for the last time in our sacred desk; and from thence shall hear his voice no more. O that rich grace may prepare us both to meet in the heavenly world of love and peace, where friendship knows no alloy, and where "adieus and farewells are sounds unknown." May the Lord make him extensively useful in some other part of his vineyard, and give him

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many souls as the seals of his ministry, and crown of his rejoicing. May this dear church be established on the Rock of ages, and enriched with large additions to its graces and its numbers. May it be watered with the dews of divine grace, be preserved from hirelings and wolves, and united in the most cordial love. O that the dear members may be of one heart and one soul, and cleave to and support each other, in this time of danger, and earnestly plead for each other, and the enjoyments of gospel preaching and privileges. May they all be ornaments to their Christian profession, and by their holy and useful lives evince their attachment to their divine Master. O that they may be preserved in this critical time from every snare and temptation, be daily conversant with their hearts and their God, and grow in love, and grace, and felicity, till they reach the summit of Zion's hill, and sit down in the kingdom of God.

May the Lord regard the afflicted state of this society. O that one and all may arouse from their slumbers, and use every exertion to procure an evangelical, faithful, and rousing preacher, who will love this little flock, and feed them with knowledge and understanding. O that there may be a shaking among these dry bones, and a flocking of souls to Jesus Christ. O that this lowering cloud may be dispersed by the genial rays of the Sun of righteousness, and this dark and gloomy night be succeeded by the auspicious resplendence and smiles of the bright and morning Star.

April 8. *Fast.* I desire this day to mourn over my stupidity, my deadness, and my iniquities; to lament the low state of religion in this church; to sigh and cry for the abominations and ungodliness which occasion all the calamities of our land, and which are so provoking to the

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Majesty of heaven, and so subversive of every thing good; and may the Holy Spirit influencce me to fast and pray aright; and to God shall be all the glory.

O that the Lord may arouse my stupid powers, and awake to energy all the faculties of my soul. Holy Spirit! come and sanctify my wicked heart, subdue all my evil propensities, and breathe on my soul the fragrant air of heaven. O enable me henceforth to live more to God, and watch for opportunities to diffuse the honour of his name, and the glory of his kingdom. Make me bold in the dear cause of God, ready to speak for him at all proper times; and may my words and my precepts be enforced by a holy consistent example. Expand my heart with love to Jesus and active philanthropy, and influence me to use my two mites of property for the benefit of others, not letting my left hand know what my right hand doeth. O that I may be a Dorcas to the needy, as I have the means; and while I care for their bodies, O may I care for their immortal souls, and be the instrument of rescuing them from ignorance and mortal death.

O Lord, remember in mercy this beloved, afflicted church. May she be made glorious within and without, compacted together as one heart and one soul, and soon have occasion to take her harp from the willows, and tune it to praise and thanksgiving for the ministration of the word and ordinances. O that all her members may examine themselves, and see whether they are settling on their lees, destitute of oil in their lamps. O that they all may shake themselves from the dust, and cry mightily to God, that he would bless this church. May this small society be united in brotherly love and harmony, and strenuously exert themselves for re-settling a sound and evangelical preacher. May this nation, now distracted

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with internal divisions, wars, and fightings, and its consequent calamities, be blessed with peace and friendship, and a more general spread of religion. May they that govern be just, ruling in the fear of God, and be a terror to evil doers, and the support of those that do well; and may our president, placed in so conspicuous and important a station, be influenced by divine wisdom to adopt measures in this critical time, just to all, and conducive to the best interests of our dear country.

O Lord, is not Zion graven on the palms of thy hands? O then arise for her help, and make her the joy and praise of the whole earth. Fulfil all the benign predictions concerning her latter day glory, and make all who stand on the walls of Jerusalem, to lift up their voices like trumpets, and display the tremendous thunders of Sinai, and the affecting scenes of Calvary; and may they all be burning and shining lights, zealously engaged in the cause of Christ, in season and out of season. Have mercy, Lord, on a world lying in wickedness. O that the contentions, animosities, and envies, that now draw down judgments upon us, may soon be exterminated by the efficacy of thy grace, and the warring nations harmoniously concur in provoking unto love and good works. Hasten the time, when Asia and Africa shall emerge from their present degradation, ignorance, superstition, and errors, to the beauties of holiness, and the worship of Jehovah. Succeed all the proper exertions of our missionaries to plant religion in heathen lands, and make them all wise to win souls to Christ. Bless *my dearly beloved Harriet*. Though now far distant, and majestic waters roll between our mortal frames, O may we daily meet at the mercy-seat, and there hold sweet communion. May all her trials, privations, and hardships, be counterbalan-

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ed by peace of conscience, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and O may many poor souls rise up and call her blessed, and may all her endeavours in thy cause be abundantly prospered. May her body and soul prosper, and be in health; and may she at length die in the Lord, and meet all her pious friends in the Canaan above. Bless all Christian and humane societies, for the alleviation of misery, the suppression of vice and immorality, and the diffusion of knowledge and piety. May they all meet with thy approbation, and be honoured with thy propitious smiles. Especially let that recently formed in Bradford for the instruction of poor children meet thy peculiar protection. May it embrace a large sphere of usefulness, and be made a mean of meliorating the condition of many in body and soul. Open the hearts of all to give according to their ability, and may this delightful plan interest the prayers of all Christians to whom it is known. May those who are selected for the instructresses, be eminently qualified for their arduous undertaking. Impart unto them adequate wisdom, patience, meekness, self-denial, deadness to the world, active zeal, and Christian humility. O Lord, the hearts of all are in thy hands. O turn them to thee, and let grace, mercy, and peace abound every where, and assimilate this world to the heavens above, where storms never rise, nor tempests blow, but where tranquillity and love for ever reign. Amen.

LETTER TO MISS N. K. OF NEWBURY PORT.

Beverly, April, 1814.

Last Sabbath, my dear Nancy, Mr D. preached his valedictory discourse from Acts xx. 25, 26, 27. It was

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very solemn and affecting. "Farewell," said he at the close, "Farewell, these hallowed courts; farewell, this sacred desk; farewell forever!" I do not know that I ever spent a more mournful Sabbath. A thousand tender reflections and feelings with their accumulated weight rent my heart with anguish, and almost overwhelmed me. My conflicting emotions were past the power of description, known only to God and myself. It is, my dear cousin, a very solemn consideration, that every sermon we hear, every pious letter we receive from our friends, every prayer that is offered, and every good observation dropped within our hearing, extend their influences through the countless ages of eternity. O then, can we fail to apply them in all their energy to our souls, and faithfully consider and improve them as talents put into our hands? O, should they rise up in judgment against us, and enhance our future condemnation, how dreadfully aggravated would be our misery. How much better would it have been for us to have been ignorant Hottentots, wandering in the desert wilds of Africa, without a Bible, without a pious minister or friend; nay, how much better had it been for us had we never been born. O my cousin, eternal things imperiously demand our solemn attention, and profound consideration. The tribunal of God will ere long be erected, to which we are amenable for every thought, word, and action, and from which there can be no appeal. O that then our unworthy names may appear written in the Lamb's book of life. O what strange and amazing things will that day bring to light! How much wickedness perpetrated in secret, how many enormous crimes which sought the darkness of the night for their covering, and how many unblazoned deeds of charity, and labours of love will then be revealed. There

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the widow with her two mites receives a gracious commendation, and infinite remuneration; and all who have emulated her example from evangelical motives, with all who have in the most humble and retired manner evinced their love to Immanuel, by advancing his cause in any degree and way, shall then be elevated to seats of immortal glory and stupendous bliss.

O my dear cousin, shall we not be Christians? Shall we not love the Lord Jesus, who became poor that we might be made rich; who left heaven that he might prepare the way for our going thither, who left the homage of angels and archangels, that we might be raised to the fruition of their holy society, who died on the cross of Calvary, that we might be rescued from the second death, and blessed with endless life? O that our stony hearts were transformed into flesh, that they might be susceptable of ardent love to the immaculate Saviour, and a relish for spiritual things. Much of our time is gone to waste. Many precious years we have spent in sin; and except we repent, we may soon sigh for a moment of probation, "which worlds want wealth to buy." We stand on the borders of the eternal world. Let us deposit our treasures and our heart in the court of heaven, and we shall have an unfailing source of comfort, the foundations of which, the united assaults of earth and hell can never undermine. And when the heavens shall be dissolved, the elements melt with fervent heat, the world be in flames, Christ appearing in the clouds with a glorious retinue of angels, the last trumpet giving the awful signal, and the nations springing from their dusty and watery graves, *then, then* we may lift up our heads with joy, knowing that our redemption draweth nigh.

I am your affectonate cousin. F. WOODBURY.

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LETTER TO MISS B. K. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, April 12, 1813.

I THANK you, my dear Betsy, for your very obliging letter; and if mine could be any compensation for it, I should address you with much more alacrity than I do at present. How do you enjoy your mind? Does your soul prosper? Alas! If you were to ask me the same question, I should give you a most mournful answer. I should expatiate with reiterated sighs, on my own vileness, worthlessness, darkness, and despondency. But why these complaints? Why am I stupid and dejected? Yonder is the fountain of living waters, and that river, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. There stands Gilead's Physician, with his healing balm, tendering life, light, salvation, and glory to perishing worms, till his head is filled with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night. O where is my faith? "Lord I believe; help thou my unbelief." How desirable it is to have some sweet perceptions of the amiableness, the grace, and glory of the Lamb of God, and to feel these stubborn hearts melting into compunction, gratitude, and love. JESUS! let our inmost souls vibrate with rapturous wonder and adoring love at the mention of his name! JESUS! transportingly glorious, and amazing word, which no mortal dialect can adequately explain, no inhabitant of earth fully understand. Be it music to our ears, and celestial joy to our hearts, the frequent theme of our delightful meditation and grateful praises. Well might the martyr Lambert's motto be, "None but Christ,—none but Christ." And surely if love to his master brought him to the stake, the earthly flame did but purify, enlarge, and immorta-

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lize it, by introducing him to that land, where he displays his consummate excellencies and captivating charms without a veil. Well might the antient church of God break out in melodious songs of praise as she looked through the shades of night, and discerned his star in the east. Well might the hearts of the disciples, going to Emmaus, burn within them, as Jesus joined them, and poured his heavenly instructions and consolations into their listening minds. Well might the apostle Paul delight to rehearse his name again and again, and load it with encomiums; and, after all, could not honour, exalt, and magnify him as he deserves. And well may angels and archangels fall obsequious at his feet, and render him the homage of their most cheerful obedience, and acclamations of praise. "O how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty!" How stupendous his love! how glorious his person and character! Good night, my dear Betsy.

Monday, April 12. Your recent society has succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and embraces a much larger sphere than I dared to anticipate. I do not think you will want for pecuniary aid, because it so deeply interests so many generous hearts. It is most astonishing, that a taste for worthless superfluities and external decorations should so greatly prevail in the generality of females. How much more ornamental is *a meek and quiet spirit,* and modest apparel, in conjunction with good works! Methinks we should grudge every cent expended in trifles, when there are so many ways of using property, by which we may do honour to our Christian profession, and glorify our heavenly Father. How much more satisfaction is there in visiting the afflicted cot of poverty, than in hours spent in the

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wearisome, criminal labours of the toilette, or nights of glittering ostentation, and infatuated hilarity in the ball-room. O for hearts dilated with love to God, and benevolence to the whole human race! O for a just appreciation of the inestimable worth of *moments*, and a noble indifference to all the allurements and vanities of this lower world! O that our sex may arise to true dignity and substantial honour, and be illustrious for suavity of dispositions, feminine deportment, and deeds of piety and charity! Who does not pity Egypt's beautiful and dissolute Cleopatra, swallowing the costly pearl? Who does not benignantly wish she had possessed the beauties of the mind, and the sweet and amiable virtues and piety of the Lady Jane Gray? Then would her name have appeared in the archives of history, not with the merited infamy now attached to it, but with a pure, and honourable, and dignified splendour. Who does not pity the numerous females of the present day, who, lost to the pleasures of literature, and the spiritual joys of religion, are grovelling in the eager pursuit of vanity and "trifles, lighter than air." O may a Rowe and a More ere long illumine this western world; and especially, may thousands and tens of thousands forsake their worthless employments and pleasures, and, with humble love and zeal, go "about *doing good.*"

When you get near to God in prayer, O do not forget your unworthy correspondent, nor the dear destitute church in this place.

I am, my beloved Betsy, your most obliged and affectionate friend,

FANNY.

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LETTER TO MRS M. ATWOOD OF HAVERHILL.

Beverly, April 9, 1813.

I FEAR it will be presumption in me, my dear Mrs A. to address you; but the painful anxiety and tender feelings of my heart must be my apology. My particular object in writing, is to request you to let me know soon, whether you have received letters from your much beloved and far distant daughter; and, if you have not, whether you can assign any reason for it. Whatever letters you may have at present, or in future, from her, and will be kind enough to transmit to me to peruse, shall be speedily returned; and I shall feel myself under very great obligations to you. I hardly dare to hope she will write to *worthless me,* though I should value a few lines, written by her own dear hand, more than silver or gold. It is unnecessary to say, she was one of my *first* and *best beloved* friends. Attachments formed in youth, and when minds are religiously disposed, are not easily broken. The affection that now animates my breast, shall never be eradicated but with death; nay, if ever I land on Canaan's peaceful shore, it shall glow with a purified, exalted, and immortal flame, where kindred spirits meet to part no more, and Jesus is all in all. Then the parting hand, the last embrace, the heaving sigh, the falling tear, are known no more forever. May I meet thee there, my Harriet, and mingle beatific sympathies and praises, where our souls shall be cemented together in the most ineffable, indissoluble bonds, and our humble voices unite with the musicians before the throne, in ascribing all glory and honour to the slain Lamb. Let this thought console our desponding hearts, my much loved Harriet, and stimulate us, not only to make our

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calling and election sure, but add new and continually increasing lustre to that crown of glory that fadeth not away. Yours is the privilege of moving in a very important and extensive sphere of usefulness, though it is connected with complicated and manifold hardships, privations, and troubles. Your path may be strewed with briers and thorns, which will not fail to lacerate the flesh, and wound your tender heart. But be of good cheer, you will also find here and there a clustre of the grapes of Eschol, and now and then you will enjoy a Bethel season, and be rapt with a view of the glories of Tabor.* May your life glide peacefully and usefully away, under the peculiar auspices of an ever present Friend; and may your setting sun be unobscured by a single cloud. Though towering mountains, impervious forests, and mighty oceans, may part our mortal frames, yet our mutual friendship shall still retain its vigour, and our souls shall have sweet interviews at the mercy-seat. And may the Holy Spirit there breathe on us the salubrious air of heaven, give us delightful antepasts of immortal glory, and at length bring us to those happier climes, where amity and love are consummated, and eternized; where faith shall be superseded by vision, and hope by fruition; where the beauties and glories of Immanuel shall enamour every heart, and praises to his name harmoniously reverberate on every lip. Till then, adieu, my sister, friend of my soul.

Excuse, my dear Mrs Atwood, this rambling digression. I did not intend it, and had quite forgotten I was writing to her amiable mother. I have written her one letter, and fain would hope she has it. The emotions which

* Supposed to be the mount of transfiguration. See Mat. xvii.

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agitated my heart, and suffused my eyes in tears while writing it, are not to be described. Imagination recalled to mind those scenes "and joys departed, never to return," together with the painful event of our separation, and the idea that I must see her face no more, till eternity opened its amazing prospects to our views; these, with many other considerations, all combined, and melted my obdurate heart into the most exquisite tenderness. I shall omit no opportunity of writing, and wish there were more frequent conveyances of letters to her place of residence.

I fear, my dear Mrs A. I have awakened many painful feelings in your bosom, as well as in my own, by what I have written. If I have, do forgive my inadvertence, and resume peace and tranquillity.

Another subject that lies much on my heart, is the reformation. Has it reached your parish? I hope you will have the joy to witness the wonders of conquering grace and almighty love. May the Lord make bare his arm, snatch stupid sinners from impending destruction, liberate them from their bondage to the grand enemy of souls, and put a new song into their mouths, even praise to his name. How animating to see poor dead sinners raised to immortal life and salvation, and extolling and admiring the free grace of their glorious Deliverer. How delightful to behold the dear youth renouncing sin and vanity, travelling with vigour and alacrity the road to Zion, and with ravished hearts singing hossannas to the Prince of peace. O for a shower of divine grace on all parts of our land. O for another day of Pentecost, when thousands shall become the voluntary servants of Christ, and rehearse his wonders far and wide, and make these regions ring with hallelujahs to his name. O for the

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millennial day of love, peace, joy, and grace, when the contending nations of the earth shall drop their divisions, animosities, and envies, and harmoniously unite in one general chorus of praise to the Lamb. Then shall Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God, "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose," and all flesh see the salvation of God. The hut of the Hottentot shall then contain a Bible, be irradiated with the smiles of the Sun of righteousness, and offer to Heaven continual incense of prayer and adoration. Then shall this world, now shaken to its centre with strange revolutions and portentous convulsions, the fruits of sin, and the resemblance of hell—then shall it be an Eden, flowing with luxuriant flowers, spontaneous delights, and the beauties of holiness. Delightful, heavenly day, when wilt thou dawn?

My original intention was to have written a billet; but it has grown into a long letter. Please to excuse it, and my manifold imperfections. Present my respects to Mr D. hope his health will be re-established, and that he will have the joy to see his labours of love made effectual to the salvation of many immortal souls. Be so kind as to remember me to Mrs G. wish she would make us a visit, and you likewise. Love to your daughters; may you have the joy to see them walking in the truth.

Requesting a remembrance in your prayers, and a few lines from you soon, and wishing you the enjoyment of your covenant God, I conclude.

Your most obedient and affectionate friend,

FANNY WOODBURY.

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LETTER TO MISS C. G. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, April 15, 1813.

WELL, my dear Charlotte, how do you do? Does that peace of mind, which passeth understanding, cement Heaven and your soul together in indissoluble bonds; and are you abounding in the work of the Lord? I trust this is your happy case; but let me tell you, it is not the case with your unworthy Fanny. Oh no. I am immersed in stupidity and coldness, and conversant with doubts and fears. Pray, my dear Charlotte, that I may not be deceived in some fatal snare, some refuge of lies, by which Satan beguiles and destroys unwary souls. O that I may be enabled to avoid his nets, to repel his shafts, and to escape his subtile machinations. Blessed Jesus, thou who knowest what temptations mean, O gird me with the gospel armour; and from thy unfailing treasures communicate all needful strength and grace to the most worthless of thy creatures; enable me to fight manfully under thy protecting banner against every assailing foe; every darling lust, and prove myself a good soldier in the spiritual warfare, and come off more than conqueror through thy assisting love. Is it not, my dear friend, of vast importance, that we should be, not only in theory, but in *experience* and *practice,* acquainted with the sublime truths of religion; that we should not only come *near* to the kingdom of heaven, but that we should be real members of it? Alas! how many are there in the visible church, whose superficial medley religion attempts to unite God and mammon. How many pay tithe of mint and annis, and strenuously contend for the circumstantials of religion, while they omit the weightier matters of the law, and thus evince, that there is "no light in them." How many, who will renounce some sins, and do "many

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things" * in religion, who yet must retain their Herodias, their favourite lusts. But they must all come short of heaven; and their delusive hopes will perish as the spider's web, when the Almighty takes away their souls. Fallacious are all our expectations of future bliss, unless in concomitance with that evangelical faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and is prolific of good works. The religion of the blessed Jesus leaves not its sincere votary under the dominion of unrepented sin. When once it is seated in the heart, every Dagon† is dethroned, every thing that comes in competition with it is renounced, the love of all sin eradicated, and the favourite easily besetting sin resolutely resisted, and discarded, though it be painful as the amputation of the right hand, or plucking out the right eye. Then the soul is rivetted, and in some humble degree assimilated to the blessed Jesus; supreme love to God has the ascendancy in the heart, producing a love of affectionate complacency to all who bear his image, and a benevolent love to the whole human race. And when holy feelings and dispositions are implanted in the heart, they will invariably be attended with a humble, meek, contented, heavenly, useful, and pious deportment, and a well regulated conversation. O who would not be a Christian? Much more to be desired is the cheerful pious cot of poverty, reverberating with prayers and praise to Heaven, than the glittering palaces of monarchs, from which Jesus and his salvation are excluded.

> "Happy, ye poor, who know your Bible true,
> A truth Voltaire, though learned, never knew;
> And in that charter read with sparkling eyes,
> Your title to a treasure in the skies."

* Mark vi. 20. † 1 Sam. v. 3.

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O let me have my lot with the despised followers of the Lamb of God.

> "May but his grace my soul renew,
> Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
> The word that saves me does engage
> A sure defence from all their rage."

I am much gratified to hear of the organization of the recent Society in Bradford, and ardently hope it will prosper under the smiles of Heaven, and be the means of imparting knowledge and instruction to many illiterate children, and making them wise to salvation. I think those who are well qualified, and designated instructresses, will have peculiar opportunities of doing good, and advancing the interests of that kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Their employment, though arduous, and involving great responsibility, is nevertheless honourable, delightful, and useful. I hope they will be females of singular religious attainments, eminent especially for patience, self-denial, and humility; and may all their exertions, and those of the Society, be blessed to the everlasting benefit of many immortal souls, and thus redound to the glory of God.

I regret, myself only considered, that Miss S. is one selected for the intended undertaking, as I can scarcely endure the idea of a separation, so much do I love her. However, as there is no alternative, I rejoice there is a prospect of her usefulness; and time and distance cannot eradicate our reciprocal friendship, which will its vigour, and vent itself in prayers and letters, when personal interviews are impracticable.

Surely it is time for all who sustain the name of Christians to be vigorously engaged for the demolition of Satan's kingdom, and the enlargement and universal es-

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tablishment of that "kingdom which is not of this world." O, if we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and felt the ineffable worth of salvation, and the melting love of Jesus in our souls, shall we not glow with zeal to glorify our heavenly Deliverer, and promote his glorious cause.

Need I request my much loved friend to remember and write to her Fanny? Not that I could wish you to neglect more important duties; but when you have a few leisure moments, if you will improve them in faithfully instructing and reproving your stupid friend, you will confer on her a favour which she knows how to appreciate, and for which heaven, she trusts, will abundantly reward you. Your most obliged friend and sister,

FANNY.

LETTER TO MR A. F. AND MRS H. P. OF BRADFORD.

DEAR SIR, *Beverly, April* 16, 1813.

I SHALL readily avail myself of the liberty you have given me of writing to you, though I sensibly feel my unworthiness and incapacity, and fear my communication will not merit a perusal. A conviction of your superior wisdom and knowledge would preclude the humble efforts of my inexperienced pen, did not your well known candour give me encouragement. Much do I thank you for your few short lines; and more satisfaction would they have afforded me, had they come without the attendant information, that sickness had again debilitated your frame, again confined you to the bed of languishment. I hope, however, that your soul is in health and prospers, and that as your outward man decays, your inner man gains strength and vigour. I trust you enjoy spiritual

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communion with your covenant God, and that as the streams run low, you drink more copiously of the Fountain; and now and then from Pisgah's summit obtain a sweet perspective of the heavenly Canaan, flowing with delectable blessings and ever blooming glories; where the favoured "inhabitants shall no more say I am sick." You have long been conversant with pain and imbecility of body, and have learned in the school of adversity many a profitable lesson, for which you have reason to respire with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." These frequent indispositions are mementos of that sententious truth, which Philip, a Macedonian Monarch, ordered to be pronounced in his hearing every morning, "*Remember thou art mortal.*"

Yes, it is a truth, a solemn truth, enforced by the word of God, and the death of thousands every hour. Let it sink deep into my heart, abate the love of life and this innate attachment to sublunary things, and stimulate to preparation for death; that when my Lord shall come, I may be ready to sit down at the marriage supper. How joyful ought we to be, that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and will do all his pleasure in the armies of heaven above, and among the inhabitants of the earth. He superintends and governs all created beings, from the highest archangel to the smallest ephemera that floats in the air; and all circumstances and events are at his controul, and made subservient to the promotion of his grand designs. He orders the rise and fall of empires, the revolutions and convulsions of kingdoms, and all the tremendous commotions which agitate this nether world. He raises monarchs to their thrones, and deposes them to a level with their meanest vassals. He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up, maketh rich and maketh

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poor, as he sees best. From his exalted throne in the heavens, encircled with radiant majesty and glory, he stoops to behold the things done on this low soil. He passes by the envied courts of princes, and glittering palaces of kings, and condescendingly graces with his presence the little hut of poverty, and feasts its pious inhabitants with "fat things, wine on the lees well refined," imperishable and satisfactory, "which nothing earthly gives or can destroy." Happy, superlatively happy mortals! Though you were neglected and despised by all men, treated as the off-scouring of all things, destitute of the comforts and necessaries of life, and combating with diversified insults, hardships, and calamities, yet would I congratulate you; for God and heaven are yours; peace and serenity tranquillize your hearts, and sit smiling on your brow; and you are candidates for a crown of glory that fadeth not away, and heirs of a kingdom immortal in the skies. Ere long you shall drop sin, pollution, and sorrow, and rise to shining seats of celestial bliss; where you shall be kings and priests unto God, when earthly crowns and sceptres shall be demolished, and when terrestrial honours, pleasures, and emoluments, shall be lost in one general mass of indiscriminate ruin.

Recollecting to whom I am writing, I restrain the sallies of imagination, drop my pen, and respectfully bid you adieu. FANNY WOODBURY.

How do you do, my dear Mrs P.? You appeared when you wrote to have been rather disconsolate and depressed. I hope you have ere this time resumed your wonted vivacity, and been favoured with the cheering presence of the holy Comforter. I hope you have frequent and delightful intercourse with heaven, and soul refreshing views of

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Jesus and his salvation: O to rise above these puerile vanities and insipid pleasures, to leave the world behind, and stretch after God and immortality, how pleasant and desirable. This is not our home. O no; it is polluted with sin, and embittered with sorrow. We are on a short journey through it, and therefore bare accommodations are all we need—all we must expect. We are all pilgrims and strangers here, having no continuing city, but seeking one to come, whose builder and maker is God. There eternal youth and unwithering spring flourish beyond the reach of the corroding hand of time and death. There millions of delights and glories, far surpassing our conceptions, bless the sainted spirit, and excite continual songs of praise. O may we be ambitious to bear a humble part in the employments and enjoyments of that blessed world. Why should we be so attached to these low regions of sin and vanity? O why should we grovel among the worms of the dust, when we might hourly feast on soul satisfying delights and the banquet of angels? The glories of heaven attractingly display their ravishing charms, and yet we are sad from day to day, and cry, "My leanness! my leanness!" O for a sweet view of the immortal beauties and perfections of Immanuel. O for a heart smitten with his love, and enraptured with his excellencies, and entirely enamoured and captivated with his charms. O my dear friend, shall we not love, adore, and extol the Saviour of sinners; and shall we not strive to recommend him to our fellow mortals and spread the sweet savour of his name? And O! when this mortal life expires, may we see him as he is, in the full blaze of his glory, and dwell beneath his beatific smiles in cloudless day.

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Does the reformation decline? I hope not. I am very solicitous to hear of the confirmation of your health, which you said was not good, and likewise of the restoration of Mr P.'s. May the blessing of Heaven rest on your dwelling, and make it indeed a happy Bethel. Will not a little excursion be beneficial to your health, if Mr P. and you should be able? We should be glad to see you here, and hope we shall have that gratification before long. However, write every opportunity, and do not forget me at the throne of grace. With wishing you a happy sabbath, and a seat at the feet of Jesus, I subscribe myself your most obliged and grateful friend, FANNY.

LETTER TO MISS C. G. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, April 1813.

YOUR very interesting communication,* my dearly beloved Charlotte, has been perused, and re-perused with much solicitude and tender feeling; and for it I return you my most cordial thanks. *These dear precious children,*—O what an account have you given! what a picture have you drawn! My heart, though adamantine, softens and sinks within me as it takes an excursion to Haver-

* This communication was concerning the children under the patronage of the PHILENDIAN SOCIETY. The object of this Society is to afford instruction, especially religious instruction, to such children as are very poor, and have been favoured with very little, if any instruction, either in the family, in the school-house, or in the sanctuary. Such children, alas! there are in many places in our country. The Philendian Society, formed May 1813, has been signally blessed. Its members, who belong principally to Haverhill and Bradford, have set a noble example, which, it is hoped, will be extensive and successfully imitated.

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hill and Byfield. Dear children! I commisserate, and fain would I meliorate your deplorable condition. But *you must, you will* be snatched from ignorance, vice, and wretchedness, and roused to respectability, usefulness, and felicity. Methinks, I already see you decently clad, your eyes sparkling with joy and gratitude, and swallowing the words of instruction with docility and avidity. Shall I not hope, that some of you will learn the sweet language of Canaan, and commence your journey to the New Jerusalem, with glowing ardour, and immortal rapture—with the songs of Zion bursting from your lips? O that you may be enabled to consecrate your youthful years to God, live the lives of heaven-born souls, imbibe the temper of the meek and lowly Jesus, triumph in his propitious smiles and transcendent glories; and when you pass the vale of death, may the portals of Paradise open to your view, and admit your enraptured souls to boundless beauties and immortal delights.

O my Charlotte, why are not Christians engaged? O for that heaven-inspired zeal, which constantly appeared in our great Exemplar, and which animated the breast of Paul, when he flew, with almost seraphic speed, from house to house, and place to place, on the errands of everlasting love. O when shall we be all *all life, all activity*, in the cause of our dear Redeemer—all philanthropy, love, and humility? O when shall we feel the unutterable worth of souls, and compassionately exert ourselves for their good? When shall we be crucified to the world, and the world to us, forget our wicked selves, and employ every power and talent we possess for the promotion of Zion's interests, the advancement of Immanuel's kingdom? O when!——But let me not implicate you. I speak for myself. O when shall this awfully selfish, vile heart,

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drink deeply into the love of Jesus, and embrace a world of immortal souls, and glow with gratitude, love, and zeal, in that *precious, glorious* cause, for which Jesus bled on Calvary, and which is the only object worth living for? O I think I do long to do good. I could fly to the dear little cots in Newbury, display to them the awfully tremendous threatenings of the law, and the soul-ravishing charms of the gospel, and the worth of their never-dying souls, and direct them to that Saviour, whom to know aright is eternal life.

I send you one mite; and my heart heaves with a sigh that I can do more. Were I possessed of Indies of gold, I should not be at a loss how to spend it. But had I more, perhaps it would only pamper my lusts. However, I wish I might never spend another cent in superfluities. O how much good might I do! Do pray that I may not be a cumberer of the ground. FANNY.

LETTER TO MISS S. K. OF WENHAM.

April, or May, 1813.

How does your soul do this morning, my dear Sally? Did not your waking eyes salute the first dawn? and did not the aspirations of your heart ascend to Him that seeth in secret, and is Lord of the Sabbath day? Have you not taken an excursion with me to Gethsemane and Calvary? and did not your heart dissolve in compunction, love, and gratitude, at the melting scenes there exhibited? Have you been on the summit of Tabor, and been favoured with a soul ravishing view of the beauties and glories of the incarnate God? And have you enjoyed the sweets of communion with God, and had intimate access to the throne of grace? Except we know something of

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these views and feelings, we are not genuine Christians. If we would be saved at last, we must know religion, not only in theory, but in experience and practice. In vain do we call Christ, Lord, Lord, if we are not careful to do the things which he commands, and adorn our profession with the fruits of the Spirit. In vain do we retain the form of godliness, if we do not feel its renovating and invigorating power in our souls, stimulating us to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this evil world; not conformed to its wicked customs and fashions, but transformed by the renewing of our minds, after our great Exemplar. Eternal truth hath said, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," and, "the friendship of the world is enmity with God." God and mammon are at eternal variance; and fruitless are all endeavours to form a coalition. One or the other must have the supremacy in our hearts, and receive our service. God will admit no competitor. He will either have the primary place in our affections, or none at all. Those who make religion only a secondary object, performing those duties to which they are naturally most inclined, but avoiding those which are self-denying and arduous, and retaining their favourite lusts and darling sins, however orthodox their sentiments and strict their forms, and however bright their hopes of heaven may be, they are under a most awful delusion, and will be undeceived in eternity, if not in time. It is to be feared there are many *almost*-Christians, who are not far from the kingdom of God, but who never enter it. But when once the kingdom of Jesus is established in the soul, down falls the Dagon before it, the beloved Herodias is renounced, the vanities and delights of the world are trampled upon, the affections allured to Jesus, grace reigns in

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the heart, and "the beauties of holiness" regulate and decorate the life. Do we, my dear Sally, know any thing of this internal change of heart, without which none can enter into the kingdom of heaven? Have we seen ourselves poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked; —felt the innate opposition of our hearts to God and his holy law, and trembled under Sinai's fiery thunders, in awful expectation of everlasting destruction? Have we been brought to throw down the weapons of our rebellion, to bow cordially to the sceptre of Jesus, and take refuge in the ark of safety? Have our hearts been smitten with the love of Jesus? and, having felt the inefficacy of our own righteousness, do we cordially rely on his merits for justification before God? Forgetting the things that are behind, do we reach after them that are before, and press after greater conformity to God, and increasing holiness in heart and life? Do we love to pour out our hearts to God in secret prayer? and does each passing day attest our humility, patience, heavenly-mindedness, and devotion to God? Do we love the society of lively Christians, and the word of God? and do we love to converse most on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God?

O my cousin, can we answer these questions with truth in the affirmative? If so, we will dismiss our desponding doubts and fears, and travel with alacrity and zeal the road to Zion. But if not, we have great reason to conclude we are yet impenitent and unconverted, and stand obnoxious to the wrath of an incensed God. Do let us examine our hopes, and see whether they will stand the test. All terrestrial things are evanescent, as the morning cloud and early dew; and eternal realities imperiously demand our solemn attention. Ere long we

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must close our eyes on all below, and enter on an untried and unchangeable state of retribution. O, how shall we feel, when we leave all mortal things, and the light of eternity shall burst on our astonished souls! What momentous realities; what amazing wonders will open to our view, and interest, unspeakably interest, our disembodied spirits!—Eternity! what a word is *eternity!* When this terraqueous globe shall be one general mass of fire, when time shall be no more, our souls shall live in eternity. Millions and millions of ages hence, they shall flourish immortal in the New Jerusalem, or be sinking deeper and deeper in the fire that never shall be quenched. We are now preparing for one of these states. We are forming characters, which shall decide our future destiny, and we are enjoying privileges, which will extend their influence to eternal ages. Through an endless duration we may take a retrospective view of the moments we are now spending, and that with ineffable joy or sorrow. O that I could find language, that would adequately convey to you the feelings of my heart! Could I use the dialect of eternity, how would I pourtray these everlasting truths and realities, in awful solemnity and emphasis, suited to their magnitude and importance! May the Spirit of the Lord write them upon our hearts, and cause us habitually to live and act under their impression! O, my cousin! let our conduct be in reference to that tremendous day, which shall assemble the sleeping nations in one vast concourse, produce the archives of eternity, reveal the secrets of every heart, and decide the final condition of every individual. Now let us awake from our guilty slumbers, and improve every remaining moment in the service of our Maker. Let us evince our attachment to Immanuel, by our readiness to

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every good word and work. Let us live as strangers and pilgrims here, crucified to the world, and the world to us. Let us deposit our hopes, our hearts, and our treasures in heaven, and live the lives of heaven-born souls. What though we incur the charge of enthusiasm or superstition; if we suffer for righteousness sake, happy are we; and if we cannot endure the obloquy and ridicule of a wicked world, surely we are not worthy the name of Christians. O let us be ambitious of that honour which cometh from God, and dare to be singularly good in this lukewarm time, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and living the life of heaven upon earth, that others may take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus, and learnt of him.

That you may be an honour to your Christian profession, a blessing to your friends, society, and the world, and at length be introduced to a state of rich and transporting glories, where Jesus is all in all, is the wish of your friend,

FANNY.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS B. P. OF DANVERS.

Beverly, May 5, 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

CHRISTIAN friendship, endeared by coincidence of sentiment and long habits of intimate familiarity, is one of the most delightful and inestimable privileges indulged us in these adverse climes. Though it subjects us to many painful and delicate sensibilities, yet its concomitant sweets and delights vastly preponderate. It sheds benignant lustre on our pilgrim-state, and strews the thorny path of life with delectable flowers. The mines of Potosi,

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the wealth of Indies, " a world, in purchase for a friend is gain." Of how much greater importance then, is the friendship of Him who is infinite in love and goodness, and who gives eternal life to all his friends. If it be desirable to form an attachment with the wise and good of our fellow mortals, O how immensely desirable is an indissoluble union with the wonderful Counsellor, the Father of light, and God of all comfort, wisdom, power, and perfection. What an indubitable proof has he given of his love to us, in that he died for us, while we were enemies. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend. But he, who claims an equality with the Father, possessed of all divine attributes and excellencies, condescended to veil his deity in humanity, inhabit our wretched earth, and die on Calvary's rugged summit, for those who had rebelled against his righteous government, trampled on his laws, and abused his grace. He left the bosom of his heavenly Father, that we might sweetly recline on it; he for a while relinquished the adoration of the heavenly hosts, that we might be elevated to their beatific society; he resigned the joys and glories of heaven, that we might be raised to their fruition; he became poor, that we might be made rich; he bled, and groaned, and died, that he might extract the sting of death, and open the portals of paradise.

O shall not our souls glow with love and ardour in his dear cause, and strive to magnify and extol the riches of his grace? His cause is dear, unspeakably dear to his heart, and shall prevail. Though now it seems almost expiring, yet, like the fabled Phœnix, it shall emerge from its obscurity, and shine with renovated lustre and increasing beauty. Blessed are all they who love and promote this blessed cause, and whose interests are blended with

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the interests of Zion. Blessed are those who are emancipated from spiritual Egypt, and steering their course to Canaan, with songs of rejoicing and shouts of praise. Ere long shall their tiresome wanderings terminate, and, in "the swellings of Jordan," the land of promise shall open to their view, with all its exuberant beauties and unwithering joys.

Respecting the general conversation of convivial parties, I perfectly agree with you, that it is desultory, unprofitable, and unsatisfactory. O when shall we all learn to converse on things pertaining to the kingdom of God, wherewith one may edify another?

I conclude you are in a school; and much do I wish you grace to enable you to discharge its complicated and arduous duties to the acceptance of your God.

Your very affectionate and obliged friend,

FANNY WOODBURY.

NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY.

June 6, 1813.

How do you do, my dear friend, after your tedious walk? I feel quite miserably in body; but not more so than I foreboded. However, I do love the place where prayer is wont to be made; and, considering only myself, I could cheerfully make many sacrifices, and bear many crosses, to enjoy the precious privilege. O how sweet to encircle the throne of grace, and unitedly supplicate the favour of the great supreme. How incomparably preferable to the ceremonious, promiscuous visits, so much in vogue; whose only object seems to be to throw time away in vain insipid conversation. Does it not grieve your heart to meet with those who profess religion, whose

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tongues run freely on worldly themes, but are still when things pertaining to the kingdom of God are advanced? Perhaps too they may suggest that they have not the gift that some have, and cannot talk upon their feelings, &c. We know there is a variety of different talents; but is it probable, or even possible, that one who has felt the power of religion, and can talk volubly upon common-place subjects, should seldom or never expatiate on the beauties of the divine Saviour, the character of God, the worth of the soul, the cause of Zion, and the exercises of his own heart.

Do write *very soon* upon this subject; for it has exceedingly interested, and grieved my heart. FANNY.

LETTER TO MISS B. P. OF DANVERS.

Beverly, June 9, 1813.

THE Christian life, my dear Betsy, is a warfare, a continual conflict. If we have renounced allegiance to sin and Satan, and enlisted under the banners of the Prince of peace, we have engaged in a war against three potent enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil. We have to fight, not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places—foes, malicious, numerous, invisible, and indefatigable. If Satan could spare a legion of his subtle emissaries to infest one poor man, he must have a vast number under his controul, all ready to execute his orders. From Scripture we learn, that he possesses very great power, virulence, and turpitude; and surely he knows how to avail himself of them to the greatest advantage. He will not fail to suit his temptations to all our various circumstances; and being

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acquainted with our most vulnerable part, he will continually exert himself to effectuate our ruin. If we have been emancipated from his iron bondage, though he cannot indeed pluck us out of our Redeemer's hands, yet will he endeavour to ensnare, worry, and harass our souls, and impede our progress. If he cannot prevent our entering heaven at last, yet he will strew the road that leads thither with prickly briars and goading thorns. If he cannot make us leave the narrow path, yet he will do his utmost to make us travel slowly, heavily, and despondingly, and make us continual work for sorrow and repentance. If one stratagem fails, he will try a second; and if that, a third; and so unwearied are his attempts and machinations, that he is called "a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour;" and if his power were not circumscribed by One stronger than he, we had long since been in utter despair and destruction. But blessed be God, he is a vanquished enemy, and cannot go a hair's breadth beyond the permission of the sinner's Friend. Ah! ye tempted followers of the Lamb, why do you go on so mournfully the road to Zion? Though now and then your adversary gains a temporary conquest, and insultingly menaces your total ruin, yet listen not to his wiles, regard not his threats, nor tamely give up all for lost. But rather collect and renew your forces, array yourselves in the panoply of the gospel, and set your faces as a flint against every opposing power. Fear not. The Lion of the tribe of Judah will infallibly prevail. He will clothe you with armour; he will lead you forth to battle; he will protect you in every conflict, and enable you to perform exploits; and eventually bring you off more than conquerors. His name is JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins. Precious name!

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sublimely replete with the most glorious and mysterious excellencies. Eternal life, salvation, and blessedness, are wonderfully comprised in it; greater than the mind of man can conceive, or human language describe. It is a sweet emollient for the lacerated conscience, a healing balm for the wounded heart. It opens a gleam of hope to the returning prodigal, discovers exuberant beauties and transporting glories to his enraptured eyes, and directs his march to Canaan's rest. It alleviates the pangs of sickness, and pours benignant radiance on the valley of death. Transcendantly delightful name! beyond the explanation of the inhabitants of time. Its rich and amazing import is more adequately known in the regions of cloudless day—of everlasting light. IMMANUEL! JESUS! Ye hoary heads, silvered with years, and furrowed with sorrows, and just ready to repose in the slumbers of the grave, O let this name reverberate on your closing lips, and animate your souls with more than mortal joys, as they take their happy flight to congenial climes. And you young immortals and prattling children, let your stammering tongues learn to reiterate it with hearts touched with sacred fire, and be nobly ambitious to engage in that angelic employment, which commences in time, and runs parallel with the ages of eternity. Christians, lose not your temper and your time about empty forms and notions, but let this name be the animating theme of your social converse and retired contemplations; and as oft as it vibrates on your tongues, and pervades your minds, let your hearts burn within you with extatic fire, and your affections soar to worlds of light. Ah! ye poor deluded sinners, ye know not the felicity ye lose, while ye are strangers to praise, and ignorant of the harmony and rapture of this soul-reviving word. Awake,

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awake! and let your dormant powers vie with angels in adoringly celebrating this name, which all the host of heaven strive to extol and magnify in strains too sublimely grand for mortals to hear.

Write soon. Do not forget to love and pray for your affectionate and obliged, FANNY.

LETTER TO MISS S. P. B. OF LYNNFIELD.

Beverly, June 18, 1818.

I NEED your friendship, your correspondence, and your prayers; and I trust you will confer on me the precious boon. Surely we ought to exert ourselves to benefit each other in our wearisome journey through this thorny desert and waste howling wilderness. The portentous moment in which our first parents ate of the forbidden fruit, "brought death into the world and all our woe." It changed a garden of Eden into an Aceldama, "a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought and the shadow of death." It introduced war, carnage, and destruction, and all the variegated and complicated hardships and distresses under which nations bleed, and every individual more or less despondingly groans. It ushered in those envious and rebellious passions which exasperated Cain to embrue his hands in a brother's blood; and which have been the source of all the calamities and dire convulsions, and amazing revolutions which have taken place in the world. To these malignant passions, the consequences of that eventful moment, must be ascribed those intestine divisions and awful judgments which distract our beloved country, and those bloody wars, conflicting commotions, and heart appaling catastrophes, which cause nations to bleed at every pore, and agitate our globe to its very cen-

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tre. Ah, when we think of that deluge of iniquity, which seems to inundate our guilty land, and threatens to swallow in its vortex all that is amiable and good, do not our spirits droop within us, and our souls tremble for the ark of God? But the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; let the earth rejoice, and all its isles be glad. Our Jesus sits on the holy hill of Zion, swaying the sceptre of the universe, ordering and regulating all its affairs, "from seeming evil still educing good," and making the wrath of man to praise him, and all creatures and things subservient to the good of his church, and promotion of his kingdom. He will overturn, overturn, and overturn, till he shall reign king of nations as he is king of saints—till the standard of the cross is erected in heathen climes, and his kingdom swallows up every other kingdom, and embraces all the nations of the earth. Precious thought! Do we not delight, with an eye of faith, to look over the lofty mountains of superstition, vice, infidelity, error, and immorality, to that glorious era of light and love, of joy and triumph, of peace and tranquillity? O for another day of Pentecost, when all shall be of one heart and one soul, when great grace shall be upon all believers, and when multitudes shall throng the gates of Zion, and with joy and gratitude smiling in their eyes, encircle the table of the dear Redeemer.

Have you, my friend, yet embraced the precious privilege with which Jesus has condescendingly indulged his humble followers, that of professing his dear name, and enjoying his covenant love? I regret that you had not, when last I heard. I should rejoice to hear that you had united yourself to a Christian church, and publicly avouched your attachment to Immanuel's cause, by "surnaming yourself by the name of Israel." Let me

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tell you, it is not only an important duty, but an inestimable privilege, tending to corroborate grace, to enliven faith and love, and awaken to penitence, humility, zeal, and obedience. O can we refuse this token of our affection to Him, who bled, and groaned, and died, that our poor souls might live forever! Ought we not at such a time to appear explicitly on the Lord's side, to come out and be separate from the world, and all its ensnareing amusements and wicked customs! My beloved friend, do let us be decided and consistent Christians. Most soothingly and irresistably does our Jesus speak, "Do this in remembrance of me." Where is the heart tinctured with grace, that is proof against this melting, dying command? Perhaps you might object, that you fear you are not a Christian. Examine then, and strive to ascertain your state. If you are unprepared for this duty, you are unprepared for death. And if you were now on a dying bed, would not the omission of this duty grieve and distress you? And let me just suggest, that this may be one cause of the doubts and fears that now trouble you; for God will honour them that honour him. I trust, my dear Miss B. that you are engaged in the cause of religion, and striving unremittingly to advance the interests of your dear Redeemer. O strive to extol and magnify his grace, and embrace every opportunity of recommending him to others.

The religion of many professors will not stand the test of scripture, nor of the final judgment. That religion which aims to unite God and mammon, would give half to God, and half to the world, and tries to retain the friendship of both; however well it may suit the carnal heart, and prevalent as it is, yet it is not the religion of the cross; it will never save our souls. The religion of

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Christ admits no mediocrity, no neutrality. It requires the whole heart, and all the energies of soul and body. It is incompatible with the friendship of the world; calls its votaries to be strangers and pilgrims here; to take up the cross and follow their Master, through evil report as well as through good report; to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly, looking for that rest which remains for the people of God.

O my friend, let us dare to be singularly good, convincing all around us that we have been with Jesus, and learned of him. If others are lukewarm, and say, "Spare thyself; there is no need of so much circumspection, self-denial, and zeal;" O let us beware of their base insinuations, and bear in mind, that "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" and not every one that says, "Lord, Lord," shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that does the will of God; and it is his will, that we should be always abounding in his work, redeeming the time, walking circumspectly, and serving him with fervency of spirit. Your very unworthy, though loving friend,

F. W.

LETTER TO MISS N. J. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, June, 1813.

THERE is, my dear Nancy, laid in Zion a precious corner Stone, a sure Foundation, upon which the church of God, and every individual believer is immoveably established. It is a Foundation, which affliction, persecution, and death, in all their most formidable terrors cannot shake, which the malice of earth and hell cannot undermine. Since its

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establishment, through a long course of wintry years, it has weathered the blasts and storms of its foes, and still it continues firmer than the pillars of the universe, and durable as eternity itself. This is the Rock; and its precious stability shall appear to admiring friends, and ruined enemies, when earthly sceptres, and crowns, and thrones, and kingdoms,—when this beautifully variegated globe, and all the sparkling luminaries of heaven shall be hurled into promiscuous ruin. When the angel's trump shall sublimely sound, and, as if seven thunders uttered their voices, penetrate the receptacles of the dead, and call the sleeping nations to the dread tribunal; when those who have builded on this Rock, shall meet in triumph at the right hand of their Judge, and those who have neglected and rejected it, on the left; then shall appear the superlative excellency and preciousness of this glorious Foundation. Is it not valuable? "No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls." The brilliant "topaz of Ethopia shall not equal it;" nay, its price is immensely above all the luxuriant delights and glittering baubles that earth can afford. Happy the soul fixed on this basis. Ruin, inevitable ruin, awaits all beside; and when the rain and storms descend, and beat upon the house built upon the sand, it shall tremendously fall, and its infatuated builder with it, into the abyss of wo.

How important then, my dear friend, that we know on what ground we stand. How important that we build upon that Rock, upon which millions have built who now sing in triumphant strains its worth and glory.

I do long to feel the attractions of that cross, "where God my Saviour loved and died;" and have my whole soul assimilated to him, who went about doing good. O how much might we do to benefit those around us in soul

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and body. And what sweet felicity vibrates in the philanthropic breast. Who, that has entered the unheeded hut of poverty, and poured the illuminating rays of divine truths on its illiterate inhabitants, witnessed their anxious tears, and heard their plaintive inquiring moans, as they tenderly listened to something wonderously new—who, that has supplied the wants of penury, and cheered the heart throbbing with misery—who, that has smoothed the sufferer's aching pillow, and taught him to seek durable riches and righteousness, and aspire after a crown unfading and eternal, in that world where sickness, sorrow, and death shall be known no more—who, that has tasted of the divine luxury, accompanying a sincere and unostentatious discharge of these duties, would relinquish it for seats of royalty and crowns of gold? Does it not grieve your heart, my dear Nancy, to hear some say in answer to inquiry, "I cannot go to Church for want of decent clothes, I have nothing to wear?" Ah, what shall be done? Must they bid adieu to the house of prayer, where God often meets with sinners, and makes them in earnest for the one thing needful? But if they took delight in the worship of the most High, would they not be willing to appear in his earthly courts, though in mean and homely apparel? I have sometimes thought, O that my ability were commensurate with my wishes! but then I check myself by reflecting, that if I had wealth at my disposal, I might spend it on my lusts. O for a spirit of weanedness from the world and devotion to God! Why do I sit still in slothful apathy, and spend my precious time in vain—a useless cumberer of the ground? Were I not awfully sunk in stupidity, my tears would bedew this paper, and mix with this ink. O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over this con-

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tagious lukewarmness and sottishness, that not only has overspread me, but is manifest in many around me, who have little more of religion than the name, whose tongues fluently converse on worldly topics, but let the character of Jehovah, the charms of Jesus, the sublime realities of eternity, the ineffable value of the soul, the delightful interests of Zion, the exercises and experiences of true Christians, and the vast importance of retaining not only the form, but the power of godliness—let these be but introduced and they are tacit, and perhaps surprise and chagreen are depicted in their aspects. When I have spent whole afternoons in the company of professors, and have thus seen their volubility on secular subjects, and on any subjects, but the best and the sweetest, and if any one had courage to advance this in the most inoffensive and conciliating manner, no one would kindly second it, but all seemed eager the first favourable moment, to give it a widely different turn. O I have painfully reiterated mentally, "Are these Christians? have they tasted that the Lord is gracious? Have they learned the sweet language of Canaan, and are they travelling the road to Zion?" Do tell me, my dearly beloved friend, what you think of such characters. Can religion dwell in our hearts, and yet never be heard from our lips? True, all have not equal freedom in disclosing their feelings, and conversing on things pertaining to the kingdom of God, yet if we have one spark of grace, shall we not drop a few words, and talk as much on this as on other themes? I remain your affectionate, FANNY.

JOURNAL, 1813.

July. O in what language shall I record the death of my Harriet! Alas! my pen trembles, my heart bleeds,

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my eyes are drowned in tears, my spirit is wounded by an arrow from the Almighty! How shall I write that name, which has long been bound up in the tenderest fibres of my heart, while the dearly beloved object that bore it is no more on earth! Earth was too low, too mean a habitation for thy residence; and thy celestial spirit, tired of all below the sun, has winged its aerial flight to congenial climes. No more dost thou wander from thy native land to the sultry climes of India, nor from that ungrateful soil, to the distant Isle of France, conversant with toils, and care, and sorrow, and tears, ill suited to thy tender health, and still more tender spirit; for thou hast found thy everlasting home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. No more it remains a question where thou shalt labour, and whither thou shalt go. For thy labours, thy wanderings, thy anxieties, and thy perils, received a final termination in the swellings of Jordan, and thy immortal part has found that rest, which shall never be alloyed with a rising sigh or falling tear, a rest in the bosom of thy loved Redeemer. Thou hast bidden farewell to this adverse clime, to thy sorrowing partner, thy widowed mother, and mourning friends, to meet thy Father and thy God, and kindred spirits in realms of bliss. Far from this western world, the land that gave thee birth, far from thy maternal abode, and the tender bosom of a beloved mother, a stranger in a strange land, thou languishedst on the bed of death, and closedst thine eyes on things below. On yonder distant Isle thy spirit took its early flight, and mingled with the inhabitants of heaven. Strangers hovered over thy dying bed, caught the last beams of thy closing eyes, and heard the soft concluding accents that quivered on thy faltering lips, and

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their tears bedewed thy lamented grave. Ah! as if the land of thy birth could not afford thee a grave, thou hast found one in a heathen land, over which the tears of thy mother and thy Fanny cannot flow. Thy amiable disposition and endearing virtues shall however live in my affectionate remembrance, and thy early departure be embalmed with the tears of friendship, and the sighs of grief. Long shall my memory retain thy lovely image, the benignant traces of that countenance which now moulders in the ruins of death, and consecrates the fields of superstition, vice, and error.

Ah! I have lost a friend. The universal conqueror has snatched from my little circle of friends, one of my best beloved and most deserving. The cold hand of death has levelled my Harriet with the dust, and laid her body beneath the clods of the valley.

Ye poor pagans! let floods of sorrow roll down your sable faces for one who loved you. For you she bade her friends adieu; for you she was tossed on the wide Atlantic; for you she became inured to hardship and wo; and for you she paid the debt of nature in a far distant and unfavourable clime.

Ye Christians! followers of her to a kingdom of glory, drop one tear over her early exit, and emulate with zeal her example of humble piety, christian fortitude, and cheerful self-denial; and rejoice in the prospect of hailing her happy spirit in the New Jerusalem.

Ye dead sinners! weep not for her, but for yourselves; for she deplored your wretchedness; she prayed and toiled for your everlasting good, and fain would her benevolent soul have snatched you from the precipice on which you totter, and established your feet on a Rock, firmer

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than the pillars of the universe, and durable as eternity itself.

Ye tender relatives and affectionate friends! let the thought of her consummate bliss and immortal glory console your anguished spirits, and impart serenity and peace to your bleeding bosoms. From yonder hill of Zion, she speaks in accents of mild affection and soothing tenderness, "Dry up your falling tears, compose your restless passions with holy assiduity, follow me as far as I have followed my blest Redeemer, and prepare to meet me, where my Saviour and my God forever dwell."

With pensive pleasure I review the days of other years. My officious memory retraces those scenes, and joys departed never to return; but which are engraven in indelible characters on my heart, and shall often be the theme of my meditations. In the literary seminary in the beloved Bradford, I found my Harriet of congenial sentiments and feelings, and capable of all the sensibilities and refinements of amity; and with her I commenced that intercourse of heart with heart, and interchange of mutual endearments, which many years and many vicissitudes served but to cement, corroborate, and improve. Auspicious summer! grateful is the recollection of thee to my burdened heart. How often, in reciprocal embraces, did we traverse the verdant groves, conversing on the interests of Zion, and things partaining to the kingdom of God—on the celestial beauties of our Immanual, and the ineffable worth of our immortal souls. Ah! how little did we then think that mighty waters, and trackless forests, and towering mountains, were to separate our mortal frames, and debar a pleasurable interview. How little did I think that thou wast to tread a path, untrodden by the fair daughters of Columbia, a path

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strewed with peculiar and heart-appalling trials, and through so many foes and tiresome toils, force thy way to the haven of rest. How little did we think, that in the far distant Isle of France, thou wast to close thy eyes on things below, and open them in eternal day. But though thy first and earliest friends witnessed not the last scene of thy mortal sufferings, nor smoothed thy dying pillow with their lenient sympathies and efforts, yet we trust the bosom of Jesus was thy rest, his heavenly smiles thy solace, and benignant angels thy guard; and thus attended and supported, thou didst greet the peaceful port of heavenly rest.

Happy spirit, I congratulate thy safe accession to immortal joys. O may I meet thee on that blissful shore, where the parting sound and tear are known no more, where all the favoured inhabitants are cemented in the most endearing and everlasting bonds, in the presence of that Jesus who is all in all. O may the friendship, formed in these frigid regions, be transplanted to heavenly climes, and there glow with immortal ardour, and burn with a purified and exalted flame beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and surrounded by all the transcendantly glorious beauties of the celestial Paradise. O may I join my humbler voice with thine in everlasting strains of melodious praise, and vie with seraphim and cherubim in one harmonious concert of sublime adoration, and grateful homage to him that sits on the throne, and the Lamb forever and ever.

Well, my dear Harriet, I leave you there; and when all the transient joys and sorrows of this mortal life shall cease to interest me, when my spirit is just ready to loose from earth, and commence its flight through the vast regions of boundless space. O may you hail its introduc-

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tion to that bright world, where you have arrived, to spend endless ages in rehearsing the wonders of redeeming love.

Ah! how many fervent prayers have been lodged in the court of heaven for my dear Harriet, while she was beyond their reach, employed in cheerful praise. Well, they shall not be lost, if offered in real faith and sincerity. But though I supplicate for her no more, yet O let me not cease to remember the little mission in which she was so ardently interested, and which she bore on her heart, when almost overwhelmed with personal trials. Let me not forget perishing pagans, whose hapless state she so pathetically deplored, and whose immortal salvation she longed to secure. Let me not forget to deposite her letters in my heart, as the surest pledge of our reciprocal affection, and the lively transcript of the interior recesses of her breast. Farewell this theme—I drop my pen, and sigh, *Adieu.*

LETTER TO MRS ATWOOD OF HAVERHILL, AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Beverly, July 27, 1813.

O MY dear Mrs Atwood, I know not how to address you on that heart-rending event which drowns my eyes in tears, and suffuses my soul in sorrow; but which you must feel in all its ineffable and overwhelming poignancy. Our dearly beloved Harriet has quitted this nether world, and all its chequered vicissitudes, joys, and sorrows. From the celestial hill of Zion, smiling with joy she retrospects the dangers, the toils, and the troubles of her earthly pilgrimage, all happily past, and all contributing to brighten her crown of glory, and enhance her

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felicity. With what raptures does she strike her golden lyre to Immanuel's praise, and in notes divinely seraphic celebrate the wonders of redeeming grace and almighty love, absorbed in the full blaze of consummate beauty and uncreated glory! With what admiring extacy must she gaze on the splendours of Deity, and enjoy the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and, rapt with an immortal flame, soar from glory to glory, making nearer and nearer assimilations to infinite excellency,—capacitated for continual and endless progression and enjoyment! O the millions and millions of pure and refined delights that fill her immortal soul, adequate to all its boundless desires, and durable as its existence!

May we, my dear Mrs Atwood, be prepared to greet her happy spirit on that peaceful shore, where those who have here been cemented in Christ, shall enjoy a union unspeakably tender, sublime, endearing, and eternal. Yes; if Christians, we shall ere long be done with all the toils and trials of the wilderness, and in the New Jerusalem meet all our pious friends, and spirits of just men made perfect, to part no more forever.

Great is your trial, and indescribably tender and distressing must be your feelings. Gladly would I pour into your bleeding bosom the balm of Gilead, and wipe the anguished tears from your swoln eyes. But the hand that has wounded alone can heal. God is able to give you strength adequate to your day, and by the communications of his grace and love, cause you ever in this night of affliction to sing his praise. O that his tender hand may bind up your broken spirit, and be your stay and support in the house of your pilgrimage! He does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men; and he has consolingly promised, that all things shall work

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together for good to them that love him. O that he may give you the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and cause you to glory in tribulation. Your trial, with all its destressing circumstances and aggravations, was ordered by him in infinite wisdom and mercy; and the Judge of all the earth has done right. The dispensations of his providence are often mysterious, but we ought to rest assured that he knows what is best, and that his ways are just and equal. Let me request you to direct your weeping eyes to the summit of Calvary, and there behold the blessed Jesus in the agonies of death, insulted, despised, and contemned, and offering up his life for the salvation of rebel worms. May you leave your sorrows and your griefs at the foot of the cross, rejoicing that you are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. O that you may lean your weary head on the bosom of Jesus, and there sweetly repose all your tears and groans. He can be touched with a feeling of your infirmities, knows how to pity, how to succour you; and by the sweet visits of his love can impart rich consolation to your soul, and change your pensive complaints into songs of admiring gratitude and praise. "The Lord liveth, the Lord reigneth." He governs all things in the wisest and best manner, and he ever lives to protect his cause, to bless his children, and to be their unfailing portion, when earth shall be on fire, and time swallowed up in eternity.

I lament my inability to comfort you; but I pray that he, who is the Fountain of living waters, the God of all comfort, and giver of every good and perfect gift, may suit his comforts and supports to your wants and necessities, make you an illustrious example of patience, submission, and cheerful acquiescence, a rich and lasting

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blessing to your family, the Israel of God, and a world lying in wickedness; and at last receive you to the sublime entertainments, and transporting felicities of his heavenly kingdom. Your very affectionate, but unworthy friend, FANNY.

My dear young Friends, sisters of my beloved Harriet, and fellow travellers with me to the eternal world, receive a few affectionate lines from a heart that loves you, and longs for your immortal good. Consider your awful state by nature, and your exposedness to the wrath of an angry God. You stand on the verge of a long eternity, and while out of Christ, you totter on a precipice, from whence you may tremendously fall into the gulf of remediless perdition and despair. A few more short days, and you will cease to be interested in all that is done on earth; nay, this night your souls may be required of you, and your eternal destiny be fixed beyond the possibility of a change. O that I could describe to you the awful solemnities of a dying hour, and the amazing realities of a future world. O that I could tell you in language equivalent to the reality, the worth of your souls, and the importance of securing their salvation. Now, now is the accepted time, the precious opportunity, which, if you do not seize and improve, endless ages hence you may bewail and lament, in all the horrors of remorse and anguish. I beseech you defer not one moment longer. If you value the happiness of heaven, a happiness that shall survive the ruins of the world, and flourish immortal in the celestial Paradise, a happiness interminable as the desires of your souls—if this is valuable, O strive to obtain an unalienable title to it. You have every inducement now to forsake your sins, and engage in the em-

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ployment of angels, and partake of the joys of heaven. You have had one warning after another; and will you turn a deaf ear to them, and go on treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, till you are beyond the reach of mercy? I conjure you not to act so preposterous, so criminal, so ruinous a part! Embrace the offers of mercy; and fly with celerity to the ark of safety, the arms of Christ. Listen to the voice that speaks from the far distant grave of Harriet, in accents unutterably emphatical; "Be also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Work while the day lasts, for the night of death cometh, wherein no man can work. Lay up your treasure in heaven, and prepare to meet your God. Do you not wish to die serenely, as she did, with a hope full of immortality. Do you not wish to meet her in that blest world, where she has arrived, and join with her in the beatific song of Moses and the Lamb? Why then will you not repent? Why will you not bow to the sceptre of Jesus, and deposit your souls in his dear faithful hands, and engage in his delightful service? O that I could prevail on you so to do! O could I speak in the language of eternity! in what glowing colours would I delineate its sublime realities, and how would I urge you to make immortality your blessing, not your everlasting curse! My beloved friends, these are not mere chimeras and visionary flights; no, they are tremendous truths, and ere long we shall feel them in all their energy and force. O then let them sink with all their weight into your hearts, and urge you to an immediate preparation for death and judgment. Give not sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till you have secured an interest in the great guardian of Israel, whose watchful eyes never slumber nor sleep. The smiles of approving heaven

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are of infinitely more worth, than millions of worlds—can sweeten all our trials, check our rising tears, calm our heaving sighs, smooth your descent to the lonely grave, and crown you with a Paradise of rich and ever blooming beauties and perennial joys. Treasure, I entreat you, the instructions of your dear departed sister in your hearts, and transcribe them into your lives. O may you in unison with her and all the musicians around the celestial throne in one glorious band, sing praises to Zion's King forever and ever.

I most sincerely sympathize with you all in the deep affliction which immerses you in gloom; and hope you will come out of the furnace refined and purified. Letters from all of you would be peculiarly grateful to my heart. I request you to excuse my freedom and inacuracies, as I have written in much haste. Your very affectionate friend, FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS M. S. OF CHELMSFORD.

Beverly, Aug. 6, 1813.

MY DEAR AND MUCH LOVED MISS S.

MY earliest acknowledgments and ardent thanks are due for your very affectionate and obliging letter, and the freedom with which you have opened your heart to one who will cheerfully reciprocate your confidence, but laments her inability to establish, strengthen, stimulate, and direct you, as she ardently wishes. You do not appear to enjoy that clear evidence of your union to Christ, and those elevated and rapturous feelings with which you have formerly been favoured in some precious moments, and for which you now aspire; yet I trust you retain a comfortable hope that you have passed "from death unto life."

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I think we are too easily elated with raised affections; and then, when they subside, though we may be equally in the exercise of grace, unreasonably depressed; whereas we ought to regard more the habitual disposition of our minds. Frames and feelings are variable and inconstant; but God never changes. I do believe it would be better with us generally, if we kept Christ more in view, and lived more simply and entirely on him, and less engrossed with our little selves. Let us, my dear friend, strive for a confidential trust in him, and solid evidence that we are his disciples; and then let not every discouraging appearance, every temptation of the adversary, disconcert and unsettle our minds, and throw us into yielding timidity and gloomy despondency. The best way too to get rid of our doubts and fears, is to engage resolutely in what we know to be duty, however crossing to our natural propensities; and to renounce all known sin, and avoid every appearance of evil, though it should subject us to many mortifications and trials, like the plucking out of a right eye, or cutting off a right hand. In order to Christian enjoyment, much circumspection, watchfulness, and prayer are essentially necessary. While our course is even, regular, and humble, we may expect gracious visits from the Majesty of heaven, and our souls will flourish as cedars in Lebanon; but one devious step, one inadvertent action, may intercept the rays of the Sun of righteousness, and involve us in more than Egyptian darkness. Never, then, never let us suffer our desires and aspirations towards God grow cold and languid; never let our addresses to Heaven be inconstant, lukewarm, and formal. Backslidings ordinarily originate in a failure or negligent and infrequent performance of those duties, which more immediately lie between God and our

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own souls, and of which no human eye takes cognizance. When we take delight in pouring out our souls before God, when the time allotted to devotion is pleasantly and devoutly passed, we may be said to make proficiency in the divine life; but when we are reluctant to the duties of the closet, and glad of any plausible pretence for omitting them, we may justly fear that we are in a retrograde motion, and a dangerous state.

By no means would I insinuate, that Christians do at all times hail the seasons of retirement, and feel sweet complacency and freedom in their intercourse with heaven; for alas! their backwardness, their coldness, and their deadness are often lamentably apparent. But it is certain to a demonstration, that all true Christians do generally love to draw near to God, and hold frequent and pleasurable communion with him, while they mourn over their wanderings and imperfections in the duty. Here I think we may obtain some light respecting our characters; for I apprehend that hypocrites pay more attention to external and moral duties, rather than to those which are spiritual and secret; and however much they may do to be seen of men, still they are not desirous of that honour which cometh from God only.

My dear Miss S. it is infinitely important that we be Christians in deed and in truth, subjects of that radical change of heart, without which the benevolent Saviour has declared with a solemn asseveration, none can enter the kingdom of heaven. May you, my dear friend, build your hope on a foundation which will stand firm and immoveable, when general devastation and destruction envelope this terraqueous globe, and the breath of the Almighty extinguishes the hope of the hypocrite, and sinks him down to the abyss of wo. Having tasted that the

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Lord is gracious, and exulted in the auspicious smiles of the glorious Immanuel, surely you are under ten thousand obligations to live entirely devoted to him, and to glorify him with every breath. O magnify, praise, and extol his name and perfections, and recommend him to all around you, not only with the eloquence of words, but of actions, and use all your influence and endeavours to promote his cause, and advance his kingdom. Instruct, warn, admonish, and reprove, with all holy boldness and incontestible argument, as you have opportunity, without any fear of man, confiding in the Lord Jehovah, for in him only is everlasting strength. Go in the strength of the Lord God, and he will assist, stimulate, and accept you; and who can tell but he may furnish you with a "word in season," and make you the happy instrument of saving a soul from endless death? "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The seed you sow plentifully in faith and hope, and water with your prayers and tears, may spring up, when you are removed from earthly scenes, and yield a luxuriant increase to the praise of God. What an encouragement is this to active and indefatigable exertions in the cause of Christ!

If we would enjoy religion, let us be explicit and open in our attachment to Immanuel, come out boldly on the Lord's side, manifesting to all that we are not ashamed of the Cross of Christ, and that we can cheerfully endure a sneer or a frown, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than treasures of gold. Even though wolves and lions should impede our progress, let us press forward in the path of duty, "Looking unto Jesus;" for vigorous faith in him will sink mountains into molehills, and overcome difficulties and obstructions almost insuperable. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

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Wishing you a seat at the feet of Jesus, I am yours with sisterly affection, FANNY WOODBURY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS S. P. B. OF LYNFIELD.

Beverly, Aug. 26, 1813.

I DO not feel adequate to the solution of your important queries, but will suggest a few of my own ideas, hoping they will not be incompatable with Scripture. I apprehend a Christian may be disposed to conform to the world, and to partake in its vanities, and even prefer the company of the great and gay to that of the meek and lowly disciples of Christ. But it must be when the gracious affections of his soul are very low, and all his desires towards God in a lukewarm and languishing state. While he thus conducts, he can have little or no religious comfort, and all who behold his inconsistant and careless walk, have reason to call in question all his former evidences of piety. How dangerous is his state! He complies with one solicitation after another; he allows himself one carnal indulgence after another; conforms to one worldly requisition after another; and still descending with the stream, who knows where it will land him! My dear friend, we are not to go to the world, and see how far it will permit us to follow Christ, and still retain its friendship. No; we have an infallible guide and standard, to which we must resort, which lifts its monitory voice, and cries, "Whosoever will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God." O may we learn to detach our affections from earth, and rivet them on joys unchangeable and immeasurable! Yours affectionately, F. W.

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LETTER TO MR D. S. OF BEVERLY, THEN AT BRADFORD ACADEMY.

Beverly, Sept. 29, 1813.

My Dear Friend,

With tender anxiety and growing solicitude for your spiritual welfare, I improve a few hasty moments in writing to you, imploring the Holy Spirit to guide my pen to a word in season, and impress on your heart and conscience the great truths I suggest. The idea that I am addressing an immortal being, fills my soul with holy dread, and urges, irresistibly urges, me to plainness and faithfulness, though I am sensible I can say nothing but what has been already said to you.

You observe, (ah! my mind revolts at the thought!) you observe, "I am fighting against God." Woe, wo unto him that striveth with his Maker! Has not God given you life, and has he not crowned this life with a plenitude of mercies? Has he not been your Preserver from infancy to the present moment, delivering you from imminent dangers, seen and unseen, when there was apparently but a step between you and endless death? * Has he not opened the gate of heaven, and exhibited the glories of the upper world, and offered them to your acceptance, "without money and without price?" Has he not discovered to you the heart-rending miseries of the infernal pit, the awful and inevitable portion of all who die in their sins, and besought you to flee for refuge to the shadow of his wings? And now, as a return for all his favours and mercies, you hate him;—a worm of yesterday, rebelling against the Majesty of heaven; that Being

* He was in danger of drowning. See p. 131.

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who is the centre of all perfection, glory, and excellence; the source of all felicity, the fountain of living waters, the giver of every good and perfect gift, who sways the sceptre of universal dominion, having all creatures and things under his controul;—whom cherubim, and seraphim, angels and archangels, and all the glorious spirits of the redeemed love, extol, and worship, and before whose throne they cast their crowns in adoring wonder; ascribing all blessedness, might, power, dominion, and glory to one vast and universal concert of praise;—that Being, whose potent arm can crush ten thousand worlds, and sink his opposers into the abyss of woe! O then, rush not on "the thick bosses of his buckler," and provoke not his direful indignation. Throw down the weapons of your rebellion, and submit to his righteous government. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee." "Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him," lest sudden destruction overtake you, and there be none to deliver. The bleeding Lamb of God will soon appear as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, roaring for his prey, pouring anguish, despair, and wrath, in one impetuous torrent on all those who would not have him to reign over them. He now sits on a mercy-seat, and in the most alluring accents invites you to his arms; but soon he will ascend his dread tribunal, and then he will consign all his incorrigible enemies to the mansions of despair. From those dreary abodes they cast their mournful eyes across the impassable gulf, and, viewing the golden harps and immortal crowns of Paradise, their souls are filled with keener anguish, and the tormenting reflection of what they have procured by their wretched folly, stings them to agony, madness, and rage. No

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drop of water cools their scorched tongues; no beam of consolation sooths their harrowed spirits; no ray of hope mitigates the horror and darkness of their prison! O my friend, are you travelling that broad road that conducts to all this misery? Change your course, then, I beseech you; change your course instantly. Escape for your life from this devoted Sodom; look not behind you; slacken not your pace, till you reach the place of safety.

Do you feel poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked? Go then to the sinner's Friend, and, at the foot of the blood-besprinkled cross, find a tranquil refuge for your weary soul. Go to Gilead's Physician, give yourself up to his care, submit to his directions, follow his prescriptions, and your diseased soul will be in health and prosper. I entreat you to fly from impending wrath to the only ark of safety. By the goodness, forbearance, and mercy of God—by the tremendous scenes exhibited in Gethsemane and Golgotha—by all the endearing promises of the gospel—by the heart-appalling thunders of Sinai—by the unutterable worth of your never dying soul—by the solemnities of death, judgment, and eternity—by all that is glorious in heaven, and dreadful in hell—I conjure you this moment to renounce your sins, believe in Christ, and make a cordial and unreserved surrender of yourself to him. Remember the Spirit will not always strive: Christ will not always stand and knock: God will not always wait to be gracious. You have had many monitory calls, many precious opportunities, many kind invitations; and, if you do not improve them, you may never have any more; you may provoke God to take his Spirit from you, and leave you to walk in the sight of your own eyes, and after the imagination of your heart. This is the precious,

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seasonable moment, in which you may rejoice in the favour of God, triumph in the heavenly smiles of the divine Redeemer, in the cheering presence of the Holy Comforter, and call the joys of heaven your own.

But perhaps you have a hope, that you have embraced the blessed Jesus, and become reconciled to God. If so, let me humbly request you to examine and scrutinize that hope, and be sure it is warranted by the only infallible criterion, the word of God. Beware of building on a sandy foundation, lest, when the rains and storms descend and beat, it should give way, and leave you in confusion and consternation. Strive to obtain those evidences for heaven, which shall elevate your sinking spirits in the Jordan of death, and stand the test of the last judgment. Build your hopes for eternity on the immoveable Rock of ages; and you shall be safe in the awful hour of death, amidst the tremendous convulsions of the last day, and through the rounds of endless ages. Realize your utter nothingness and insufficiency, and the all-sufficiency, fullness, and beauty of Immanuel. To those that believe, Christ is unspeakably precious. Do you then, my friend, discern his loveliness, excellency, and amiableness; and, renouncing every other dependence, do you rest entirely on him, and trust only in his righteousness and merits? Do you love the holy character of God, as delineated by the pen of inspiration? do you rejoice that he reigns? and do you hate all sin, because of its contrariety to his holy law? If you possess these characteristic marks of the true disciples of Christ, you may take courage, and go on your way rejoicing. It would gladden my heart to see you coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and joining the little company of pilgrims, steering to Canaan's happy land.

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If then you have reason to think you are one of the number, take heed and shun every devious step and every crooked path, and labour to be deep in penitence and humility, looking continually to Jesus. Remember you have no inherent power, by which you can fight the Christian warfare; but you need fresh and constant supplies, and must be always a beggar at the throne of grace. Use great caution; be circumspect; avoid all known sin; enter not into temptation; be fervent, persevering, and constant in your supplications to Heaven, and do all with a single eye to the glory of God, and in the name of the Lord Jesus.

As I know not the state of your mind, I have touched upon a variety of subjects, and you will probably find some things applicable. If I have been too harsh and severe, forgive me. This letter has been written in great haste; part of it in the silent hours of night, when sleep had closed almost every eye, which must apologize for its imperfections, and the badness of the writing. If you can read it, and find one word conducive to your good, I shall think it an ample compensation; and may the glory be all given to Him who deserves it. Please to write very soon the feelings of your heart. Most affectionate regards to all my dear Bradford friends, particularly those with whom you reside. Yours, &c.

FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS B. P. OF DANVERS.

Beverly, Oct. 23, 1813.

MY DEAR BETSY, *Saturday eve.*

As the evening drew its sable curtains over our western horizon, I thought my heart rejoiced, and I could say

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to all my terrestrial employments and pursuits, as Abraham said to his servants, "Abide ye here, while I go yonder and worship." How sweet it is to leave the world behind, to forget we are inhabitants of this comfortless clime, and with an eye of faith pierce the intercepting veil of mortality, and range the fields of ether; and placing ourselves before the throne of the Eternal, mingle with the spirits of the just; and with rapturous wonder and sweetest melody, rehearse the glories of almighty grace, and make heaven's high arches reverberate with our songs of praise. Such mental and devotional excursions make palatable the bitter waters of Marah, lighten every cross, sweeten every trial, and smooth the rugged road which leads to heaven. After such favoured seasons, how invulnerable are our hearts to the allurements of an insidious world, to the solicitation of sinful pleasures, and to all the wiles of a subtile adversary; and how are we almost ready to bound over the intervening years of our pilgrimage, and cry, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" But ah! how soon do we descend from the summit we had gained, lose the heavenly relish, and become accessible to the grovelling charms of this sinful state!

What an inconsistent creature is man! Who, that hears a Christian converse on the glories of heaven, on the beauties of Immanuel, on the wonders of redeeming love, would not imagine him insensible to human grandeur, honour, and applause, regardless of reproaches, calumnies, and frowns, and proof against temptation? But this very person you may see the next moment, ambitious of the honour that comes from man, seeking after distinctions and emoluments with avidity, complying with the voice of the tempter, and thoughtless of his God and his duty,

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as if this were his home and his portion. So foolish, deceitful, and unstable is the heart of man, and so essentially necessary is the grace of Omnipotence, the quickening, enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit, we have continual need to look to Heaven for help, and say to God with the Psalmist, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." We have no inherent power to stand our ground, or take one step forward in the path of duty, independent of the assisting grace of God. The work of salvation from first to last is the work of that uncreated Power which spake the earth out of nothing, and man from earth; and no power inferior to that can new-create any of our lapsed race; nor, after grace is infused into the heart, maintain its life. The same almighty arm which snatched the sinner from the burning lake, must be constantly exerted to keep and uphold him, till he arrives at his journey's end, and on the peaceful banks of deliverance swells the chorus of heaven.

The precious, precious religion of the cross is the only one that can meliorate the obliquities of nature, subjugate the turbulent passions of the mind, purify and sanctify the heart, and diffuse peace, harmony, and love through the soul; alleviate and support under trials, destroy the sting of death, and open the gate of the New Jerusalem. "Here is firm footing; here is solid rock; all is sea besides."

FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MISS M. S. OF CHELMSFORD.

Beverly, Oct. 29, 1813.

As I again direct my thoughts to Chelmsford, my heart solicitously inquires into the concerns of my beloved fellow pilgrim there, and tenders its most ardent and af-

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fectionate wishes for her progress in the Christian race. May smiling heaven shed lustre on the narrow path, strew its rugged way with Eden's blooming flowers and Eschol's pleasant grapes, and gild its closing step with the full rays of an immortal sun. May this find you, my dear sister, not like Martha of old, cumbered with the affairs of this vanishing world, but like gentle Mary, at the feet of your beloved Redeemer, imbibing his spirit, and drinking his instructions, and solacing yourself under the banner of his love. If, as I devoutly trust, you are steering your course to the hill of Zion, O may you accelerate your pace, and climb with more than mortal speed the steep ascent. Let not your heart faint because of the way. It is indeed a way ungrateful to carnal sloth and security; formidable to pride, ambition, and lust; a way beset with snares, stratagems, and difficulties; troubled with numerous potent and malicious enemies; and lined with sorrows and tears. But it is the way Heaven has marked out. It is sanctioned by the Captain of our salvation, crimsoned with the blood of the martyrs, traversed by all the redeemed in glory, and now trodden by every saint on earth. It is perfumed with the merits of Jesus, smoothed with watchfulness and prayer, sweetened with the promises of the gospel, illumined with the light of heaven, and terminates in Paradise. O my friend, it is a good way; the longer you walk in it the better you will love it, the happier and the easier you will go on.

But you will recollect that the arm of the Lord is your strength; and that you cannot take one step, nor even stand the ground you have gained, but by the special assistance of almighty grace. O how often do we stumble and fall through self dependence, self love, and self

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sufficiency, and thereby grieve the blessed Jesus, and bring leanness into our souls; and surely, if superior power did not raise us, we should there remain wallowing in the slough of despond, and sinking deeper and deeper in the mire, or reaching the city of destruction, take our station there, with wrath impending over our guilty heads. But blessed be God, that he has engaged to perfect the work which he begins, and that by a mighty power and stretched out arm, he will bring all his soldiers from the field of battle, with songs of victory on their lips, and triumphant joy in their hearts. A true Christian may fall frequently—may fall grievously, but shall never fall finally. O no; the grace, the love, the power, the faithfulness of Jesus are engaged to bring every new born soul home to glory in defiance of all the hosts of hell.

Come then, my dear fellow traveller, forget your fears and toils, and unite with your unworthy Fanny in admiring the riches of redeeming blood, and the wonders of a wonder working God. If we are in Jesus, we are bound to a happier world, where the heart shall never beat but with joy and rapture, where the voice shall never sound but with songs of bliss, where the countenance shall never appear but with ineffable beauty and splendour, where the feet shall never walk but on the crystal pavement of heaven. There the weary pilgrim rests from his labours, at an eternal remove from all the inquietudes of this mortal life, and all the varied change of this chequered scene. No fear rises in his bosom, no tear trickles in his eye; for all the powers and faculties of his nature are so many avenues of delight. Wherefore we will "comfort one another with these words."

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But who purchased all this felicity? Who opened the door of heaven, which the apostacy of man had barred? Let Calvary speak. On the cross erected there, hangs, suspended between heaven and earth, the Lord of glory, bleeding, groaning, dying! Ye daughters of Jerusalem, well might ye weep at a scene, so unparalleled and so tragical! Well might the sun withdraw his beams, when his Maker languished in the sleep of death! From that cross, trembling with agony, and covered with blood, salvation smiles on guilty man; and the light of heaven beams resplendent on a dying world. Jesus! name divinely sweet! let the shining seraphs above sound it through the realms of bliss, and set it to every golden harp. Let mortals catch the fire, and tune their feebler voices to celebrate its praise. Let it be our glory and our boast, entwined around our hearts, and more grateful to our ears than the sound of music. O that my heart were of flesh; that it might burn with love and gratitude, and melt with holy compunction and penitential sorrow. But ah! its adamantine hardness causes me many a bitter sigh and falling tear, and often clouds my brow with gloom. But I will still rejoice, my dear friend, that I know who can soften it; that Jesus is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins; and that the blood, which once burst from his sacred body, and has washed away mountains and mountains of iniquities, still retains its powerful efficacy. When you are looking to him do not forget me. Entreat of him to clothe me with humility, and satisfy my hungering, thirsting, fainting soul with righteousness. He fills the poor with good things, while he sends the rich empty away. They that wait on him shall renew their strength; and he will manifest his power in their weakness, guide them by his Spirit, perform all the works for

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them and in them, and at length receive them to his heavenly rest. FANNY WOODBURY.

JOURNAL, 1813.

Nov. 3. Since I last wrote, my very greatly and justly beloved Mrs Francis has reached her wished-for home. Through months of pain and weakness, I witnessed her patience, resignation, and serenity, and listened to an unreserved disclosure of her trembling fears, her joyful hopes, and heavenly prospects. My familiar intercourse with her during her sickness endeared her to my heart, and gave me a lively idea of her Christian attainments almost unknown before. I conceive her to have been eminently meek, humble, and benevolent; one that made conscience of duty, and lived devoted to God in sweet retirement. Ah! how often have I grasped her feeble hand, gazed mournfully on her languid countenance; while her eyes, full of animation, indicated her attention to every observation, and also the tranquillity and peace of her mind. It is done; cruel death has executed his commission, has torn her from all earthly ties, and borne her to her Saviour and her God. I cannot forget to cherish her dying words, and prize as a treasure the familiarity, with which she favoured me; and, if I was a mean of affording her one gleam of comfort and support, I value it more than rubies; and let all the glory ascend to God.

LETTER TO MISS N. J. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, Nov. 1813. *Monday.*

It is with a trembling heart, and emotions almost unknown before, that I now accost you, my dear Nancy.

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And O that I had the pen of a ready writer, to give you a faint transcript of my feelings; but to express them adequately is a task not to be executed.

Does it not animate you to hear of the prosperity of Zion, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom? Would it not cause your heart to beat with joy to see careless souls, for which Immanuel bled and died, awakened to anxious concern, and solicitously inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" Then, my beloved friend, you will take a lively interest in what I am about to relate; you will share in my joy, in my hopes, and my fears. For some time past, those whom I have esteemed real Christians, have appeared to awake from their slumbers, have had great desires for a revival of religion, and have felt in a greater degree the importance of earnest intercession at the throne of grace. A precious few (O were their number increased!) have witnessed with deep concern, the "signs of the times," have sighed and cried for the abominations that abound, have lamented their past lukewarmness, and the general carelessness and stupidity of sinners; and in season, and out of season, have importunately supplicated the out-pouring of the Spirit. This is encouraging; but I ardently wished that they felt more impressed with these things, that they were incessant and indefatigable in pleading with a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

Three or four females, who for years have had partial convictions, and felt from time to time the inestimable worth of their immortal souls, and the necessity of a change of heart, have evidently become more seriously impressed. Their countenances discover the anguish of their hearts; and they wonder at their past indifference and unconcern. One of these I conversed with last even-

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ing. I inquired tenderly how she felt? "O," answered she, "I cannot tell you how I feel;—I feel dreadful wicked." She then told me, what indeed I knew before, that many years ago she had awakenings and convictions; that they terminated in comfort; but that her life had been such since, that she must admit the conclusion, that she was an entire stranger to experimental piety. O could she have the feelings and the exercises of some, she thought she should have hope. I asked if she had lived without prayer? She readily rejoined, "O yes, I have; and, as I know what you say to be true, that Christians do love prayer, &c. that makes me think that I never had true religion. I have grieved the Holy Spirit by my attachment to the world." She said much more to the same purport; but as I had not satisfactory evidence of her being renewed, I did not dare to administer consolation. So after expatiating on the vast importance of being created anew in Christ Jesus, bringing into view some distinguishing marks, by which she might try herself, &c. I took my leave. Her daughter, once volatile and stupid, is much distressed. Her flowing tears and heaving sighs, evince the grief that dwells within. I have frequent interviews with her; but I fear her convictions are merely legal. She feels no opposition to God and the peculiar doctrines of the gospel; has but little, if any, view of the horrid nature of sin, and the desperate wickedness of her heart; but feels that her soul is precious, that it is her duty to love and serve God, and be a Christian. I always endeavour to represent, as forcibly as possible, her awful state by nature, her exposedness to the wrath of God, her aggravated guilt, the importance of immediate repentance, and application to the blood of Christ, the realities of the invisible world, &c. Some, I

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suppose, would be for healing the sore. But is it not proper to fix, if possible, a sense of sin on her conscience, and increase her convictions? I feel that I am ignorant as a beast; but I would not for the world cry, "Peace, peace," where God has not spoken it. O pray for me, that I may have an insight into the complicated windings and shiftings of the human heart, and an acquaintance with spiritual experiences, that I may be qualified to speak a word in season to the various cases I meet with, but especially that, after addressing others on this awful subject, I myself may not be a castaway.

Wednesday Morn. Nothing more special, my dear Nancy. We had a meeting last eve, in which stillness and solemnity prevailed. Respecting a reformation, fear and hope alternately agitate my breast; though in this I rejoice that the Lord reigns, that the residue of the Spirit is with him, and that he has a sovereign right to pour it out, when and where he pleases. O that he would make bare his potent arm here, and get himself a great name by the triumphs of his grace and displays of his mercy, that we might see his goings forth among us, conquering and to conquer.

Accept, dear Nancy, these hasty lines. Pray for us. Pray for unworthy me. Yours in love, F. W.

LETTER TO MISS C. G. OF RADFORD.

Beverly, Dec. 27, 1813.

My Dear Charlotte,

As far back as my memory can trace, things in this place never appeared more favourable in religious concerns, than at the present critical important period. A few dear precious souls for a number of weeks have realised

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the necessity of awaking from sleep, and using every effort for a revival; have mourned tenderly over the coldness and stupidity that prevails, and at the throne of grace have been ardent and importunate that God would appear to build up Zion. A female prayer-meeting has been recently formed, which I consider peculiarly auspicious to the cause of that God who heareth prayer. This meeting is attended weekly, and consists of seven in number. The two we have already had were precious indeed. We hope it will meet with the approbation of God, and be taken under his smiling protection.

The Spirit is evidently striving with many souls, convincing them of their lost and wretched state by nature, and the necessity of a renewal of their hearts. A few are more deeply awakened and alarmed, fearing their sins are too numerous and great to be forgiven, that there is no mercy for them; and in their countenances are depicted the grief, sorrow, and distress that rend their hearts. One young man is hopefully liberated from the bondage of sin and Satan, and goes on his way rejoicing. I had a number of interviews with him, while under conviction; and have also heard him relate what God has done for his soul. I might detail his conversation, and answers to my interrogations, did time permit. He expresses wonder and astonishment at his past careless and wicked life, and at the forbearance and mercy of God, and appears filled with a sense of the odious nature of sin, and an ardent desire to honour and glorify his Maker. If his language is, as I hope, an undisguised representation of his feelings, he must have passed from death unto life. And where is the benevolent heart that does not overflow with joy? How sweet to behold the weary wanderer, harrassed with fears, and burdened with wo, finding an

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asylum in the ark of safety, and directing his eyes to the blood-stained cross! How delightful to see a returning prodigal added to the little band of Christian pilgrims, steering their upward course to Zion's heavenly hill. But O what must it be when heaven shall resound with louder strains of joy over nations born in a day—millions of happy beings ushered from darkness to light, blooming in all the beauties of holiness, and singing the praises of their beloved Redeemer! The saddened heart, bleeding over the sins and miseries of mortals, loves to look down the stream of time, and hail the salvation of a dying world—behold this vale of tears, this barren desart, transformed into a beauteous Paradise of love and joy, smiling in all the light of heaven, and reflecting the image of Immanuel. Yours affectionately,

FANNY WOODBURY.

NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY.

Dec. 30, 1813. O my dear Betsy, do you know what trouble is? Your Fanny knows by painful, incessant experience. My deafness is peculiarly trying; the more so, as I long to fly to the abodes of penury, sickness, and affliction. Will you not do it for me? Go then, and console the wretched, warn the stupid sinner, and relieve the indigent. Can we say we have nothing to give? Can we not curtail our expences? Can we not lop off some superfluity of dress? Can we not, with our own hands, make garments for the poor? And can we not put into their hands some tracts? We can visit the rich, the prosperous, the influential. And can we not visit, counsel, instruct, admonish, and assist the poor and the needy? My friend, do not be displeased with my freedom. I speak to myself also. I feel my own guilt. I feel that

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I have been too negligent; and yet I am in a manner incapacitated. The wants of the poor are imperious and numerous. A certain delicacy prevents many from complaining to others, when they need help. Shall we indulge in the comforts and perhaps the luxuries of life, and other dear fellow-creatures be destitute of the necessaries? True, the wealth of Peru is not ours; and perhaps there is little we can call our own. But have we not two mites we can throw in? and if we are faithful in that which is little, may not a bounteous Providence bless us with more.

O that we could be ready to every good word and work. It is but a short winter's day, comparatively speaking, that we have to spend on earth. Opportunities to do good daily occur, and soon they will be over forever. Let us then improve them without delay. "Be ye stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." I long to see you. Yours in love,

F.

JOURNAL, 1813.

Dec. 31. Arrived at the last day of another year, I pensively resume my pen to write. My hand is not yet mouldering in the dust, nor my heart still in death, though the time is near when this will be the case. Yes, I feel eternity to be near, the bar of God in view, and death advancing with speedy step. The world sinks in my esteem as less than nothing, unworthy to occupy a serious thought; while Christ appears more exceedingly amiable, his cross dearer to my heart, and the good of Jerusalem more precious and desirable.

The year which will soon close has been marked with goodness and mercy from above; but on my part stained

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with innumerable sins. "Streams of mercy ever flowing, call for songs of loudest praise." In connexion with those great spiritual blessings which ought ever to warm the Christian's heart, I have been the recipient of thousands of favours, which my pen fails adequately to record. My hearing has been of late very clear, and my health uncommonly good; so that I have sat under the droppings of the sanctuary with sweet delight, and heard many precious discourses from the legates of the skies; and, I trust, not altogether in vain. I have had large additions to the cheering boon of friendship, the zest of mortal life, in whose society and correspondence I have oft times found a solace to my aching heart, and light and direction to my wayward feet. I have had many religious privileges, particularly have attended many female meetings, and on the social altar of prayer and praise have had devotional fire inflamed, and felt my heart to burn within me. A weekly female meeting, through the good hand of God, is established in this place for the purposes of prayer, reading the scriptures, and religious conversation; and it is in a fair way to prosper. May the Lord have it in his holy keeping, and prosper it abundantly with his blessing, and make it a mean of advancing his glory. May every member of it be a member of his spiritual kingdom, be endued with a spirit of prayer, have liberty of utterance, and sweet access to God within the veil, and be prepared to praise him in the upper regions of endless bliss. May all our hearts be knit together by the blood of sprinkling; and, when we rest together in the dust, may all our spirits meet and mingle in the praises and adorations of the heavenly world. We have also frequent evening lectures, and an affectionate rousing preacher; and several careless sinners are awakened,

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and very seriously impressed. And above all, two or three have been hopefully brought into the kingdom of Christ, and raised from death unto life. Our prospects of a reformation are very encouraging, and, I hope, will not be blasted. O may the Lord appear in his glory, to build up Zion in these troublous times, revive his blessed work, and bring glory and honour to his great name. May he tenderly commisserate this afflicted church, appear mercifully in her behalf, and make her a rejoicing, and her people a joy.

Eve. Well, we have had another little female meeting, and found it good. And now perhaps I am about to close the last year of my mortal life. Be it so, if the years that are taken from the usual term of life, may be added to a happy eternity. In that case, come Lord Jesus, and receive my spirit.

Jan. 1, 1814. I have entered on a new year; so have millions, whose eyes will be closed in the sleep of death before its close. Who are the victims is known only to Omniscience; but may I not be included in the number? Dear Lord, if it is enrolled in the book of thy decrees of me, "This year thou shalt die." O wilt thou graciously fit me for the event? Enable me to gird up the loins of my mind, to grow in grace, and ripen for the celestial world. O grant me a meetness for glory!

O Lord, if I should be spared this year, or a part of it, do not let me spend it in sin and uselessness, but in thy service, in glorifying thee, and finishing the work thou hast given me to do. O let large measures of grace be communicated to me, that I may be filled from thy fulness, and glorify thee more. O wilt thou lead me, instruct me, and keep me in the way wherein I should go,

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and throw light upon thy sacred word, that it may be sweeter than honey, or the honey comb.

LETTER TO MISS H. B. OF FRANCISTOWN.

Beverly, Jan. 1814.

My Dear, Dear Huldah,

We have had one short interview; and we shall soon have another, if not in time, yet in eternity. Yes, I look forward beyond the narrow bounds of mortality, beyond the short standing of this earthly globe, to that vast unutterable period, when the sound of the last trump shall penetrate the silent mansions of the dead, and summon the sleeping nations to the bar of Jehovah. O that we may then lift up our heads with joy, and the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant," salute our ears.

But have we good evidence that our names are written in the fair volume of the book of life, and that we are hastening to that rest which remains for the people of God? Alas! for myself I have reason to question, whether Christ is formed in me, and I belong to his little family. Can I be a child of God, and possess such a hard and rocky heart, such a stubborn and rebellious will, such wayward and unholy passions? Can I be one of his peculiar people, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, while I exhibit so little of the meekness, self-denial, heavenly mindedness, crucifixion to the world, patience, love, humility, and devotion, so much inculcated in the scriptures of truth? Indeed I am at times almost ready to give up all hope of having passed from death unto life, and sit down in disconsolate wretchedness, despairing of heaven. But then again a gleam of comfort

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disperses the thick darkness, new strength seems to be afforded, and I arise from the dust, and run the good ways of the Lord.

Tuesday. Religious appearances are very favourable in this place, and excite us to hope the Lord will appear to build up Jerusalem. Since the serious attention commenced, four have hopefully been made the happy subjects of regenerating grace; three are now under deep conviction, and a number more solemnly impressed. One young lady has been in very pungent distress for some days, and her sighs and groans, and melancholy countenance, are enough to affect any beholder. I made her a short visit this morning, and inquired whether she had any new views or feelings. "O no," said she, "I am almost perfectly stupid, and fear I am given over to hardness of heart; and that there is no mercy for me." I asked her if she could not surrender herself into the arms of Jesus, and let him take possession of her heart? "Till I do it," answered she, "I shall never be happy. But I am so wicked that I cannot do it, nor repent, nor believe. She said much more, and in all expressed a deep sense of the evil of sin, and great views of her own wickedness, and the justice of God, should he cast her off forever. I hope the Lord will do great things for us, and glorify himself in building up Zion, and turning sinners to himself.

I earnestly request you to write as soon as possible a long letter, and tell me all your heart. I must bid you an affectionate adieu. FANNY WOODBURY.

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LETTER TO MISS N. W. OF BOSTON.

Beverly, Feb. 7, 1814.

MY DEAR AND ESTIMABLE FRIEND,

I KNOW you are a very strong advocate for female prayer-meetings; and when you learn that we have formed one in this place, I think your grateful praises will ascend in unison with mine to the giver of every good and perfect gift; and your ardent prayers for its success and prosperity. Yes, my dear friend, I have now the heart-felt pleasure and benign privilege of mingling with kindred souls, and encircling the social altar of devotion, while Jehovah bends his ear, and Immanuel vouchsafes his presence. O that our united supplications may reach the court of heaven; and in gracious answer, mercies large and perennial descend upon our guilty globe. Soon after you left us, feeling very sensibly the importance of this measure, I determined to make one vigorous effort, and if I did not succeed, to give up entirely. But the finger of the Lord was apparent. Obstacles, before deemed insuperable, were easily overcome; and difficulties vanished. The dear evening was appointed. Five of us met in love, and all called on a prayer-hearing God; some drops refreshed our trembling souls, and the pilgrim's place of sweet recess was consecrated a Bethel.

We at first agreed that all should verbally take a part, thinking it conducive to freedom. But after a number of weeks, some of the sisters of the church desiring to meet with us, and not agreeing with us in this point, we reluctantly submitted to their wishes; and though we have double the number, yet we have not had that unreserved enlargement and engagedness, excepting one or two evenings.

I have been thus particular, because I conclude it will

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gratify the heart of my friend. You will be anxious to know something relative to the revival. Many are under serious impressions, and five or six have, it is hoped, forsaken the gilded vanities and fancied joys of earth, for pleasures, pure in their nature, and endless in duration. Their feet, sinking in the miry clay of sin, and travelling swiftly the broad frequented road to the gulf of perdition, have been turned into the strait and narrow path which conducts to regions above. Their eyes glisten with sweet delight, their smiling countenances are an index to what passes within, and their lips celebrate the praises of Immanuel. We do hope that the Spirit is yet moving, and that we shall see still greater things than these! For this, let every Christian frequent the throne of grace. Indeed we have much need of a reformation. O for the out-pouring of the Spirit, plenteous floods of righteousness to water the church and the world, to gladen the hearts of the pious, and bring glory and honour to God. O what a glorious day have we in prospect, a day which shall call a dying world to life, and shed light and salvation on regions enveloped in the shadow of death. Rapturous hosannas shall roll across the oceans, and warble sweetly in every desart wild. From the lowly hut of the Hottentot, praises shall ascend to the lovely Babe of Bethlehem. All heaven joyfully looks down on our happy globe, and tunes anew its golden harps to the wonders of redeeming love,

Pray for me, my dear Miss W. and may Jesus bless your soul abundantly. Yours, &c.

FANNY WOODBURY.

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LETTER TO MISS B. P. OF DANVERS.

Beverly, Feb. 7 or 8, 1814.

I READILY join with you, my dear Betsy, in placing "secret devotion among our principal duties," and think no one has any reason to conclude he is a Christian, if he lives in the omission of this duty, or performs it habitually in a cold and formal manner; I say *habitually*; for alas! eminent believers are too often languid and lukewarm. They enter their closets, and shut the door, but their hearts are glued to this world. They assume the humble posture of devout supplicants; but they are weary of being continually beggars, and secretly wish they had something to recommend them to the favour of the Most High. They look towards Heaven, and call on the great and glorious eternal; but their views are clouded and almost bounded by things that are seen; their thoughts wandering on forbidden objects, and a thousand vain and foolish chimeras crowd upon their minds, till in hurry and distraction they willingly conclude. After such a heartless prayer, ought not, must not, compunction, self-abasement, and contrition, penetrate the cold breast, and cause it to heave with the most painful emotions? And when access and enlargement again smile on the mourning soul, how delightfully will he love, and praise, and admire; how carefully will he guard every avenue to his heart, how vigorously repel temptation, how earnestly watch and pray lest he offend his God, and bring leanness and darkness into his soul.

I am more than ever convinced of the utility of *importunate, frequent* prayer. What God graciously does in answer to the cries of his children, will never be known, till the judgment-day brings hidden things to light, and

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discloses the immutable plans, purposes, and procedures of Him, who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." Were it not for the sweet incense which continually ascends to Heaven from the bosom of the Christian, sinners would instantly sink into the pit of perdition, and the world be wrapt in flaming ruins. Invaluably precious are all whose pious breath perfumes our guilty globe, and soaring beyond the skies, sheds blooming beauties and immortal blessings on this waste howling valley of tears. How much may we benefit our beloved friends in this way. Unknown to them, and unobserved by mortal eye, we may increase their pious joy. If they are oppressed with darkness and affliction, we may wipe the tear of sorrow from their eyes, and cause their bleeding bosoms to realize the heavenly peace and immortal comforts which Immanuel bestows. O why are we not more intimately acquainted with the benevolent duty of intercession for others? and why are we not more sweetly familiar with a throne of grace? Communion with God, how ineffably delightful, how unspeakably honourable! It is one of the most precious drops of heaven, that bedews this dry and distant land—the lenient soother of care,—the mighty "solace of immense distress." It gives a rich zest to all the numerous blessings and enjoyments of life. O what an import do these words convey, "Our fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ!"

May divine grace animate my dear Betsy, and enable her to imbue the tender minds of her young pupils with useful knowledge and true piety.

Respects to your mother, love to your sister, with a

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large share of affection to yourself. Write, my dear friend soon to your obliged unworthy

FANNY.

LETTER TO MRS M. C. OF MARBLEHEAD.

Beverly, Feb. 12, 1814.

MY DEAR AND VENERABLE MRS C.

MR B. requests me to write a few lines to you, alleging it will give you satisfaction; and though I should esteem it a favour to conduce to your enjoyment in any way, yet I am loth to believe I can effect it by my pen.

Standing, as you do, on the brink of Jordan, in daily expectation of the summons to pass over, I trust you have good evidence of your title to an inheritance in the Canaan beyond, and faith to espy its blessedness and glories. You witness a good old age, and goodness and mercy have attended you to the present moment. Yet when you look back, and behold how swiftly your life has passed, and how chequered with difficulties, fears, and troubles, I doubt not, but you can readily adopt the language of the patriarch, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." Happy is it for the Christian, that he is not always to wander in this dark and inhospitable wilderness, exposed to enemies, snares, and dangers, and far from the God he loves. No, his time of trial and probation is short, and, as he lives a stranger and a pilgrim here, so, when the shadows of the evening draw over him, and his sun sinks to rest, his happy spirit shall find that better land, where God, and saints, and angels dwell. There he rests from his labours, from all his conflicts, trials, and sorrows, and, leaning on the bosom of Jesus, finds eternal repose and everlasting peace. No

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subtle tempter, no ensnaring world, no wicked heart to trouble and oppress him. These he left with his expiring breath, and bade them a delightful and endless adieu. Holiness and happiness possess his enlarged soul, and faith, changed into vision, beholds the glories of Deity, while songs of immortal praise dwell on his tongue. He stands complete in Christ his Saviour; and love, joy, gratitude, and hallelujahs shall form his blest employ, lasting as eternity.

It is good, my dear friend, to look beyond this vale of tears into that glorious rest that remains for the people of God. The prospect of this cheers us in this distant land, and sweetens our wearisome pilgrimage below. It is this that enlightens the night of adversity, and pours consolation into the sufferer's cup, while it strengthens the fainting traveller by pointing to his eternal home. This has oft raised my spirits sinking with grief, and eased my heart oppressed with fear. But I frequently question whether this hope is not the hope of the hypocrite, which shall perish when God takes away the soul;—a hope, which takes the comfort of the promises, while it overlooks the conditions. I know it is a great thing to be a humble follower of the Lamb, to have Christ formed in the soul, the evil dispositions and lusts subdued by grace, holiness enstamped on the heart, and heaven begun below: And doubtless, thousands ruin their immortal souls by thinking they are something, when they are nothing; contented with a name to live, while they are dead; deceiving themselves by some refuge of lies, and yet vainly imagining they are going to heaven. But O, how great will be their astonishment, consternation, and misery, when death undeceives them, and opens their eyes, not in the bright regions of glory, but in the yawning gulf of black despair!

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O, if I should be deceived, and go blindfolded to hell, while my hopes of heaven are firm and bright, how dreadful will be my condemnation, how aggravated my doom!

But while I see myself a vile and guilty sinner, I see likewise that Christ is just such a Saviour as my perishing soul stands in need of, every way fit, excellent, and glorious. On "the cross, all stained with hallowed blood," hangs my hope, my refuge, my only sure support against despair. Jesus, precious, soul-refreshing, life-giving name! Let it be sweeter than the sound of music to our ears, and invaluably dear to our sin-sick hearts. Christ, Immanuel, is the only Physician of the wounded conscience, the only passport to the favour of God, and the only way to eternal life. O may we be allured and captivated by his transporting beauties and heavenly charms, and be favoured abundantly with the soft whispers of his love and grace! May you, my dear and amiable friend, experience more and more the riches of his mercy and goodness, and sitting daily at his feet with Mary of old, find his fruit sweet to your taste, and his presence and smiles your song and your solace in the house of your pilgrimage. May your declining days glide sweetly and serenely away, filled with usefulness, duty, and happiness. May death advance, stript of his terrors, as a welcome messenger to convey you home; and while his cold hand presses on your furrowed cheek, may your moments be gilded with the bright rays of the Sun of righteousness, and reflect the joys and glories of heaven. And when your parting spirit wings its upward flight, may it be introduced into the glorious regions of immortality and bliss, to unite with the company of the redeemed in one harmonious and endless song of praise to the Lamb. To

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these ardent breathings of my heart, I think you will add, *Amen.* Even so be it, thou lovely Immanuel!

Please to let me have a respectful and affectionate remembrance to your daughter and grand-daughters, with wishes for a visit from them. If you can gain another hand to write, why cannot you send me some advice and instruction? Ever in your best moments pray for your unworthy Fanny; and accept this as a small testimony of her friendship, and wish to oblige.

NOTE TO MRS H. P. OF BRADFORD, THEN AT BEVERLY.

Sabbath Eve, 1814.

You seem, my dear Mrs P. exceedingly distressed with a view of your sinfulness, and though I am far, very far from that knowledge of my heart, and that acquaintance with the evil of sin you appear to possess, yet I think for this painful discovery you ought to be thankful. Will not your heart always be wicked in this world? And do you not daily pray for greater sight of its vileness? And could you have any evidence you had repented of sin, unless you had seen its turpitude and malice? Rejoice then evermore. The religion of Jesus, though it involves trials, crosses, and conflicts, unpleasant and far from small, is yet a happy religion, and brings with it present enjoyment. Do let us seek for a little of heaven by the way. Let our souls anchor on the only sure foundation, and then let Satan rage and threaten, let the globe shake to its very centre, and "the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," cover the wicked with confusion and despair, our peace and joy shall remain firm, and smiling serenity shall calm our bosoms. Well, Satan has not long to reign; and though he devours whom he may, yet

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not whom he would. May you lift up your standard against him, and find your Captain helping you to fight, and may shouts of victory,—victory through him, soon fall from our lips.

In your best moments supplicate for your obliged

FANNY.

NOTE TO MRS H. P. OF BRADFORD, THEN AT BEVERLY.

AFTER the hurry and toil of the day, I hail a retired moment in my dear chamber, to unfold my feelings to my beloved sister, and affectionate fellow traveller. If you wish to know how my mind has been employed today, I can tell you, much as usual, on the state of religion here, and the awful coldness of those who have professed to have union to our dear Lord Jesus. I could weep when I think of the divine injunction, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds," and almost question whether the eye of the formal professor ever met it. I am decidedly of opinion, that the check of this revival is to be ascribed in a great degree to those who proclaim themselves Zion's friends; and if I be the accursed Achan, alas! my heart trembles! I would not for worlds be a mean of retarding this blessed work; but alas! I have reason to fear! O my friend, what shall we do at this critical moment? I long to see Christians take a decided, bold, and consistent stand on the Lord's side, and let others see the wide difference between them, and the frozen hearted formalist. When the Lord shall come to search Jerusalem with candles, how many will be discovered to be settling on their lees, and at ease in Zion? For millions of worlds I would not be in their case, and incur their terrific woe.

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Let me then search and examine, and rest in nothing short of that heart renewing change which alone secures acceptance with my judge. Great is the deceitfulness of the heart, and numerous are its refuges of lies. Who that knows it, dares to trust it? I long, as it were, to fly beyond mine to the adorable Redeemer, and solace myself in his ever blessed smiles; but this stubborn and relentless thing ties me down to dust, and mocks my fond desires. Well, there are no wicked hearts in heaven, no cold affections, no earth-born passions, no evil thoughts; but all immortal ardour, love, and delight.

JOURNAL, 1814.

April 2. I am a wonder to myself; and I am such a mystery of mysteries, that I am in doubt what to think of my real state and character. I have little, very little, solid evidence of my interest in the promises, and of true and supreme love to the most glorious and all perfect Jehovah. My heart is so basely deceitful, that I find it exceedingly difficult to determine what motives influence my conduct; and I am sometimes almost led to think, that I never had one exercise incompatible with supreme attachment to self—that all the religion I have, or ever had, is a regard to my own personal interest. Yet I humbly hope I have seen moments, when self was out of view, when I could rejoice in the character of God, and view it as altogether excellent and glorious, worthy of the love and admiration of intelligent creatures, and feel perfect complacency in his universal and sovereign government—when all his ways and works appeared righteous and holy, and therein I could take satisfaction. When sorrow and trouble have thrown a gloom over my aspect, and sunk my feeble heart, I could sweetly take comfort

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from these three little words, "The Lord reigns." This brief sentence, short, yet full, is of more worth, and goes farther to reconcile the pious person to his condition, than all the numerous and splendid volumes of the Vatican.* It supports my mind under present depression, and alleviates anxiety for the future; and O may it ever be my strong hold in all the adverse and chequered scenes of this transitory life! My days, I feel, are hurrying away; and I am rapidly gliding down the hill of life to the low mansions of the dead. Yonder is death waiting for his prey, and the grave opening to receive me. To mortals, and their cares, and joys, and trials, I soon shall bid the long farewell. Ye that have seen my eyes suffused in tears, or sparkling with joy, shall behold them obscured in the darkness of death; ye that have listened to the plaintive moans, and cheerful strains, that have flowed from my lips, shall see them sealed in awful silence, and all my mortal powers chilled and broken by the ruthless stroke of the last enemy. No more shall you share with me in earthly concerns, no more partake of the boon of friendship; but, instead of walking hand in hand in social and endearing converse, you must follow in funeral gloom the sable ruins of death, to the house appointed for all the living. O may you exult in solid and well grounded hope, that what you commit to the noisome grave, and cover with the dusty clods, shall be raised in mighty power, and glorious splendour, assimilated to Christ's body, no more to see corruption, but to shine in everlasting vigour, beauty, and glory. Then may you check the falling tear, as softly and pensively you visit

* The Pope's palace, containing one of the richest libraries in the world.

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my grassy covering, and reading from thence the affectionate address I silently proclaim to you, "Be ye also ready;" you will vigorously seek to be prepared for a lowly bed by my side in kindred dust, that believing in Him who is the resurrection and the life, you may confidently look back to the radiant climes of transcendant glory, where the righteous "rest from their labours."

O my soul, art thou ready for the assault of death? Canst thou meet this grim messenger unappalled, and leave thy companion beneath the footsteps of thy fellow mortals, unheeded by the thoughtless traveller? How, O how canst thou meet this mighty conqueror, and submit to his strange and freezing operations? Canst thou pass his territories with cheerful step, buoyed up with the prospect of the rich field of bliss that smiles beyond, and greets thy closing eye? Say, my soul, art thou prepared to meet thy God—to stand the dread decision of the last great day—to see thy Judge assume his awful seat, and award the retributions of eternity? My God, fit me for these momentous scenes; hide me in thy pavilion; shelter me beneath thy wings; and sprinkle my soul with the rich blood that stained the cross of Calvary; that I may meet all these tremendous realities, with that tranquil peace of mind, which no hypocrite ever attained, no worlds of dying pleasures ever bestow, no legions of infernal spirits take away, no length of ages impair. O graciously grant me thy glorious perfections for my feast, thy almighty bosom for my rest, thy praise for my employment, thy heaven my home, and eternity the duration of all!

Be pleased to shed upon me the riches of thy grace; fill my heart with the fervours of holy love, and abase every high imagination before thee into nothing. I be-

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seech thee, suitably to humble me at thy feet, and never let my conduct or my temper be unbecoming. In spite of what a flattering world may say, may I ever retain a low opinion of my best actions and performances, viewing them all unworthy the notice of thy pure eyes, and far below what ought to come from one so in debt to thee, and so highly favoured. O wilt thou favour me with the most self-abasing views of myself, and with the most deep and abiding sense of my own utter helplessness, vileness, and nothingness; that whenever I approach thy mercy seat, it may be as an impotent beggar, craving a crumb of mere undeserved mercy. I beseech thee at this critical period, when the voice of adulation sounds in my ears,* and so many things concur to inflate my proud heart, O I entreat thee to subdue every self-exalting thought, and clothe me with the lowly graces of the spirit. And wilt thou bless the weak efforts of my pen, to the awakening of Christless sinners, and to the comfort and benefit of thy humble followers? O make me an instrument of good in the world, a blessing to some precious souls, that I may not be a worthless cypher in creation.

LETTER TO MISS C. T. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, April 10, 1814.

My dear, dear Clarissa,

As I highly appreciate your friendship and correspondence and ardently wish their continuance, I should esteem it a privilege to address you in the epistolary way,

* It is probable she here refers to what was said in favour of a letter of hers, which was published in the Panoplist the preceding February.

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could the productions of my pen add in the least degree to your edification and felicity. But, filled as I am with a sense of my weakness and insufficiency, I still know and rejoice that the Lord can bless the weakest means to the advancement of his cause, and the glory of his name; and to him may we look for a benediction upon our mutual communications, that we may be helpers of each other's joy and spiritual good.

Our wishful eyes seem already to greet the glimmering dawn of the latter day glory, and with hearts beating high with wondering expectations, we look forward to its meridian splendour. Glorious period! big with events beyond the narrow ken of worms, bringing an immense revenue of praise and glory to the Most High, and issuing in the everlasting felicity and excellency of innumerable intelligences; events which shall attract the admiring attention of all the celestial spirits, and cause them to celebrate in higher strains, the mighty displays of all-conquering grace. Yes, my dear sister, this apostate earth is to be reclaimed by the power of Immanuel, and constrained to bow in meek homage at his feet. Though now it is the scene of wide spread wretchedness, misery, and sin; convulsed to its centre with desolating judgments; a Golgotha, covered with the skulls, and crimsoned with the blood of slaughtered millions; yet ere long it shall be filled with the rising glory of our God; and, decked in righteousness, peace, and holiness, shall reflect the image, and taste the joys of a fairer clime.

We have pitied and prayed for the millions and millions of our immortal race, whose eyes have never glided over the page of eternal truth; whose ears have never listened to the messages of heaven, who are perishing for lack of vision. We have hung in anguish over the dying pagan,

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and beheld him pass the dread gulf that separates time from eternity. To him the dark valley is not illumined with a single ray of light; and gloom impenetrable rests upon the grave. He sinks into the icy arms of death; but no light from heaven cheers his desponding soul. Our hearts have ached for the youthful widow, wrapt in the devouring flames, and for the hapless devotees of Juggernaut, submitting to the awful crush of the ponderous wheel. We have pitied the sable sons of Africa, torn from all that was dear in home, and friends, and native land, and burdened with the galling yoke of bondage. We have felt for the degraded Hottentots, wandering in the sandy desert, unmindful of a country flowing with better blessings than milk and honey.

But these scenes and acts of cruelty, at which the bosom of humanity bleeds, shall ere long cease to exist. They shall be swept from the face of the earth, when the religion of the cross shall cover all lands. Our God has declared, and not one tittle of his word shall fail, he has declared, that he will give his Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; and that those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, shall come to the light of religion, and triumph in the joys of his salvation. Ethiopia shall stretch out her hand unto God, and the wilderness shall bud and blossom as the rose, bearing on her gentle zephyrs, songs of praise to the Prince of peace. Yonder is the lowly hut of the Hottentot, smiling in peace and righteousness, and triumphing in the wonders which Calvary exhibits; while the sweet incense of prayer ascends to the court of heaven, and enters the ears of the Eternal. The temples of superstition shall be consecrated to Jehovah, where his eyes and his heart shall be per-

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petually; where shall stand the legates of the skies, upon whom admiring crowds shall gaze, breathing from their grateful hearts, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" The glorious gospel of Christ shall travel to the remotest corners of our habitable globe, spreading life, light, and salvation, far as the curse extends, and converting the habitations of cruelty into habitations of righteousness—solitary desarts into fruitful fields, and the regions of darkness into a valley of vision. From the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south, shall come forth an illustrious army of Christian champions, ransomed from the ruins of sin and death, and elevated to the joys and pleasures that flow from a fairer clime. The warring nations, drinking into the sublime spirit of Christianity, shall drop their feuds and jealousies, and harmoniously become one in Christ, and wherever the sun sheds his genial rays, there shall the Son of righteousness shine in glorious splendour, and get to himself honour and glory, the reward of his bleeding love. Hosannas to his name, sung by young men and maidens, old men and babes, in joyful concert, shall roll across the mighty waters, fill the forests with melody; and, soaring sweetly beyond the skies, shall increase the joys, and swell the chorus of heaven! O my sister, viewing this millennial morn only in perspective, is enough to warm every benevolent heart, and dictate the fervent petition,

> "Come, thou desire of nations, come,
> And, added to thy many crowns, receive yet one,—
> The crown of all the earth."

Let our hearts glow with love to the Redeemer, and

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let his cross be all our glory. O may you be filled with his love, and know more and more the charms of his person, and beauty of his character.

Adieu, my dear sister. May the friendship commenced in this vale of tears, be ere long transplanted to brighter regions, and realize the ardour and consummation of heaven.

Pray that your Fanny may be emptied of self, and clothed with humility; that she may ever realize her nothingness and vileness, and drink deeply into the spirit of that religion which ascribes all glory to God, and abases man to the lowest dust.

May my Clara's bosom be the residence of peace and joy.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MISS H. P. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, April, 1814.

SHALL we not, my sister, be willing to become fools for Christ's sake? If we have the least degree of love to the man of sorrows, shall we not be willing to be counted the off-scouring of all things, to have our names cast out as evil, and loaded with contumely, ridicule, and reproach, that we may secure the favour of our God, and the salvation of our souls? Surely we should esteem it an honour to be conformed to our bleeding Lord in suffering; knowing that it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.

Friday eve. Well, my dear sister, we have had a precious meeting—somewhat like that we had last week, and you were remembered with tender affection. These meetings must not come to nothing; for I feel they are good. May we have a meeting soon, where sin and sorrow, parting and death, are no more forever.

FANNY.

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NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY.

April 23, 1814. Well, my dear Betsy, one more week is gone, and gone beyond recal. How has it been spent? O what are we doing? Friends drop,—gone to present their accounts,—to appear before their Judge,—to enter their eternal habitations. We are following, fast as we can draw our heaving breaths,—fast as the flying moments whirl away. A very little while, and all the great and magnificent objects that now occupy this globe, will no more interest us, than the clouds that fly unnoticed above our heads. A very little while, and the world will be to us as if it had never been;—only the effects of what we have been and done in it will remain. A very little while, and these eyes shall see the Son of man riding triumphant in the clouds, these ears shall hear the shrill sound of the trump of God, and the awakening sentence, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" Behold the judgment seat in view! The books are brought forth. Angels and saints rejoice; devils and damned spirits mourn and despair. To those on the right hand are awarded riches, honour, and glory, imperishable and eternal;—to those on the left, the blackness of darkness forever, unmitigated by one gleam of hope. Shall we witness,—shall we have an interest in these scenes? Do we believe these things? What! and stupid, lukewarm, cold, and indifferent? O for a mite of Whitefield's zeal, to warm our frozen souls. Yours in love,

FANNY.

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JOURNAL, 1814.

April 23. I have just formed this large book* for serious soliloquy, and have this moment given it the first touch of my pen. Perhaps it is reserved for some abler hand to fill it, while mine is motionless beneath the earth, and mixes with its native dust. Possibly I may cover but a few pages, and then drop my pen forever. This may contain the last expression of my feelings, the last written breathings of my soul, over which the affectionate eye of some dear surviving friend may rove, dropping one tear of fond remembrance and tender love. *Yes, I must die; I must die soon.* To the chamber which has witnessed oft my bended knee, my solitary meditations, my grateful songs of praise, and my searching the sacred page—to this dear place I must bid the long farewell. To my books and to my pen, and to all the avocations relating to earth, I breathe a final and everlasting adieu. My friends, the loved associates of my pilgrimage, the kind soothers of my cares and sorrows, and the participants of my joys and pleasures, to you—O how can I pronounce the parting word? Well, the separation will be short. If united in Calvary's bleeding Lord, and sprinkled with sacred blood, our friendship shall not expire with the lamp of life, nor be buried with our bodies in the dust. No; as it was purchased by the dying agonies of Immanuel, and is the rich fruit of a fairer clime, so shall it outlive this passing world, survive the conflagration of nature, the awful scenes of the last great day, and continue long as eternity shall roll its ages. It shall flourish in all the purity and vigour of the New

* Consisting of 112 pages, of which she lived to fill only 17.

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Jerusalem. In yonder world of light may we meet ere long, no more to take the parting hand, nor sigh a last adieu. There may we greet each other's happy spirit; and filled with raptures of flaming love, together talk of all the way the Lord has led us, and congratulate each other's escape from all the hazards and perils of this state of trial, and our safe landing on the peaceful shores of a blissful immortality. There may we fall at the feet of heaven's adored King, and unite our songs of joy with the harmonious throng of angels and archangels, and all the numerous company of saved sinners around the throne; while glory immortal shines in every countenance, and eternity is written on every joy.

But who bought this amazing bliss, and confers it on mortal worms? "I, even I," says the adorable Immanuel, "with my agonizing sweat, my bursting sighs, my expiring groans, my vital blood." Ah! this is the voice of my Beloved, and mournfully pleasant it sounds in my ears. Let me praise him with all the energies of my soul; for all lovely and glorious, he is infinitely worthy.

This afternoon I have been employed in looking over my first writings of this kind, and, imperfect as they are, I have reason to rejoice I have saved so much from the flames; for they have been a mean of confirming my hope, and enlivening my feelings. It has often been a distressing fear with me, that my language has been that of others, not my own, taught me by the Spirit of God. But on a view of what I yet retain, penned when I was little acquainted with authors, young and ignorant, I humbly hope those exercises are agreeable to the word of God, the production of the eternal Spirit.

Now I long for fixedness of soul in duty, enlargement of heart in prayer, and holy preparation for all the many

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and interesting duties of the coming day. Sweet Jesus! shine on my soul in all thy matchless beauty, and make me to repose myself in the green pastures of thy love, and walk by the side of the still waters of thy wondrous grace.

April 24. The day of the Lord has dawned, grateful to the stranger's heart, while he wanders in this strange land—sweetly refreshing to all, who love the blessed service of God, and have raised their eyes to a region, where one eternal Sabbath for ever reigns. Welcome morn! my soul greets thee with fond delight; and as thou art hastening away, O wilt thou bear on thy wing a tribute of gratitude to Him, who is mindful of his humble followers in this world of sin, and drops on their waiting souls some heavenly joys. I hail thee, happy day, as propitious to the suffering, languishing interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, and reviving to this afflicted, solitary daughter of Zion. For thee, many ardent wishes, many fervent prayers have ascended to the great head of the church; and now thou hast arrived, God shall be glorified with praise.

This day the city of our God here shall be gladdened by the accession of eight new members to this church; a sight which the oldest of our professors have not witnessed for many dark and cloudy years.

It is now above six years since I publicly joined myself to the Lord in an everlasting covenant; and as I entered the church the youngest member, so I have ever continued. And O I have esteemed it a high honour, that in the morning of my life I should sit with older saints around the table of our common Lord, and be so highly distinguished as to be their youngest sister. But this day I resign forever this station to others. I rejoice

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that it is to those who will fill it with so much more usefulness than I have done. This day, dear Lucy, takes my place, and bears the honour of a young disciple of Jesus, in the midst of a wicked and gainsaying world. O may she be prepared for all its duties and trials, and be enabled to endure and perform, looking unto Jesus for grace and strength!*

Noon. It is done. Eight souls have stood forth in the view of God, angels, and men, and professed their faith in the Lord Jesus, their attachment to his bleeding cross, and their determination to consecrate all their future days to his blessed service. Solemn and awfully momentous transaction! one, in which they never were engaged before, and never can be again; one, which extends its interesting influence through the revolving ages of an interminable career, and instamps its impress on their future undying existence; one, which Jehovah and all the heavenly hosts bended to behold, and which the recording angel has enrolled in the annals of eternity. My soul felt for them, and realized the awful vows they were sealing, and the weighty duties they were binding themselves to perform. O that this solemn event may never be produced at the last great day against one of their souls, to cover them with confusion, consternation, and wo! O may they never falsify their promises, nor bring scandal on that holy religion, for which the blood of Heaven flowed. May they never be traitors in the camp, betraying the interests of Christ to his foes, and

* Miss Lucy Edwards lived within a few yards of Miss Woodbury, and died within a few days of the same time, aged 19; leaving the most comforting evidence of living and dying in the Lord. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were scarcely divided."

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occasioning the scoffs and blasphemies of the enemies of the cross. But O may almighty grace enable them to live as strangers and pilgrims in this transitory world, as those who are born from above and associates of the inhabitants of heaven. May they breathe the spirit of the gospel in their every action, and may their future deportment shine eminently with all the beauties of holiness, and excellencies of Christianity, that others may have reason to say, surely the Lord is with them of a truth. O that they may manifest the power of religion in these lukewarm days, love and seek the prosperity of Zion, be blessings to the church, to society, and to the world, and when the evening of their days draws near, and death approaches to demand his prey, O may they safely and securely go down the declining vale, and land their wearied feet on Canaan's happy shores.

Eve. Yonder is the sun, shedding his last cheering beams on our western hemisphere, resigning us to the shades of night. I catch his last faint rays, as he sinks from my view, and pensively turn my eyes to the closing period of life. My morning is spent, my meridian is advancing, and long before that arrives, the darkness of death may encircle my horizon.—Behold my sun has set, no more to rise on earth. Earth where art thou, with all thy boasted honours and promised joys? Vanished like a dream —buried in oblivion, as though thou never wast. Eternity, eternity, is my mighty portion, and its awful wonders press on my separating spirit. Every feeling, and every emotion of my soul, bears it weighty impress, and shall forever. Worlds unknown burst upon my view, beings new and strange salute my astonished eye, and scenes amazing enwrap me all around. Where am I? In heaven or hell? Do I greet the smiling eye of Jesus? or

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do I meet the incensed wrath of an angry God? Do holy spirits welcome me to their blest abode? or do ghastly fiends conduct me to their mansions of wo?

O thou great and eternal Jehovah, I beseech thee to prepare me for the moment of death. O suffer me not to go into eternity under the guilt of one unrepented sin, nor to appear at thy judgment seat in the poor fig leaves of my own righteousness. I humbly, I devoutly, I earnestly implore thy pardoning mercy, thy forgiving love, thy reconciling smiles; that when the last moment shall arrive, I may be fitted to enter into the joy of my Lord, and to partake of the holy employments and purified delights of thy glorious habitation. O Lord be merciful to me a sinner. Kind Redeemer, be merciful to me the vilest of the vile.

May. "O that it were with me as in months past," is the mournful language of many true Christians. And why? because they have left their first love, lost the ardour of their spiritual exercises, and contracted a worldly minded, lukewarm spirit. Settled upon their lees, and immersed in the cares and pleasures of earth, they enjoy no happifying intercourse with God, no transcendent glories from the blissful mount of vision, no fervent zeal for the honour of their Maker, and the benefit of those souls he died to redeem. If the duties of the closet are not entirely omitted, they are but very unfrequently and coldly performed, as though they regretted the transient moments thus employed, and were glad when they were gone. Instead of communications from the divine Spirit, and heart-cheering visits of love from Immanuel, which once made their closets Bethels, they now hardly breathe a desire or raise a petition to the eternal Jehovah, but mechanically and formally hurry over a duty, in which

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every power of their souls ought to be engaged. They go with others to the house of prayer, to keep holy day; but while sitting beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, and hearing the most sublime and impressive truths delivered with the most animated pathos, their thoughts are wandering to the ends of the earth, or culling fairy visions. No wonder they return empty and unedified; while those who are hungry for the bread of life, have been fed and nourished with manna from on high. The Sabbath, once grateful and refreshing to their souls, is now spent in indolence and coldness; and they rejoice when its wearisome hours are terminated. Travelling still the wayward path, they continue to relax from their former strictness; and verge from one devious step to another, till they exhibit little or nothing of the power of godliness, and the heavenly nature of religion. Behold them in a convivial party, and you witness conformity to the world, satisfaction in vain conversation, and a compliant, temporising, spirit, forbidden by the gospel, and by no means characteristic of strangers and pilgrims here. Surely worldlings might well inquire, "What do ye more than others?" Thus Christ is crucified in the house of his professed friends, and his ways and truths evil spoken of, his heaven-born religion is loaded with ridicule and contumely of his enemies; and a stumbling block is thrown in the way of many sincere souls. Alas! for the lukewarm, backslidden believer; how unbecoming and inconsistent his deportment; how cheerless and lamentable his condition. Who knows how far down the declivity of vice he would slide, if abused mercy and infinite grace did not intercept his career, and turn his erring feet again to the way of holiness and path of peace Touched with the sorrows of deep compunction, he mourns over his past

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folly and criminality, and abasing himself before the mercy-seat of his compassionate Father, reiterates with the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He engages in the divine life with new fervour and strength, with a heart-felt sense of his own liability to err and go astray, and humble dependence on the rock that is higher than he. His character now appears with an amiable lustre, adorned with all the graces of the gospel.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER TO MISS C. T. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, May 11, 1814.

MY DEARLY BELOVED CLARISSA,

PAINFUL as my feelings are with regard to letter-writing, I have this moment come to a resolution, that I will again make the feeble attempt; and O may it be from love to God, and with a view to that day, when Clara and Fanny must stand at the bar of their Judge, and render an account how they have written, and how they have received. Do we realize the unutterable realities of that tremendous day? O day of dread decision and despair! Hark! the trumpet sounds, and penetrating the receptacles of the dead, calls the sleeping nations to shake off the dust of the grave, and assemble in one vast and mighty concourse, to give up their accounts, and receive their ineffable eternal rewards! Behold them collected! and according to the characters they had formed here on earth, fixed on the right or the left hand of Jehovah, their actions, their words, their thoughts, unveiled to the view of countless millions, and brought to the test of the sure oracles of truth. Where now are the deeds of darkness, perpetrated unobserved by mortal eye? Brought to light and stamped with immortal in-

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famy? Where the flimsy covering of the hypocrite? Gone forever; and his soul, naked and forlorn, finds to his overwhelming wretchedness, that crying, Lord, Lord, will never gain an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The impenitent on the left hand wait in dread dismay, to hear the awful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed." But there on the right stand the glorious company of the redeemed, shining in the immaculate glories of their adorable Redeemer, greeting the heaven-beaming smiles of their Judge; while their works of faith, and labonrs of love, are brought into view as evidences of their acceptance with heaven, and, "Come ye blessed of my Father," salutes their ravished souls.

O the surprising realities, the astonishing wonders, which the last great day will reveal! O the mighty bliss or woe it will pour upon every soul! Its decisions will be firm as the throne of omnipotence, and lasting as the existence of the immortal mind. Could we constantly live under deep and realizing apprehensions of a judgment to come, would not our general deportment be widely different? We should indeed do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do; and in constant watchfulness against sin and temptation, should be habitually looking unto Jesus for pardon, peace, and assisting grace, making mention of his righteousness, and of his only. O how earnest, how importunate would be our supplications to heaven for our own souls, and the souls of others! Feeling that we are praying for no less than the eternal salvation of immortal souls, O with what fervour, with what animation, with what assiduity, should we address the mercy-seat, and send the breathings of our hearts to Jehovah's ear! Never, never would our closets witness the strange averseness, wanderings, and languor,

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they now, alas, too often do; but they would attest to the constancy, sincerity, and wrestling ardour of our secret devotions; and Heaven, in answer, would shed immortal blessings upon a world of woe.

When I glance at a dear fellow mortal, I think, O you are formed to live forever; and my bosom heaves with wonder and astonishment, too vast for utterance. Where is the language that can pourtray, in all its magnitude and solemnity, the worth of one soul? and what can amount to its equivalent? The language of earth fails to explain; and millions of perishing worlds dwindle into nothing.

If these are truths, where, O where is that benevolent spirit which Christians profess to have imbibed, and which their blessed Redeemer so eminently displayed, when he wept over perishing Jerusalem? when he had sought solitary repose by the side of Jacob's well? a spirit which shone conspicuously in his every action, and led him finally to the cross of Calvary. If they are followers of the man of sorrows, where are their bowels of compassion for Christless sinners, their glowing love to the glory of God, and their incessant, indefatigable exertions for the enlargement and extension of the Mediator's kingdom? If they are travellers to a world of holiness, where is their conformity to the temper and employments of heaven, their elevated superiority to mortal things, their devout and ardent aspirations after those joys which know not the alloy of sin and imperfection, flowing pure from the throne of Deity? O did they more exercise and illustrate the heaven-born spirit of their holy religion, they would enjoy vastly more of its refreshing and sublimely animating comforts, and they would shine as lights in this dark world, to the glory of the Being they love and adore.

FANNY.

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JOURNAL, 1814.

May 12. Last night was chiefly spent in reading the writings of my departed Harriet, and sweetly melancholy it was to my soul. "Safe is she lodged above these rolling spheres," far distant from this land of sorrow and region of death. After many a struggle and many a tear, she has arrived at the mansion of unclouded bliss, and peacefully rests in Eden's bower. And does she not from her golden seat, cast a pitying look on her dear Fanny, wandering forlorn in this vale of tears? Does she not witness the mourning tears and tender sighs of bereaved affection, and gently whisper, "Weep not for Harriet, but redeem the time, fulfil your work, and come and join me in our Father's blest abode." O Harriet! my much loved Harriet! shall our spirits one day meet and be blest with a friendship, which separation cannot wound, nor death destroy! which shall glow with seraphic fire in endless day! Tossed to and fro on the tempestuous sea of life, distressed with fears, assaulted by temptation, oppressed with iniquities, shall I ever find my way to a brighter world! O why tarry I here, seeing I groan day after day over an unprofitable life, and spend my time in vain! Is not the hour of release at hand, and shall I not soon drink abundantly of the wine of my Father's kingdom, and feast on fruit dropping sweetly from the tree of life! Haste my beloved! shorten these interposing days, and receive my parting spirit to thy glorious rest.

May 13. The years that are past arise to my view, and present cause for deep humiliation, self-abasement, and contrition. Ah! they are recorded in the annals of eternity, with all their numerous misimprovements, imperfections, and sins. Not one moment of them can ever

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be recalled, not one action ever be undone. As I kneeled before the throne this eve, as usual, I ruminated on what I have been, and what I now am, and the tears of sorrow stole gently down; and when I was engaged in supplication, I was blessed with some fixedness, ardour, and importunity, and found the season grateful to my soul.

LETTER TO MISS M. W. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, May 14, 1814.

It grieves me to learn you are in darkness, seeking after your beloved, but finding him not; and wandering about in this distant land, with scarce one drop of bliss to smooth the way. But despond not. Your case is by no means peculiar. Trust in the Lord, and cast your every care on him; for he careth for you, and will relieve and succour you in the best time. Ere long, I trust, you will rejoice in his returning smiles, and the rich manifestations of his glory to your soul; and then you will go on your way rejoicing with lively gratitude and ardent zeal. Continue in the use of his appointed means, humbly imploring his gracious presence, and the cheering influences of his Holy Spirit; and be more anxious to have your trials sanctified, than removed. Such feelings are unpleasant; but they are necessary, to teach us our weakness and nothingness, wean us from the world, increase our humility, watchfulness, and prayer, and make us more dependent on the arm of the Almighty. If they have this effect on you through the blessing of God, you will have great reason to magnify and adore his holy name, and rejoice in his universal government.

O my sister, be not weary nor faint in your mind.

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Press onward in the path of duty, looking to Jesus, who was tempted like as you are, sin excepted; and exercise faith in his mighty name; for it is by faith, and not by sight we must live here. I feel a tender interest in your concerns, and I cannot but long that the comforts of religion may be yours. O may your weary soul rest sweetly on the bosom of Jesus.

We have had no meeting this eve; but all is right; for the winds and the storms might easily have been calmed by Jehovah's word, if on the whole it had been best for us to have encircled the altar of social prayer and praise.

If you have not read dear Mrs Newell's Memoirs, I wish you may; for I think you will be pleased and profited. She is gone to her rest; and my pained heart says it is right, all right, though she was the best beloved of all my numerous friends, and fondly united by many a tie.

Yours in love, FANNY.

NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY, THEN AT WENHAM.

May 21, 1814.

You ask, "What is communion with God?" I wish I were better able to tell you. But it can better be known by experience than by description. I think however I have just felt it in my retirement, unless I am most fatally deluded. I have been favoured with much enlargement in petition for almost every thing. I seemed to leave all sublunary things, and grasped after durable riches, and soul satisfying blessings for myself, my friends, my acquaintances, my sisters of the church, my dear * enemies, poor perishing pagans, for the ministers of Christ as a body, and particular individuals, for humane and religious societies, praying female societies, for the enlargement of

* Matt. 5, 44.

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Zion, and universal diffusion of peace, love, and religion. If I know my own heart, there is not a false friend, nor an enemy, nor a soul in this habitable world, but I can carry to the throne of grace, and supplicate the same mercies, and enjoyments, and graces, that I do for myself. O I want to have my whole soul moulded into pure gospel love, and to exhibit it illustriously in my temper and conduct. Will you not pray that this may be the case? Do, my dearly beloved; and forget not to praise the Lord for the precious filial freedom I have enjoyed and still hope to enjoy in pouring out my soul before him—a cordial for all my sorrows and trials, a sweet relief from every woe. O! if one drop of heaven is so good, what is heaven itself? May you and I know by happy experience. O may you be in the spirit on the Lord's day, and make advances in experimental piety. Good evening my dear friend.

FANNY WOODBURY.

NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY, THEN AT WENHAM.

May 22, 1814.

As it is not customary to keep school on election days, you will probably come home. I want you should devote Wednesday morn to a delightful ramble with me. I anticipate it with sensations of joy. But no; let us not depend too much; for it is a day which myriads of our race will never see. I want to feel that I have nothing to do here, but to glorify God, benefit immortal beings, work out my own salvation, and make my way to a fairer region.

Blessed be the Lord for the griefs and woes that have of late been mine to suffer. For they show the utter vanity of all below, and the preciousness of that gospel

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which bringeth life and immortality to light. Welcome then our trials, if thereby we may be conformable to our suffering Lord, and purified and fitted for that world, where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrows are known no more. Is this our home? Shall our spirits meet there, when these bodies repose in a bed of dust? O if we should not—But I must hope; and may heaven in mercy grant that my hope may never prove destructive to my soul. The storms of life are blowing over, and to the meek follower of Christ, an everlasting calm shall soon succeed. Let us then be patient, and establish our hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. And may grace work in us to will, to do, and to suffer, and then bestow the rich and glorious reward. Yours,

FANNY.

LETTER TO MISS M. W. OF BEVERLY.

Beverly, May 30, 1814.

Sabbath morn. I am happy to learn, my dear Miss W. that you have regained peace and tranquility of mind, and are now reposing sweetly under the shadow of Immanuel, and feasting on the rich food he has prepared for his humble followers. You think you do not yet feel that lively faith and love you desire. But you have every thing to encourage you to hope and trust in the Lord, for he is good to the soul that waiteth for him, and none shall seek his face in vain. O may you keep near to him, and be favoured with times of refreshing from his presence—rich streams of consolation flowing gently from the exhaustless Fountain to exhilerate and gladden your heart, while you traverse this desert wild. It is, my dear friend, through much tribulation that we

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must make our way to the port of rest. All who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Those who exhibit the beauty and power of godliness, and are active in the service they love, meet with opposition, not only from Satan and the openly ungodly, but also from many who bear the Christian name. This I think one of the many and heavy trials the decided votary of religion is called to sustain; and needful indeed are the consolatory truths and promises of the gospel to cheer his fainting heart. But surely we will follow our Lord through evil as well as good report, and delight to endure the cross, as well as look forward to the crown.

I rejoice that, vile and unworthy as I am, our dear Lord has favoured me with many estimable friends, in whose society and correspondence I take so large a share of placid joy in this inhospitable world. But O how painful to "weep over many a friend to dust consigned." Peace to the far distant grave of Harriet; and embalmed be her memory in the hearts of the pious. May our last days be like hers, calm, serene, and marked with the triumphs of faith and hope. I intend to let you have her Memoirs a few days, and I think you will admire the loveliness of her character, her ardent piety, and engagedness of heart in the work of the Lord. "That life is long which answers life's great end." Her years, though few, were consecrated to diligence and zeal in religion after her conversion, and she has quickly performed the arduous work assigned to her; and now sweetly rests from her labours and her sorrows. Will not my dear Miss W. supply her place to me, and be a faithful friend, to warn, admonish, and instruct? Pray for your affectionate

FANNY.

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LETTER TO MISS H. G. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, June 4, 1814.

MY DEAR HANNAH,

BLEST with a renewed opportunity of addressing you, I readily improve it; and could I impart some spiritual gift to your edification, and to the glory of your God, my heart would rejoice, even mine. But alas! while I am so cold and negligent in the best of causes, I have no reason to expect to animate and engage others. Why is it thus? The character of Immanuel is still lovely and glorious; and in his vineyard there is much to be done. Life is hastening to its close, and I am drawing nearer to the grave, where, "forgetting the world, and by the world forgot," my mortal frame must repose till the last trump shall summon the sleeping dust to the bar of God. Yes, my dear friend, our earthly course will soon be completed; but the consequences of this state of trial will be tremendously woeful or ineffably blissful to our immortal souls. Through an endless duration, we shall reap the reward of our doings, either rising in glory, or sinking in wretchedness. Eternity,—eternity is entailed upon poor earth-created man, and this eternity is yours, is mine, is the mighty portion of all the descendants of Adam.

Is it so, my dear friend? And can we for a moment be indifferent to our eternal all, and live as though earth was our abiding place, or death would extinguish the breath of the Almighty?* Is it so! And can we be insensible to the situation of those who are in bondage to sin and Satan, and verging to the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone? Is it so! And can we be lukewarm in

* The human soul.

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the blest service of our adorable Redeemer, and uninterested in the concerns of Zion, the city of our God, and the welfare of the world at large?

Did these truths properly affect our hearts, solemn indeed would be our feelings, and different would be our lives. We should then behold the vanity of this passing world, and, soaring beyond its trifling things, should penetrate the veil of futurity, and survey that ever blessed region, where flourish substantial joys and unrivalled honours. We should labour earnestly and unremittingly for the salvation of our own souls and the souls of others, content to have our names cast out as evil, and loaded with slander, reproach, and ridicule. We should be anxious to fill every remaining moment of our lives with duty, and every duty with holy activity and devout ardour, depending on the strength of Christ, and with reference to the glory of God. And filled with a deep and continual sense of our innumerable sins and imperfections, our utter nothingness and unworthiness, we should make constant application to the blood of sprinkling, and fly to the righteousness of our great High Priest.

O that you, my dear friend, may not have so much occasion for self accusation as your unworthy Fanny! May you live as a dying mortal, as a probationer for eternity; and treading the world beneath your feet, may you hold sweet and ravishing communion with God, and read your title clear to a mansion in that kingdom, bought with the blood of Jesus, and destined to flourish in eternal splendour. Happy indeed are the saints of the Most High. O that their privileges and immunities, their present sublime supports and future enrapturing prospects, may be ours. And their trials and crosses, their fears and temptations, we will likewise hail, if their God may be our

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God, and their home our home. O the calm and serene rest, the boundless and inconceivable delights which await those whose robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, who have traced the narrow path, though lined with difficulties, snares, and woes, and safely reached its end. With what amazing bliss will they salute the bright throng around the throne, and casting their crowns at the feet of their Lord, unite their lays in concert with adoring millions in ceaseless songs of praise to God and the Lamb. Far from this earth of sorrow, and beyond the reach of sin, they shall forever solace their weary souls in the bosom of their Saviour, and drink of the streams that flow unruffled at his right hand.

If the glory of heaven be such as mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, how awfully miserable must those be, who, despising all its immortal joys, choose the road to death, and ensure a portion in the bottomless pit. O my dear friend, trembling seizes me, when I think how many will come short at last, whose hopes were firm and strong, and who by the judgment of erring man were deemed the salt of the earth. Pray that this may never, never be the case of your friend Fanny; for it is what I have reason to fear, when I glance at my life and my heart. O may we build our hopes on the corner Stone laid in Zion; may we glory in tribulation; may we exult in death; and amidst the momentous scenes of that day, for which all other days were made, may we lift up our heads with triumphant joy, and in tranquil serenity sing the victories of Christ our King. My friend, when our few fleeting days are over, and death has chilled our mortal frames, may our spirits be cemented by the endearing ties, and glow with all the ardour of heaven;

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and to our glorified and lovely Immanuel we will render a never ending tribute of grateful praise. So may it be. Yours in love, FANNY.

JOURNAL, 1814.

June 19. For four Sabbaths I have heard scarcely a sentence from the pulpit. Glowing with inextinguishable thirst to visit the courts of my God, and listen to the truths of the gospel, O who can conceive my emotions, when I immure myself in my retirement! With the Psalmist tears have been my meat, though I greatly fear they were tears of sinful impatience.

This day, Dr W. preached below, and esteeming him highly as the compiler of my Harriet's writings, with what relish should I have heard him! But, alas! Providence destines me to many a woe, and I will cheerfully submit.

But can I be useless in this critical moment, when the world is in tremendous agitation, and all intelligent beings are actively engaged for or against that kingdom which shall prevail: O can I be a solitary neutral? No; it must not be. I must be useful in some way. I have devoted my pen to the Lord,* and if he has any thing

* There is no doubt that she here refers to her determination to write occasionally for the Panoplist. To some it may appear strange that she should form such a purpose. An explanation, therefore, may not be deemed improper.

It is doubtful whether she would ever have thought of writing for the public, had it not been suggested to her. She was earnestly addressed upon the subject in a manner nearly as follows:— "Though you have a very low opinion of your own composition, yet others, and especially the editor of the Panoplist, can judge of its merits much better than you. He has seen fit to publish one of your

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for me to do by writing, he will assist. O may I be enabled to consecrate to him my every talent, and in his blessed service improve them all with fidelity and success. Human applause is less than nothing. To my own Master I stand or fall, according to the improvement or

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letters, which has doubtless been received with pleasure and advantage by thousands. Possibly you may write something of equal merit, and even superior. Think not that you will appear ostentatious in offering a few pieces for the Panoplist. It may be done very secretly; or even if it should be known, it will be readily perceived, that there is a vast difference between offering a composition to the public directly, and submitting it to an editor, who has full liberty to publish or not, according to his judgment, *without being obligated to assign his reasons.* It is exceedingly desirable, that greater numbers should write for the Panoplist. For though now excellent and very useful, it might be more so, if all who have the ability, had also the disposition to enrich its treasures. It is desirable that the editor should have a large number and variety of compositions, from which to make a selection. You feel that others can write much better than you, and that they ought to supply the pages of the Panoplist with matter much better than you can produce, and leave you to move in a narrower, humbler sphere. But while such writers as Z. X. Y. are casting of their abundance into this sacred treasury, are you certain that it is your duty to withhold your mite? What if his communications upon intemperance, and upon the Sabbath, are greatly superior to any thing that you can hope to produce upon those subjects; yet, is it not possible, that upon some subjects you may be able to furnish a few sentences, or a few paragraphs, that might be pleasing and edifying even to him? Supposing your qualifications for writing to be really as small as you imagine, may not a person of ordinary talents, and scanty information, be enabled sometimes to excel? May not such a person, in some peculiarly happy hour, when fired by some subject that he had long been accustomed to ponder with the deepest interest, be able to furnish a few pages, that might prove more useful to thousands of readers, than

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misimprovement of what he has entrusted to my keeping, and O I tremble lest I incur the guilt and doom of the unprofitable servant. May he instruct, guide, and lead me; for

> Weaker than a bruised reed,
> Help I every moment need.

I want to feel that I am acting for eternity. I want to be influenced supremely and solely by those pure and

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the learned disquisitions of the ablest writers? It must also be considered, that the best writers have generally such a pressure of numerous and important duties, as to leave little time to write for the Panoplist. And not only so, but what may be done by many is in danger of being neglected by all.

Surely you cannot fear that any great evil will result from complying with my request. With regard to yourself, it must conduce to your improvement and edification. Nor need you fear that the public will be injured. If your pieces should be really unworthy of publication, you need not fear that the editor will suffer them to encumber his pages. But if one in four should stand the test of his judgment, might it not do more good than thirty private letters?—more good than you would otherwise do in a month?

You have given yourself to the Lord in an everlasting covenant: You have often sealed your solemn vows around his holy table: You know and you feel, that your obligations to do good are inexpressibly great. If you have any talents for doing good, it is probably your pen.——Can you then let it rest?"

To such considerations as these she listened with the most profound attention and with a downcast look, and scarcely attempted to make any reply. It was probably some weeks before her conscience could prevail upon her diffidence and humility to comply with the request. She lived to complete only two papers for this purpose, which are now in the publisher's possession, and may appear in another edition of this work.

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powerful motives which the gospel holds to view, as those which will alone be pleasing in the eyes of infinite purity, and should ever be the stimulus to external action. A bubble indeed is the praise of man. I have prayed, "Lord, let not my heart be haughty, nor my eyes lofty, neither let me exercise myself in matters too high for me;" and surely a compassionate Saviour will attend to my feeble cries, and guide my doubtful soul. Should others know what I am doing, they would censure, envy, and reproach. But it would be nothing to me; for their souls are not in my soul's stead, neither to them do I stand amenable. At a higher tribunal I must soon appear, and pass a solemn and strict examination, and receive my eternal portion according to the deeds done in the body. To God I owe my all, and his approbation I ardently wish. My business is with him and my own conscience, and not with a misjudging world. May he ever guide my pen, and bless its poor and humble efforts. O may he use me, unworthy as I am, for the promotion of his glory, and advancement of his cause. O may he favour me with a heart large enough to embrace the millions of my species, and earnestly to long for their immortal good. I am weary of this narrow, mercenary selfishness, this strange indifference to the spiritual wants of a dying world. Blessed Immanuel, thou who didst bleed for sinners, O vouchsafe me a portion of thy compassionate, feeling spirit, and inflame my bosom with ardour fresh from heaven.—Come, dear Jesus, I long to see thy face, and enjoy thy smiles.

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NOTE TO MISS E. S. OF BEVERLY.

July 5, 1814.

I REJOICE, my sweet friend, that your heart is enlarged with love and gratitude; and smiling joy sits placid on your brow. As you have received Christ Jesus, so be anxious to walk in his holy commands, and simply trust his faithful word. O may he keep you near himself, and cause you to travel the path he appoints. You are now under renewed obligations to your God; for you have witnessed fresh instances of his mighty mercy and abounding love, and have encreasing cause to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Most cheerfully would I join with you in a hymn of praise for his wonderful mercies vouchsafed to us in relieving our anxiety and dispersing our fears, by his signal kindness to your dear mother. May she be enabled to consecrate her dear children to her covenant God, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and with grateful heart perform her vows to the Most High. You, my dear Elizabeth, have now new duties to perform; for your prayers for the little infant should be ardent and constant, that the Lord would wash his soul in the laver of regeneration, and make him a partaker of his grace, that he may be a chosen vessel unto God, and from a child seek and serve his Maker.

LETTER TO MRS H. P. OF BRADFORD.

Beverly, Aug. 21, 1814.

MY DEAR SISTER,

O WHAT a vast and glorious assembly will there be in heaven when the last sand of time shall drop, and the

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judgment day award to the waiting millions, their eternal homes. What honours will crown the head of our Redeemer, when having fixed the everlasting destinies of all created intelligences, he shall recede from his awful seat to the dwelling-place of his glory, kindly conducting a mighty retinue of holy beings to dwell with him in cloudless light. Who would not burn with desire to grace his final triumphs, and proclaim his boundless charms? Who would not leave this mortal state, with all its fading pleasures, to survey his lovely beauties, and delight in his enrapturing smiles?

But if our souls have been enlightened to behold the perfections of his character, if they have tasted his love, where are our bowels of compassion for those who see no form nor comeliness in him? Have we no pity for the many millions of our species, who roam the burning wilds of the east, conversant with the miseries of the apostasy, but strangers to the salvation of Christ? Shall not our hearts melt with tenderness over the numerous savage tribes, who, enwrapt in nature's starless darkness, most movingly address us from their abodes of woe, "When it is well with you, think of poor indians." Precious souls, we will not forget you. No, we will long and pray for the day when you shall emerge from your present gloom, and pointing your eye to mansions of light, and hanging your hopes on the cross of Immanuel, you shall send to heaven your tuneful songs of admiring joy.

O when shall the kingdom of Jesus rise throughout the earth in millenial strength, majesty, and splendour, bearing heavenly peace to warring nations, and causing an Eden again to bloom beneath the skies? When shall Zion shake herself from the dust, forget her days of mourning, and her repaired walls bear the impress in

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characters legible to every eye, "SALVATION and PRAISE." The era is not far distant, and from heaven proceeds the immutable word, "I the Lord will hasten it in its time." Our hearts must gratefully respond, "Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Sabbath Eve. Respecting visits, my dear Mrs P. I take it for granted you know my opinion and practice; but as you request, I write a word on the subject, hoping you will be guided in this, and every other concern, in a manner well pleasing in the sight of God, and conducive to his glory and your own best interest. Though common place acquaintances merit our civility, and every proper expression of respectful attention, yet an intimate and frequent intercourse with them, I consider unnecessary, injurious, and criminal. The Scripture is a sure directory; and, I believe, that does not allow of Christians mingling much with the people of the world. Even where large parties have been chiefly formed of professors, I have seldom found much edification. We are commanded to redeem the time. And can we not, when solicited to make a visit, which we have every reason to conclude will be unprofitable, can we not improve the time better by conversing with our Bibles, our hearts, and our God—in writing to some dear separated friend—in visiting the poor, the sick, and afflicted—or in holding familiar intercourse with some humble, decided follower of the Lamb? Were the time thus spent, should we not, on the review, feel more peace of conscience than if wasted in tiresome scenes of vanity and folly? We must not, however, affect singularity and preciseness. Much wisdom from above is needful to direct us in the right way; and with this, I wish you might be favoured in an eminent degree. Your affectionate FANNY.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS N. K. OF NEWBURYPORT.

Beverly, Aug. 27, 1814.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

BLEST with another opportunity of addressing you, may the divine Spirit direct my pen, and make its feeble efforts conducive to your spiritual good.

Pausing on the immense value of the soul, the ruined state of man by nature, the beauty, freeness, and fulness of the gospel-plan of salvation, and the eternity of future rewards and punishments, my mind expands with sensations not to be fully expressed. Have we immortal souls, and can we be indifferent to their concerns? Are we involved in the ruins of the apostasy, and shall we not be solicitous for our recovery? Are we formed to live through endless ages, and shall we not wish to pass those ages in the sublimities and glories of the world of light? If these concerns are everlastingly momentous, as represented by Him who cannot lie, O let us attend to them, my cousin, with all the assiduity, diligence, and ardour we can command, now while the time of our probation is protracted, and heaven allures us with its unnumbered charms.

Let us beware of the blandishments of this insidious world, the temptations of the prince of darkness, and the corrupt propensities of our own depraved hearts; for they all urge us in the most plausible manner, to forget eternity, our Maker, and our souls. They, with united voice, bid us put far away the evil day, and linger thoughtlessly on the plains of Sodom, till the fierce storm, bursting from above, shall ingulf us in remediless destruction. O that we may find a refuge in the bosom of Immanuel. If renovated by his grace, and interested in his redemp-

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tion, we need not fear, though the archangel were commissioned this moment to sound the last trump, and issue the dread mandate, "Time shall be no longer." With the smiles of Jesus we may enjoy serenity amidst all the ruffling scenes of life, and in that awful day, when worlds shall be wrapt in flames, and the rewards of eternity distributed by an unerring hand. But if we are yet in our sins, alienated from God, and enveloped in the awful blindness, ignorance, and darkness of nature, we stand on the awful verge of interminable perdition, on the frontiers of that lake which burns unceasingly with fire and brimstone. May we, my dear, dear Nancy, be favoured with a view of the true state of our souls, and be enabled to secure the approbation of Him, who is able to save and to destroy. May he whisper, in accents of love, to our bosoms, "I am thy salvation." May he illumine our minds with the light of his countenance, and guide our erring feet to Zion's hill. I feel, that with his friendship I should be sublimely happy in the solitary wilds of Zaara. But without it, I must languish in pining wretchedness, though possessed of all the earth calls good or great. One smile of him can soothe to rest my aching heart, can disperse the gloom of affliction, and change my sighs of grief to songs of joy. Happy indeed are they who gain intimate access to him, and enjoy the endearing manifestations of his love in this far distant land; but more divinely blest are those unfettered spirits who encircle his shining throne, and chant in rapturous strains his deserved praise. Yours,

FANNY.

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LETTER TO MISS S. D. OF WENHAM.

Beverly, Sept. 1, 1814.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

I DOUBT not but you will be surprised at the receipt of a letter from one who is almost a stranger to you. But our short interview yesterday afternoon, gave rise to that ardent concern for your immortal salvation which induces me to write. You have been almost constantly in my thoughts this morning; and while I have bound you tenderly to my bosom, I have commended you to Him whose mercy and compassion to sinners is more extensive than man can conceive. He can guide my pen to express those truths which are of eternal importance; and he alone, by his new-creating Spirit, can imprint these truths effectually on your conscience, and make them available to your everlasting good. Without his blessing, Paul may plant and Apollos water in vain; but with it, a feeble effort of the most unworthy, undertaken from right motives, may save souls from endless death. This is the Being, even the ever glorious Jehovah, whose favour and smiles I wish you to possess. In him you will find all that you can desire for time and eternity. If you secure his friendship, you will pass your few short years on earth in usefulness; you will have ineffable peace within, amidst all the numerous troubles incident to this mortal state; and when you are closing your eyes in the long slumbers of death, you may rejoice in hope of immortal glory, in the prospect of rising to the New Jerusalem, and uniting with the glorious spirits around the throne in singing the praises of the dear Redeemer.

But let me reverse the picture. You are by nature an enemy to God; continuing, and dying so, you must perish for ever. Should this be your wretched case (O

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may almighty grace prevent) every day and every hour you live here, you will be treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, increasing fuel to feed that fire which will torture you with unspeakable and eternal woe. I direct my eyes to the regions of despair, and look for one of its most miserable inhabitants. Ah! a lost child of believing parents rises to my view. Enwrapt in the blackness of darkness, she addresses me from the prison of hell, "My parents, blessed with eminent piety, consecrated me early to God. They sought the sanctifying grace of Heaven for my soul with many a prayer and many a tear. They nurtured my infant days with tender unremitting assiduity. They cherished and cultivated my opening powers with the most solicitous and affectionate attention. They instructed me in the great doctrines and duties of Christianity. They strove, by precept and example, to draw me from the path of destruction to the path of peace. Their house ever afforded an altar, upon which the morning and evening sacrifice ascended to heaven; so that I had line upon line, and precept upon precept. But I, fool that I was, hardened myself in iniquity, till the harvest was past, and the summer was ended. My day of probation closed. Fear, desolation, and destruction, came upon me as a whirlwind. And now I must cry in accents of doleful despair, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof."

Dreadful as this representation is, my young friend, it is realized, fully and awfully realized, by many wretched beings in the lake of fire; and the number will probably be increased. O make not one of the company. You are favoured with many advantages for the acquirement of true piety. But should you misimprove or neglect them,

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they will aggravate your condemnation, and enhance the misery of hell. In this case you would envy the poor untutored Hottentot, who had spent his days in wandering over burning sands, whose eyes had never seen a bible nor a Christian, whose ears had never been saluted with a Saviour's name. My heart gladdens at the thought of your privileges; but when I think of the depravity of nature, and the deceitfulness of sin, I rejoice with trembling.

But, my friend, why will you not be a Christian? Why will you not give joy to your parents, to your pious friends, to the holy spirits in heaven, by your early devotion of heart, and soul, and life, and all, to your glorious Creator?

Peculiarly blest are those, who turn to God in the morning of life, and consecrate to the services of religion the vigour of their affections, powers, and faculties. Commencing in the bloom of youth a journey to yon celestial world, being planted early in the courts of their God, they shall flourish in usefulness and felicity, exhibit eminent examples of the native excellence of piety, reflect honour on their divine Saviour, and hereafter shine in the kingdom of God with immortal splendour. By embracing religion, and declaring themselves pilgrims and strangers here, when earth appears in its most alluring attire, and presents its most powerfully attractive temptations, their piety is not only almost unquestionable, but singularly lovely. They will rejoice that they gave to God the dew of their youth, and forever adore that grace which led them to adopt a course so wise, so happy, so honourable to God, so fraught with heaven. And will you not, my dear friend, select this course for yours? Will you not early repent of your sins, seek pardoning mercy, and secure an interest in the merits of the Saviour? Will you

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not ensure a seat in the regions of a glorious immortality, where the righteous shall reign in everlasting light, when the earth shall be destroyed, and all the wicked shall be turned into hell?

You are now destitute of all good, inclined to evil; and without new feelings you can never see God in peace. As you now are, you are totally unfit for heaven; you are lingering about the entrance of eternal perdition; and nothing but the mere mercy of God, that mercy which you forfeit every moment, continues you in this land of hope. Should God in awful vengeance cut you off now, say, my dear young friend, where would you be? Would you not be lost and ruined for ever? And will you, can you, rest in this hazardous situation? Shall I not urge you to flee from the threatening danger to the refuge which the gospel exhibits? Come then to Jesus Christ. Bow to his sceptre; welcome him to your heart, and you will be happy forever. You will find him all that you can wish,—a Redeemer mighty to save,—a Physician able to make you whole,—a Sun to enlighten and guide,—a Shield to guard and defend,—a Friend infinitely powerful and compassionate,—a glorious Resting place through all the changes of time, through all the ages of eternity.

Shall he not be yours? O I entreat you, if you have any regard for your future well-being, if you wish to be holy and blessed forever, resign yourself cordially into his dear faithful hands, and choose him for your portion, your God, and your all. Defer not another moment, lest that moment should place you beyond the reach of mercy, beyond the solace of hope. Death cannot be far distant. Many, younger than you, have taken their flight to the bar of God. In some unexpected instant, you may fall before the universal conqueror, and go to receive your

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doom for eternity. You know you must die, and let me affectionately tell you, that you may die soon. O then I entreat you to prepare without delay. You will never, never repent of loving and serving God, nor of doing it too early. Religion is the only thing you will want on the agonizing pillow of death, and if it is needful then, is it not important that you should possess it now, since this night your soul may be required of you. God is waiting to be gracious; the Saviour's arms are open to receive you; but if you continue to rebel, He that sits upon the throne may swear in his wrath you shall never see his rest.

What more shall I say? What more can I say? O that I could tell you of that eternity to which you are hastening. O that I could lead you to think of those ages on ages, which shall never end; which you and I, and all rational beings, must spend in heaven or hell. This eternity we must soon enter; and become acquainted with joy or sorrow greater than we can now conceive. My beloved friend, think of these things. Attend to the things that make for your peace, before they are forever hidden from your eyes. Listen to the voice of conscience, to the warnings and invitations you daily receive, to Him who speaks from above in accents of love, "Give me thy heart."

I commend you to the pious instructions of your parents and friends. I commend you to the counsel, benediction, and keeping of your father's God. May the Lord renovate and sanctify your heart, guide you in life, comfort you in death, and bless you with his love through eternity.

Remember me with affection to your honoured parents, with a wish for the best of heaven's blessings to rest upon

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their souls, and the souls of their children. Love dear Betsy, and listen to her advice. F.

LETTER TO MRS E. C. OF WENHAM.

Beverly, Sep. 2, 1814.

MY DEAR MRS C.

You requested me to write, and my own inclination urges me to comply with your request. In treating on the great truths of the gospel, truths of more importance to your soul and mine than language can express, I shall write with plainness; and you cannot surely wish me to do otherwise.

In reply to my question, whether you had a hope, I think you observed, that you sometimes feared you had no evidence. It remains then to inquire, what are the evidences of a well grounded hope,—that hope which none but a Christian can possess. I apprehend these evidences are, love, supreme love to the glorious character of God, as exhibited in his word and works; a governing regard to his glory; a conformity of heart to his moral image; a cordial delight in his holy law; a constant and vigorous endeavour to keep all his commandments; a hatred to sin in all its various forms and actings; a most endearing affection and union to Jesus Christ; and entire reliance on his merits. I might ennumerate many more; but these are sufficient to enable you to decide, whether your hope be true or false. Permit me to say, that no person in a state of nature, ever possessed one of these evidences, and every Christian possesses all, and other concomitant ones.

Great, my friend, is that change of heart necessary to an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. It is a radical

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change of the views, feelings, and dispositions of the soul, effected by the operation of the Holy Spirit. Without this, I neither expect to enter the New Jerusalem myself, nor to see any one else there. He who cannot lie hath said, "Ye must be born again;" and sooner shall the heavens pass away, than one jot or title of his word shall fail. Are we the subjects of this change? If we are, we are safe on the Rock of ages, have deposited our treasures in the bright world of glory, and the united powers of earth and hell can never prevent our salvation. But if we are not, we are condemned already; the law thunders its tremendous curses; the wrath of Omnipotence abides on our souls, and hell with all its horrors is open before us. While in this state, we practically say to the Almighty, "Depart from us; we desire not the knowledge of thy ways; we will not have thee to reign over us;" we live in continual violation of his holy commands; we foster the malignant iniquities of our desperately wicked hearts, and we make incessant and rapid advances to that land where hope sheds not its soothing balm, where mercy drops not a cheering solace.

It is a solemn consideration, my friend, that, till we act from holy principles, we can do nothing well pleasing to God. For he can accept of no services which do not flow from love to him; and of true love to him, every unrenewed heart is entirely destitute. Hence the vast importance of immediate repentance, and lively faith in Christ our Lord. Every moment we procrastinate these great duties, we hazard all the bliss of heaven; and for aught we know, fix our future destiny in the abyss of despair. Shall we, can we, be regardless of the things that belong to our peace? Have we no concern for these souls of ours, which must survive all sublunary things,

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and live forever beyond the grave? Do we despise that salvation which a Saviour bled to purchase; and which now he tenders from his exalted throne, "without money and without price?" Shall we not awake from our dangerous slumbers, and use every effort to obtain an interest in that kingdom which shall stand forever? Surely it is time. We have passed many precious years in the service of the prince of darkness. The remainder of our allotted time must be short. The last sand will soon drop; and then all that is undone, must be undone forever. The closing period of life, how unutterably solemn! How precious will the religion of the cross then be! a religion which can diffuse immortal comforts around the pillow of death, strip the last enemy of all his terrors, and open the gate of paradise to the separating spirit. How desirable then to have that hope, which shall be an anchor to the soul amidst the struggles of dissolving nature, and direct the closing eye to a country where the tempestuous storms, which rage in this adverse clime, never, never rise; but where unruffled peace spreads its heavenly charms, and joys divinely transporting forever grow! But that eventful moment, which crowns the Christians' hope with full fruition, destroys the hope of the hypocrite, and whelms his soul in endless woe. Then "tired dissimulation drops its mask;" every refuge of lies, every false comfort flees away, and all dreams of future glory are transformed into sad realities of everlasting misery. The self-deceived and deluded hypocrite, who had fondly imagined himself sure of heaven, shall too late bewail his mistake, when surrounded by the eternal flames. His hope expires with his breath, and leaves him to the corroding anguish of unutterable disappointment.

O my friend, we have reason to tremble in view of these awful truths. Should we build our houses upon the

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sand, they will fall before the rising storm, and bury our souls in irreparable ruins. Let us not madly bind a hope to our bosoms which will facilitate our destruction, and forsake our sinking spirits in the opening light of futurity. Let us not think we are tracing the upward path to Zion's hill, while we are bending our course to the mansions of despair. Without holiness we shall never gain admittance into those regions where consummate purity forever reigns. Natural amiableness without grace, will avail nothing with Him whose eyes are like a flame of fire, to search the heart and try the reins of the children of men. We may have many moral virtues, many pleasing qualities and attainments, and yet be void of every good exercise, and far from that way of peace which leads to glory on high. A false hope is easily imbibed, but perhaps seldom eradicated, till death unveils eternity.

O my friend, let me earnestly entreat you to examine the ground on which you stand, and realize you do it for eternity. Your everlasting all is implicated. You are amenable to a tribunal from which there is no appeal; the decisions of which must be perfectly just and unalterable. This is your day of probation. It is hastening away; and every moment, as it passes, can no more return. Look a little forward, and view approaching death, judgment and eternity. The scenes of mortality will soon terminate; the enchanting beauties of earth will recede forever from our grasp; but the consequences of our conduct will be infinitely interesting, and abide through rolling ages. And when eternity shall be our portion, we shall see these truths in all their energy, solemnity, and awful import.

Let me urge you, my friend, to prepare to meet your God. Let me entreat you to realize your situation, to awake to your own eternal good, to secure Christ for your

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Redeemer and your God, before he shall assume the seat of judgment, and award incorrigible sinners to the "blackness of darkness" forever. Except you bow before Jesus in humble abasement, be sprinkled with his atoning blood, and appropriate his salvation to yourself by faith, you can never find that rest which remains for the children of God. Give conscience leave to speak, and attend without delay to its faithful admonitions. O give not slumber to your eyes, till your soul rests securely on the glorious Corner-Stone laid in Zion; for there only will you find safety, when the incensed wrath of Omnipotence shall burst in one eternal storm on all the impenitent. Take refuge this moment in those arms, which once were transfixed with rugged nails for the rescue of perishing worms, and which are now benevolently expanded to embrace repenting sinners. All things are now ready. The door of heaven is wide open; and the way which leads thither is exactly pointed out in the oracles of eternal truth. Will you not, then, be wise for eternity?

Be assured, my friend, I have sought your best good in penning these important truths. I can give you no greater proof of my friendship, than I have now manifested. Let me indulge the fond hope, that you will receive this with candour, and as though it were my dying advice, attend to it with deep solicitude. If you find anything repugnant to scripture, reject it with abhorrence; but if these things are true, they merit our solemn consideration. I commend you to him, who alone can savingly illuminate your soul, and guide your feet to yonder hill of Zion, where all the redeemed of the Lord shall stand in immortal glory, and make the celestial plains to ring with songs of joy. My dear, dear friend, with the

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most tender anxiety, with ardent wishes for your future felicity, I bid you an affectionate adieu. FANNY.

O make God your friend, and heaven your home.

LETTER TO MRS A. N. OF WENHAM.

Beverly, Sept. 3, 1814.

I SEIZE a hasty moment, my friend, from the necessary refreshment of sleep, to write you a few lines.

May I ask, are you near to God by the blood of sprinkling, or far off in nature's darkness? Have you meat to eat that the world knows nothing of, or do you feed your immortal mind with the perishable husks of earthly joys? If our comfort be scriptural, it will be accompanied with the renunciation of all known sin, a vigorous performance of all known duties, a dread of temptation, and an habitual desire to please God. In keeping the commandments there is great reward. But the joy and confidence which are not materially lessened by the commission of sin, may well be suspected to arise from a wrong source. True religious joy will lead us to watch and pray, to be humble and penitent at the feet of Jesus, to deny ourselves and take up the cross, and walk in the path of duty, however strait and narrow, however beset with difficulties and trials. All other joy is vain, is dangerous, and calculated to lull us to sleep in thoughtless security, till our souls sink in the flames of hell.

Many, it is to be feared, deceive their own souls, thinking themselves something, when they are nothing, imagining they are christians, while they retain their native love of evil, and are destitute of saving grace. Many, who profess themselves the children of God, have no part nor lot in the salvation of Christ, and will hear

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from the lips of their Judge at the last great day, "Depart from me, I never knew you." Many have the lamp of profession; but what will that avail without the oil of divine grace? Alas! without repentance, it will only encrease their condemnation, and involve them deeper in future wretchedness. Awful indeed must be the situation of those, who while they name the name of Christ, crucify him afresh, and put him to open shame. They open the mouths of sinners against our holy religion, harden the hearts of the careless, grieve the children of the most High, and are a stumbling block in the way of many. If they die strangers to the power of vital religion, what pen can describe their anguish, when they stand trembling before their Judge, and hear him speak in a voice like thunder, "Who hath required this at your hands?" Their criminality must then appear in all its odious light, and cover them with confusion, consternation, and despair. They must lie down in endless sorrow, though once they vainly thought they were sure of heaven.

O my friend, when I think of these things, I tremble for others,—I tremble for myself. We have reason to fear, that through the deceitfulness of our own hearts, we shall at last come short, and prove that we are Christians only in name. Let us see whether Christ is formed in us the hope of glory; or whether we are not yet in our sins, walking in that broad road which leads to perdition. If we have been deceiving ourselves, it will be far better to discover it now, than when it is too late to rectify mistakes—too late to repent, and work out our salvation. O let us, with the greatest diligence, attend to the one thing needful, and so number our fleeting days as to apply our hearts to true wisdom. Soon our mortal years will be ended; and then we shall commence an eternal round of joy or wo. And in eternity we shall reap the

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reward of our doings on earth. We shall feel the effects of our present conduct, when time has finished his appointed course, when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, when creation shall lie in mighty ruins, and when one vast eternity shall be all in all. Nay, we shall be sensible of their influence, as long as our existence endures.

O then how important it is, that we should awake from sleep, and sow to the Spirit, that we may of the Spirit reap life everlasting. Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. To-morrow we may be where all is immutable and eternal. O could we realize these considerations as we ought, what solemnity and awe would fill our minds; how jealous should we be over ourselves, how afraid of deception, how watchful against sin and Satan, how engaged in duty, how constant and ardent in prayer, how earnest to approve ourselves to the Searcher of hearts. Let us then forsake our sins, and penitently return to the Lord; for our souls are infinitely precious; time is short, and eternity is near. May we both be made holy in heart and life, that we may glorify God on earth, and at death have an entrance ministered to us into that kingdom which consists in righteousness, peace, and eternal joy. O my friend, rest not unless you are created anew in Christ. FANNY WOODBURY.

LETTER TO MRS S. E. D. OF BEVERLY.

MY DEAR MRS D. *Beverly, Sept.* 1814.

THE present is indeed a day of darkness, of thick darkness, illumined but with a few glimmering rays of cheering light. Our national iniquities are exceedingly numerous and aggravated, so that God in just judgment has poured out his wrath upon us, to show us that it is

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an evil and bitter thing to forsake him. And if these afflictions might lead us to consider our ways, mourn with godly sorrow over our sins, and penitently return unto the Rock of our salvation, then we might hope that the Lord would spare us, defend and protect us, and favour us with his gracious smiles. But, alas! our pride, ambition, and vanity, have arisen to a greater height; and we seem to grow more hardened under divine rebukes. Much do we need a spirit of humility, of amity, and of dependence on the Almighty, and a thorough universal reformation, that again we may enjoy those blessings we once possessed, but which we so wickedly abused and forfeited. O may the saints of the Most High seek the good of Jerusalem, and pray and labour for her prosperity, till her brightness go forth as a lamp that burneth, and her rising glory fill the earth. The glorious appearing and power of Immanuel shall destroy the man of sin, subdue every enemy of his church, and cause the ransomed to travel the road that leads to the celestial Zion, with gladness and songs of joy. The day of the millennium is not far distant. Already with eager expectations we look for its dawn; and our bosoms glow with delight, when we contemplate what glory it will bring to God, what happiness to man. The desolations, persecutions, and afflictions of the church, and the miseries and sins of a wretched world, will soon come to an end. The happy saints will soon take the kingdom, and possess it for ever; while the King of saints shall display the banners of his cross through this wide earth, and all the numerous tribes of heathen nations of the world shall bow in homage at his feet. The church shall dry her tears, bid adieu to her sorrows, and shine in her beautiful garments, the joy of many generations. Hosannah

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to the name of Jesus shall fall from the mouths of babes; and every lip shall sing in cheerful strains the praises of the King of kings. O my sister, what a glorious period is just at hand, even at the door. And amidst all these calamities and commotions, when errors come in like a flood, and temptations to apostasy are on every side, how important it is that Christians should hold fast that which they have, and be ever abounding in the work of the Lord! How closely should they walk with God, that they may derive from him all those supplies of grace and strength which they need in the discharge of their various duties! Their faith and patience must be tried; but they will endure every trial, and in the end be more than conquerors over all their enemies. The Lord God of Israel is their inheritance, their refuge and their salvation, and all his perfections are pledged to secure their complete redemption, and the final triumph of his cause over all the earth.

If we, my dear friend, can repose our trust in Jehovah, we need not despond, though there be great distress and perplexities among the nations; though all nature be convulsed and rent in dreadful anarchy. Amidst the most tremendous revolutions we may rejoice, and joy in the God of our salvation. O may we be favoured with holy confidence in him, that we may not hang our harps upon the willows, nor go mourning all the day long. It becomes Christians to rejoice in the Lord, that they may show to others that religion is not a melancholy thing, as many are prone to believe. And the Lord is pleased, when he sees his children abound in grateful joy and praise, united with penitence and humility.

My dear, dear sister, take comfort, and still hope in your covenant God; for he is a Rock upon which you may stand securely in time and to eternity. He has

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been your helper in six troubles, and in seven, and he will be your refuge forever; giving you abundant reason still to sing of his mercy, faithfulness, and loving kindness. The soul that leans on him shall never be dismayed nor confounded; but shall go from strength to strength in this desert land, and hereafter appear in the Zion above, to join the innumerable company around the throne in songs of ceaseless praise. May this be the privilege of my dear sister, and her unworthy Fanny. O may grace, free grace, make us meet for the blessedness of the redeemed above; and when time shall close with us, introduce us to that city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And to grace shall be all the glory.

May the Lord bless you and yours with showers of the richest blessings. When you commune with God, sometimes think of me. F. W.

LETTER TO MRS L. B. OF SALEM.

My Dear Mrs B. *Beverly, Sep.* 11, 1814.

I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of a few lines from you last evening, by which I understand the intention of your sisters to devote to prayer a part of the hour from two to three, when from one to two is not practicable. I rejoice that you have agreed to meet in spirit at the throne of grace; and I think the time you specify the best which could be selected, more especially on account of its nearness to ours. I shall often, in imagination, visit your retirements, and participate with you in the heavenly solace of communion with God, while my warmest wishes shall ascend in unison with yours, that our supplications may be those of humble faith and sincerity.

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that they may meet with the divine acceptance through the mediation of our adorable Immanuel. "Praying breath shall not be spent in vain."

Blessed are those who sigh and cry in secret places, for the abominations which abound in our guilty land; for their tears and moans shall be a sweet memorial before God of their detestation of sin, and of their ardent love to the souls of sinners. And though the Almighty may pour out his fury unceasingly upon our much loved country, yet his dear children are safely hid in his pavilion, and shall surely find him a present help in time of trouble. He is a resting place, where we may sweetly repose our souls when heavy laden with a sense of indwelling iniquity, and burdened with oppressive wo. He presides over our convulsed world; overrules all events for the good of his church, and the glory of his name, and with a regard to that auspicious period, when all shall know him from the least to the greatest, and the beauty of Zion shine conspicuously over this benighted earth. When shall the millennial morn shed its cheering splendour among the nations, and the Day Star from on high lighten the heathen tribes to the mount of glory? O when shall the lapsed millions of our race fasten every hope of bliss on the cross of Calvary, and unite in one vast harmonious chorus of praise to the Lamb? O for the long expected era, when all the ends of the earth shall rejoice in the salvation of God, be filled with the happy subjects of redeeming grace, and reflect the image of that upper world, where holiness, peace, and happiness display their heavenly charms, and songs of joy drop with divine melody from every lip. Though we, my amiable friend, may ere that time close our eyes on mortal things, yet if our spirits salute the glories which grow on mount Zion, we

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shall behold from thence the victories of Immanuel on this perishable ground; and O what gladness, what transport, what rapture, will fire our bosoms at the glorious view! May the bliss of Paradise be ours to enjoy, when these changing scenes end with us in an unchanging eternity.

I often think of our first and last interview with pensive pleasure, and hope you will favour me with another, if you find it consistent. But as life and all things here are uncertain, I direct my eyes to a region, where the saints of the Most High shall all soon collect to part no more forever, and where pious friends shall be more intimately and endearingly allied, than it is possible to be in this unfriendly clime. My dear, dear sister, may we see each other there, and enjoy a friendship ineffably sublime, which no death or separation shall ever wound—a friendship, pure as those realms of light, and immortal as our souls.

When you have an hour of leisure you will give joy to my heart by writing a long letter, though I am most unworthy. Tender most respectful and affectionate love to dear Mr B. accompanied with an ardent wish, that the Lord would shed upon him abundantly the influences of his sanctifying, illumining, and comforting Spirit, and make him an eminent instrument of good to immortal beings. May you, my dear Mrs B. enjoy richly that peace which passes understanding, pass your fleeting days in tranquillity and usefulness, and, when the scene of mortal life closes, enter into that rest which remains for the people of God.

Accept with candour this small expression of my esteem; and when you commune with Heaven, raise one affectionate petition for your unworthy

FANNY.

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JOURNAL, 1814.

Oct. 2. Have this day been permitted to encircle the table of my divine Redeemer, and again renew my engagements to be his. But ah! what coldness, what indifference, what amazing sottishness usurp their sway over my heart, and paralyze every rising emotion of piety. What infinite reason have I to abase myself below all mankind, and freely confess I am of sinners the very chief. O I need true humility, a deep and abiding view of my own depravity, while faith's enlightened eye fastens on the bleeding Lamb of God, and points to a region where perfection flourishes in immortal charms. Beauteous indeed must be that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, filled with holy inhabitants, and abounding with every blessing its Maker can devise. May I be so favoured as to find some humble mansion there, when this earthly tenement shall be dissolved by the chilling blast of death. O my Redeemer, be thou my Sun to illumine my path through this benighted world, and to gild the lonely vale of death with some heavenly ray. Let thy precious blood be efficaciously applied to my polluted soul, that it may be a temple fit for thee. Come, my Saviour, remove this interposing veil, and disclose to me those boundless charms of thine, which inflame the bosom of the most exalted seraph with extacy, and tune his heart to celebrate thy praise.*

* These were probably the last words she ever wrote. About the middle of October she was seized with an inflammation in the brain, of which she never recovered.

THE END.

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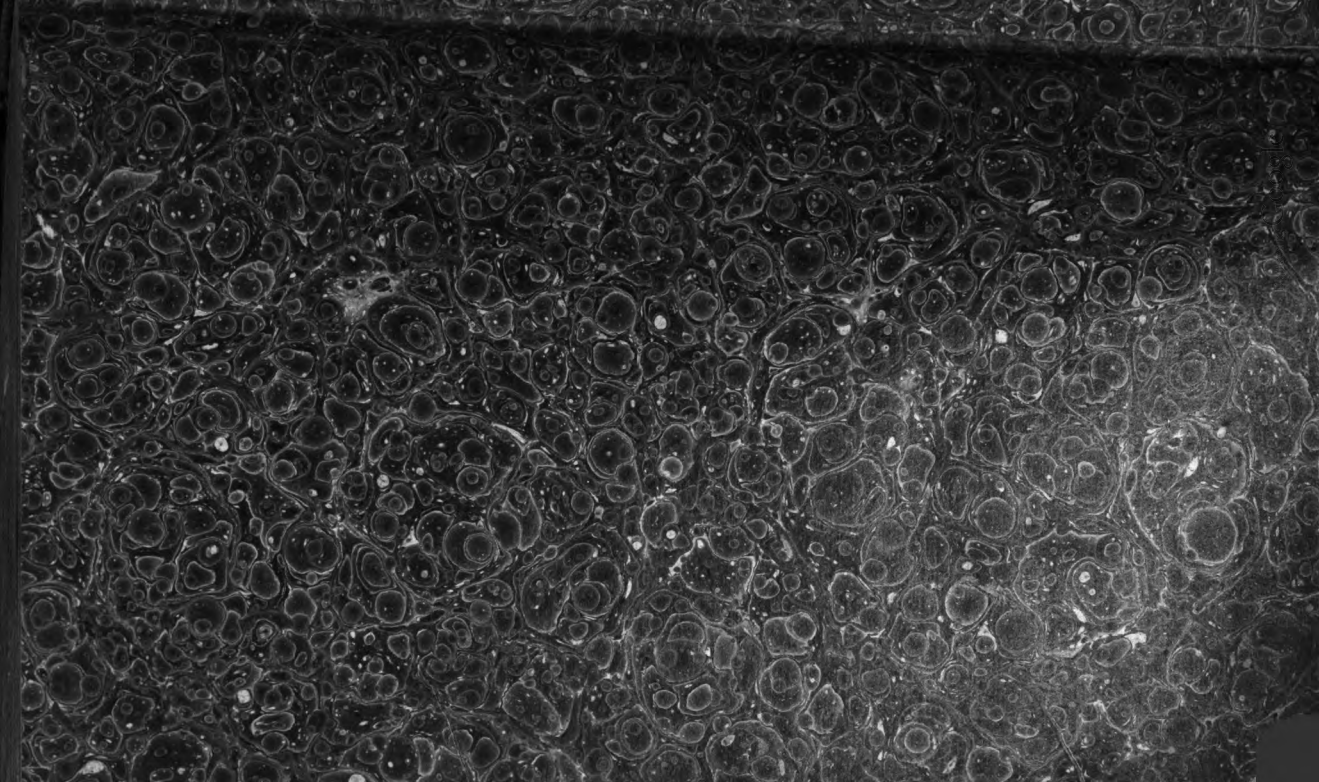

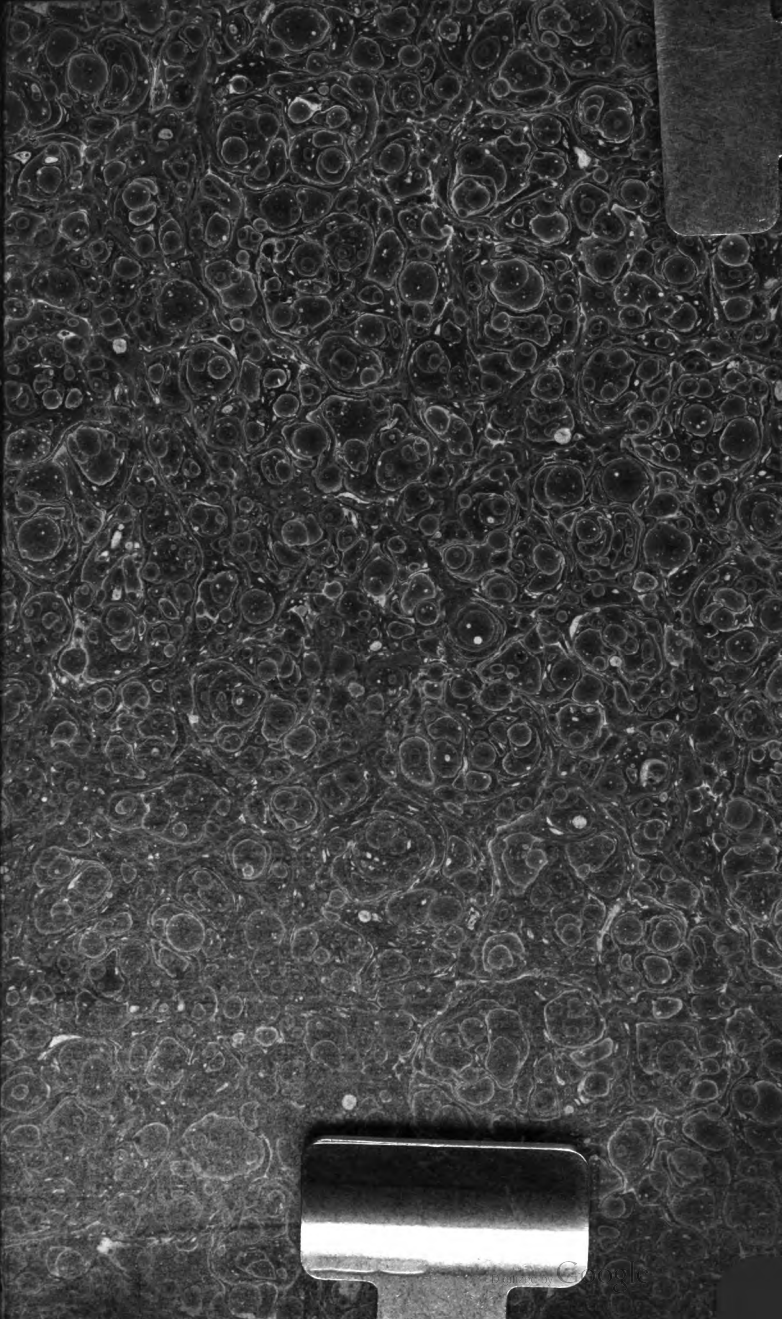

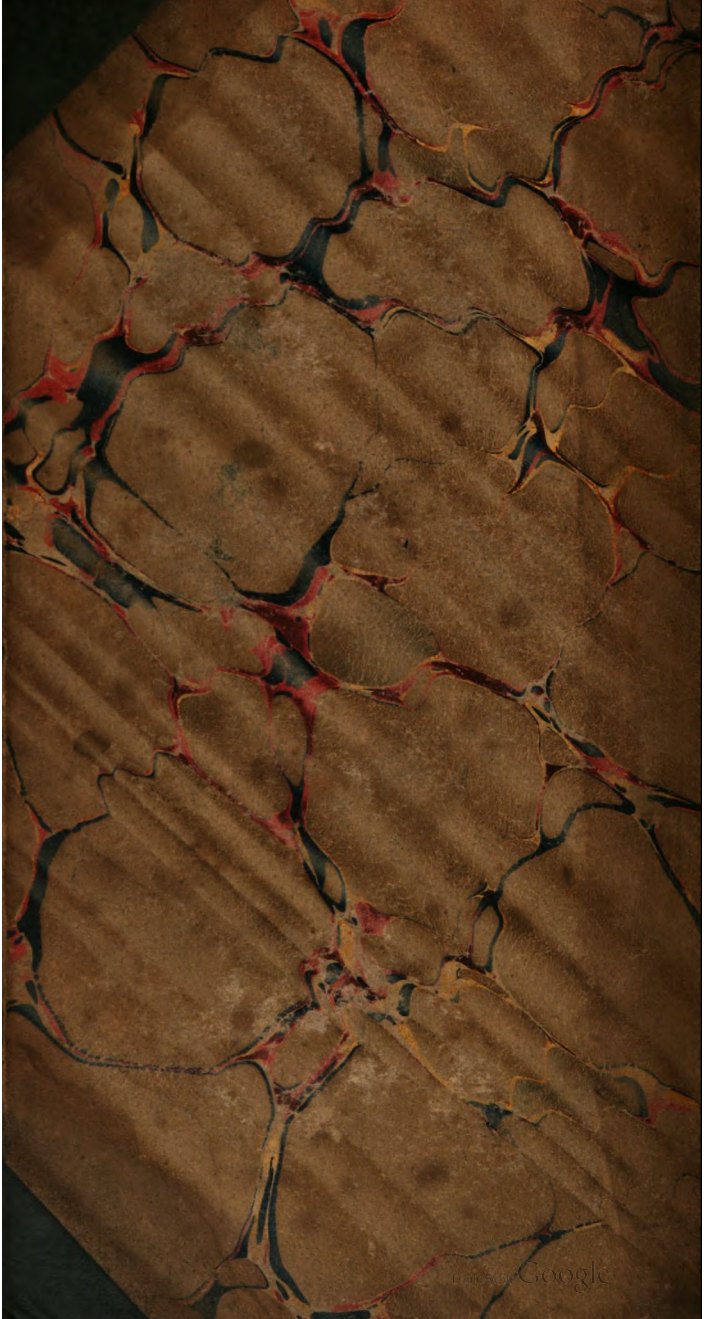
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